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Capt. J. D. WINCHESTER'S EXPERIENCE

ON A VOYAGE TO

The Alaskan Gold Fields

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CAPT. J. D. WINCHESTER'S EXPERIENCE

ON A VOYAGE FROM

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS

TO

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AND TO THE

ALASKAN GOLD FIELDS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

SALEM, MASS.
NEWCOMB & GAUSS, PRINTERS.
1900.

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PREFACE.

That my readers may fully understand in the beginning who the parties are they are reading about, I write this preface. I joined the Lynn Mining Company that left Lynn Nov. 10th, 1897. This company bought a schooner, the Abbie M. Deering, and went by way of water, stopping at Bahia, Brazil, S. A., then passing through the Straits of Magellan, and so on up to San Francisco. I had a rare chance to sketch the many true pictures from nature that decorate this book, the total number being thirty-seven. The schooner in the book is called the Diver, nicknamed by the crew for the vigorous way in which she dove into a sea, giving many of us a good wetting, in spite of every precaution.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I

Preparation for the cruise 9

CHAPTER II

From Lynn to Nova Scotia—A heavy storm is encountered through which the Diver passes safely—Experiences of a sea-sick crew—At anchor at Bryer's Island 41

CHAPTER III

The long voyage commenced—Running through the Gulf Stream into warm weather—The mad dog takes command—Drinking water runs short and a stop is made to replenish the supply . 54

CHAPTER IV

Through the Straits of Magellan—A deserted sheep ranch—Duck shooting in a strange land—We see glaciers and explore a Patagonian jungle—Our first news from home 71

CHAPTER V

Into the Pacific—We make our sleeping-bags and find them too small—Practical jokes on board—Food and water get scarce—Collision narrowly avoided—Arrival at San Francisco . . 90

CHAPTER VI

On shore at last—Unsuccessful attempts to sell the Diver—Hooper's rascality disclosed—The vessel at length disposed of and five of us embark on the Umatilla for Seattle 104

CHAPTER VII

Arrival at Puget Sound—Secure passage for Alaska, and purchase our outfits—Shortage of provisions on board the Haydn Brown—Peculiarities of some of the passengers 128

PAGE

CHAPTER VIII

From Dutch Harbor to St. Michaels—A tramp over the mountains—Doings on board the barque—Trouble for the Chase gang—Beeman decides to go home—The company reduced to three 146

CHAPTER IX

Up the Yukon—We work our passage to the mouth of the Koyukuk—Land and procure a boat—Run a gauntlet of mosquitoes—Difficulties in navigation—Conquered by rapids . . . 158

CHAPTER X

On the way to Arctic City—Hunting for Treat's Island—Trading with the Indians—The Mary Ann meets with an accident—Mishaps in towing—We reach Hughes Bar and see our first gold 175

CHAPTER XI

A winter in Beaver City—Up the Allenkakat to "Help Me Jack"—Stake a claim on McAlpine Creek—Build our shack—An attack of the scurvy and a struggle alone with death—Many tales of woe 191

CHAPTER XII

Light begins to dawn—A general exodus and Lepage and I are left alone—Visits from the Indians—Gilded delusions—The ice in the river breaks up and we, too, get ready to start . . 214

CHAPTER XIII

We embark on our long journey—I part with Lepage at St. Michaels—Take passage on the Roanoke—A burial at sea—Across the continent—Home again 230

APPENDIX

Exonerate my companions from blame—Lepage a true friend . 251

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

CAPT. WINCHESTER'S SHACK AT BEAVER CITY, ALASKA . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

LEAVING LYNN, NOV. 10, 1899 38

IN A STORM IN THE BAY OF FUNDY 44

LEAVING BRYER'S ISLAND, N. S., FOR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . 54

FURLING THE JIB 57

CATCHING DOLPHIN 60

THE ISLAND OF FERNANDO NOROMAH, BRAZIL 64

TRADING LUGGERS OF BAHIA, BRAZIL 67

HOISTING THE MAINSAIL 68

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL 69

GOING UP THE RIVER FOR WATER 79

I HELD MY RIFLE READY FOR USE 88

THE ADMIRAL TRYING ON HIS SLEEPING-BAG 93

MAC'S DUMMY BED-FELLOW 95

THERE CAME NEAR BEING A COLLISION 99

ENTERING THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO 101

THE STEAMER UMATILLA BOUND FOR SEATTLE 126

THE BARQUE HAYDN BROWN MAKING THE UNAMAK PASS . 146

THE ROCK ISLAND LEAVING ST. MICHAELS FOR THE YUKON . 158

THE CANOE CAPSIZED 160

TAKING IN WOOD ON THE YUKON 162

GETTING READY TO ASCEND THE KOYUKUK 166

DIFFICULTIES WE MET ON THE RIVER 170

HANDS UP! 172

THE INDIAN HOME ON THE KOYUKUK 174

OUR FIRST INDIAN TRADERS 176

BOARDED BY SQUAW TRADERS 178

THE "FLORENCE" ON A SAND-BAR 184

WORKING THE RAPIDS 186

PAYING TOLL 194

BREAKING THE TRAIL 198

SAM MALLIMOOT TRADING 200

I LAY ALONE STRUGGLING WITH DEATH 204

THE DESERTION 218

STEWART ISLAND 234

LANDING IN A STORM ON THE BERING SEA COAST . . . 238

A BURIAL AT SEA 250

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATION FOR THE CRUISE.

In the summer of '97, the great Klondike fever swept across our land, and carried many of our strong, able men into its vortex and swept them away to the great Northwest to seek their fortunes in a land with all the casualities and horrors of a cold Arctic climate. Many never returned to the dear ones who awaited them, and whether a wife or a mother, she must weep for him who now lies at rest in the icy embrace of some prospector's hole.

I know not what tempts me to write this book, but the inspiration of a sad experience that clings to me and seems to say—"Show me to the world, keep me hid away no longer, but let the world know of this horrid deception that lurks around our peaceful homes, destroying our peace of mind until we know no rest, and through our fancied thoughts of riches and vain endeavors to procure them, come to the conclusion that the wealth we most needed was in the homes that we so longed to see."

I had read of the great finds they had made in Alaska, and often wished that I had the ways and means of reaching there, but it was a long, disagreeable journey to make as I lived in the town of B—, in one of the eastern states, and consequently cost considerable money, so I felt that I must overcome my great desire and remain at home.

It was in the month of August when my wife, after reading a paragraph in the papers, of a woman in Klondike who took out with her dish-pan sixty dollars

a pan after her husband's first washing, began to get the gold fever. Soon after we saw in the papers where the Hattie L. Phillips, Captain Blackburn, was fitting out for Alaska and would sail the latter part of October.

Being a sea-faring man, I began to see my way to Alaska. After devising schemes of all kinds that failed to meet the requirements needed, I read in the papers where a Mr. W. H. Hooper was organizing a company to go out to the gold-fields. I wrote to him at once and he replied, wishing me to call—which I did. Mr. Hooper was a man who would impress one fairly with his manner and style. He expressed himself freely on the common topics of the day, and finally, with a superficial flow of socialism in his discourse, told how the working-man was held down by the heel of the oppressor, but there was redemption for him in Alaska, where a poor man could drive his stakes with no millionaire bosses to say that he should not. He gave me his plans which were as follows: The number of members belonging to the company should not exceed twenty: each member was to pay in to him $250, making a first payment on the 10th of October of fifty dollars—that would be forfeited in case the member backed out—and the remaining two hundred dollars to be paid between that time and and the first of November. This contract was to be signed by all the members of the company. There would be a committee chosen by him to select a good vessel at some of the sea-ports, one suited to make the voyage around Cape Horn, and to purchase the same if it came within the limits of our means. His plans I considered all right as far as I could see, under the blinding influence of gold, and so I became a member of the Company. He chose me on the committee for purchasing a vessel, and as soon as practical we went in search of one. We visited one of the fishing ports where a large fleet of schooners was owned, knowing that there we would be more liable to

find one that would suit our purpose. We were directed by a man who kept a restaurant, to a Mr. Babmon who owned a few vessels in the fleet, and wanted to sell out. We met Mr. Babmon at his home who said he had one for sale, lying at the wharf and that he would like to sell the others and go out of the business. We told him that we wanted to buy a vessel and if his suited perhaps we could make a bargain, so he directed us to the wharf where she lay. We went down to the wharf and found lying there the schooner Diver of 98 tons register, not in very presentable shape about decks, for she had just come in from a fishing cruise, and her sails were not furled but tumbled together in a hurry; her gear lay loose about the deck, and a very strong odor of fish gurry could be detected, for the boys in these cases of just returning from a trip, jump her as soon as she touches the wharf. We looked this vessel all over and found her perfectly sound and well fastened. She was just the size we wanted, well sparred and rigged but would require a new suit of sails and running gear before she was fit for the voyage. We liked the looks of the schooner, her rig being modern, carrying a fore stay-sail with balloon jib, and all other light sails.

So we talked it over and all of the committee agreed that the vessel would suit, and as Mr. Hooper was chairman he went to see Mr. Babmon to make the purchase, while we waited around the wharf, listening to the stories told by those who had sailed in her; we got all her qualities both good and bad, and as they did not want to say anything that would hurt the sale, I came to the conclusion that they had not told all they knew. Mr. Hooper came down after an absence of two hours and gave us Mr. Babmon's figures. He wanted twenty-four hundred dollars for the whole outfit; Mr. Hooper wanted to make an offer, and asked our advice; we thought that two thousand

dollars was about right for the first offer, as it was nearer the mark of what we could afford to give. Mr. Hooper went up to the office again and made the offer which, of course, was refused: this we expected, and as Mr. Hooper was not authorized to raise it, he came back to us and we raised it one hundred dollars more, as Babmon had dropped one hundred dollars. Hooper saw Babmon again, and when he returned to us Babmon was with him. We had just returned from the Robin Hood, a craft whose dimensions would accommodate us, although she was not quite as large as the Diver, but their figures were higher, as she was not as old and in better repair than the Diver.

We were ready to receive Mr. Babmon and the bantering began. We raised it twenty-two hundred dollars, and there we stayed while Babmon stood at twenty-three hundred; I said that I would give no more, and we started for the train. Babmon kept along with us arguing that the vessel was worth more money; I whispered to Hooper to split the difference. He did so and Babmon closed the bargain, we paying a small sum to bind the trade, and the Diver belonged to our company. We felt that we had done our day's work satisfactorily and returned home. Next morning, with an addition of two more of the company and a Mr. Ballser, we went after our vessel to bring her to Lynn, it being the nearest harbor to our homes, where she was to undergo a thorough repairing so as to be ready for sea by the 10th of November.

While on the train enjoying the ride, I began to look over my companions, those who were to be my shipmates for many months on the stormy ocean. Some of them I had never seen before; one they called Admiral, who, by the sea phrases he used in his conversation, I judged to be quite a sailor, but the Bartlett brothers I plainly saw knew nothing of a sea-faring life, but Hooper claimed that they were all right. Here was a bit of deception and I must

confess that my confidence was a little shaken, when I began to realize Hooper's true character, that he was a little careless of his word at times and deception with him was a virtue.

Mr. Hooper held all the money without bonds. He had elected himself president, secretary and treasurer of the company, his ruling was despotism while he preached socialism. We had bowed to his will like so many pagans, paying in our money on a bare receipt and accepting his dictations whenever or wherever he saw fit to dictate.

He now carried with him two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars of the Company's money, trusted beyond prudence; how easy he could skip, but no one thought such a thing of Mr. Hooper, in fact it would not do to think this of him, for he was quick to anger, and when you were out of his books, there was no hope for you this side of Alaska. The money he carried was to pay for the vessel, and when the train stopped at the station, we went on board of the schooner, and began to get her ready for the trip to Lynn, while he went up to pay Babmon the balance due on the vessel, and engage a sailmaker to make a new suit of sails. The sailmaker came on board and took the measure for the sails and we cleared at the Custom House, as the business was all settled. We hauled down to the end of the wharf where we made sail, and with a fair breeze we sailed out of the harbor. Off the Cape the wind died out and left us in an uncomfortable chop of a sea, that tumbled us about in all shapes, and I began to feel a little faint, as I had eaten nothing since I left home. But there was a good clam chowder cooking below, and I kept up my courage, patiently waiting for the first call. I saw that Hooper was watching us, to see us run to the rail, and pay our respects to Father Neptune as there could not be a better sea invented to make a man sea-sick than that we were experiencing off old Cape Ann. Dinner being ready

I went down in the forecastle where it was to be served, followed by our two new men Fred and George Bartlett: they were brothers and I noticed by the dull and don't-care-a-snap state of mind they were in, that they were lingering on the borders of sea-sickness, and though assuming an air of defiance in front of a bowl of steaming clam chowder, their laughter sounded unnatural as they bumped against each other, and their countenances took on that sickly hue which indicates a bilious turn of affairs in the region of the stomach. I saw Fred seize his bowl of chowder and make for the companion-way saying at the time it was too hot for him down there. I sat enjoying my dinner with George, who sat opposite and tried to talk in an off-hand manner of the voyage we were to make, and attempted to swallow his chowder as though it was an easy thing for him to do, when he suddenly said, "Don't you think it is hot down here? I don't see how you can stand it." "I think it about right," I said, and then he suggested that we ascend to the main deck and finish our dinners; I quietly demurred, and saying, "it is too hot for me," he made a stagger for the steps which he grasped with a grip of iron, and making one bound, disappeared up through the scuttle. "It is hotter than h——" was his last remark on that occasion, and I heard something like New York choked out with the gurgling and spitting, as he cast up accounts with the old sea-god, who appeared to enjoy the sport as he rocked the vessel to and fro, as if to make sure that he had given up all the fruit of the sea, that he had attempted to swallow without Neptune's consent. The chowder and cabin was all left to me; "the world is mine," I said as I finished my dinner, and went on deck.

We were running along in smooth water now with a fair breeze. I looked around for the boys and there they lay, each one on a coil of rope, looking pale and desolate, little

caring what become of themselves or the vessel; these symptoms are always experienced just before a relapse. I could imagine how they felt and sympathized with them, but sailing along in smooth water brought them on their feet, and they stood initiated into the miseries of a home on the rolling deep. The weather changed and it was getting dark with squalls of rain and we were anxious to get into port before night shut in. We made Egg-rock light and shaped our course for Lynn. We got up off Nahant and the wind blowing out of the harbor gave us a dead beat in. We expected a tug to meet us, but, it being a stormy night, none came, so we anchored under Nahant, tied up our sails, put up our anchor light and set our watch, and as we had on board a passenger who wished to be landed at Nahant, we launched one of our dories, and set him on shore. The wind was blowing a cold sleet, and it was disagreeable boating, our dory was slow in coming on board, but at last we heard them alongside making a great deal of Relay house noise which I understood when I saw two or three suspicious looking black bottles handed up over the side of the vessel; they were carried below and the corks drawn before any questions could be asked, the boys imbibing freely and smoking their pipes. As the black bottle kept going the rounds, their spirits rose and they told their funny stories, and sang their happy songs. I forgot to mention there was a bottle of ginger ale for me, as I did not use intoxicants. I got one glass of ginger when it was captured by the black bottle gang and its contents was soon passing down the parched throats of this thirsty crew.

I wanted to get a little sleep and retired to the after cabin to get away from the noise. It was cold and damp but I found a room and turned in. I tried to sleep, but could not, and so fell to thinking of the long, hazardous journey I was about to make with men all strangers to

me and if those I could then hear singing, dancing and shouting were a sample of the rest of the crew, and Mr. Hooper, organizer and manager, at their head there was trouble enough ahead for me. I formerly had a feeling of respect for Mr. Hooper. When I first met and talked with him, he gave me the impression that he was the right man in the right place, but now I could hear his voice above the rest, as he sang or broke forth in language both obscene and profane: and so they drank until the contents of the black bottle was gone, their hilarious songs ended and they were soon stretched out in the arms of that great comforter, sleep.

There was our leader, the man to guide us around that stormy cape and up in those regions above the Arctic circle, to put in a winter amidst snow and ice: was he capable, was he to be trusted? If he was, I doubted it, and but for the confidence I had in myself I should have felt discouraged; but I felt equal to the occasion, and consoled myself by thinking so, and soon fell asleep. I awoke next morning and found the tug-boat alongside. I jumped out of my berth, shook myself and was all ready for business. We manned the windlass and hove up anchor, and the tug took us and placed us alongside of Breed and Holder's wharf, where we moored her. Mr. Hooper was to look after the repairing of the vessel and so I went home, but before I left he told me there would be a meeting of the whole company and wanted me to be present. Of course I wanted to be there, to see the rest of our company and to get acquainted.

Shortly after I happened in Lynn and called on Mr. Hooper to see how he was getting along. I rang the bell, and was ushered in by Mr. Hooper. There were three men present, one a Mr. Hoytt, who belonged to the company; and another gentleman who wished to join us. Mr. Hooper questioned him as to his experience. He said he

had been hunting down in Maine one winter, and found he could live in a log cabin quite comfortably. Mr Hooper thought his experience not sufficient, and so dismissed him. "Now," said he, "I have plenty of just such fellows calling here every day, trying all manner of inducements to get me to take them. One man offered me five hundred dollars, but I won't break our agreement, which calls for only twenty men, and I have that number already." Mr. Hoytt nodded his head, as though he approved of Mr. Hooper's way of conducting affairs, and I said, "Of course we must carry ourselves along in a straight and upright manner, if we expect success." Mr. Hoytt nodded his approval again.

Then Mr. Hooper went on to say that he thought he had a good company of men, honest and sound, every one of them. He said that he was born in Nova Scotia, that he had taken out his first papers for citizenship, that he could have been made a citizen with one set of papers. I advised him not to try it as he would be sorry for it,—it was best to have an honest set of papers. To this Mr. Hoytt nodded with two or three successive nods, which showed his highest approval. Mr. Hooper said he would do as we advised him. He told me he had engaged a navigator, who was a very old acquaintance, and who lived in the same place he came from. The man would not be present at the meeting, as he was not in the city. He was an old sea captain, and had sailed the world over, and his name was Rounds. Mr. Hooper admitted that he never liked Rounds, but as he had joined our company his comradeship would be tolerated.

Mr. Hoytt had not spoken throughout the evening, but seemed to be in a deep study, with his head between his hands, but nodded as phrases in our conversation met his approval. I liked the looks of this man; he had a good, earnest look in his countenance, and although no conver-

sationalist, tried to show in his manner that he was with us through thick and thin.

Mr. Hooper claimed to know all about the west coast. He said we could sell our vessel for a fabulous price.—it would pay to load her with steam launches and dories, to sell out there, as we could reap a large profit. He knew all about Alaska, too. He said the Yukon river was easy to ascend, as there was but a three-knot current, and he knew of a steam launch that he could buy cheap, with power enough to tow our outfit up the river. We must each have Winchester rifles and two hundred rounds of ammunition, for the Indians were hostile, and many of the whites were desperadoes and might need standing off with a rifle.

He did not know just what part of Alaska we would locate in—some thought of Cook's Inlet, or the Tananna river—but this was to be decided when we arrived in San Francisco. He showed me the articles that every man was to sign, which he had composed. Each man was to have a duplicate, so that he could read for himself, and not be found wanting. He was going to have this business carried on systematically, and every man know his place, or there would be trouble in camp. Mr. Hooper tried to impress me that he was a bad man to run up against if things did not go his way, and so he rattled on until it was time for me to go home.

I was pleased with my visit, for I had learned his intentions. I thought of Mr. Hooper and his dissipation the night off Nahant, and now in the role of a stern, harsh disciplinarian. If he practised these moods in this company he would find the rock to founder on; that he was using poor judgment was plain to be seen, for twenty men of good, sound sense, and trusty mechanics, could not be brought under the tyrant's heel without a struggle.

After a few days I was notified of the time of meeting,

and was soon on my way to Lynn again to Mr. Hooper's house, where I arrived in due time, and found a few had assembled before me. To these I was introduced, and then seated myself to watch proceedings. A few more came, and then Mr. Hooper declared it was time to proceed to business. In the first place he wanted to know what the company thought of the vessel, to which they answered they were very much pleased with the purchase. They considered the Diver just what was needed, and after they had talked on the merits of the vessel, commending me as well as Mr. Hooper for finding such a craft, someone suggested that the meeting be called to order. Mr. Hooper rapped, and all were silent. One member asked if it was in order to make a motion. Mr. Hooper nodded, and he moved that the company proceed to organize and elect officers. The motion being seconded and carried, we proceeded to organize and elect our officers. Mr. Hooper was elected president and treasurer, and I was financial secretary. Mr. Hogan was elected secretary. This was something Mr. Hooper did not expect. He had planned to carry on this business according to his articles, where he stood at the head, and would not be dictated to. I could tell by the look on his countenance he was very much displeased, yet he smiled, indicating an inward feeling that they would hear something yet. This movement showed that some one beside Mr. Hooper was working for the company, and was a direct slap in the face, which he felt pretty bitterly, and so we came from under the dictator and stood ready to govern ourselves in a body.

Mr. Hooper took the chair as president-elect, and said, "We have a great deal of business on hand to put through to-night. We have here a provision list—we would like to hear from members concerning it; we haven't got much money, so we must economize. I think the list can be reduced." One or two of the members said they knew

nothing about fitting out for a voyage, so they would leave it to the judgment of those who had had the experience. Mr. Hooper claimed it could be reduced considerable, as he intended to fit out plain. "There," said he, "is five gallons of vinegar, we don't need it. I don't care nothing about vinegar myself." I then arose and addressed the chair: "Mr. President, if economy is necessary, why, we must economize, but we must have some vinegar. If no one else cares for it, I do. I think a half gallon would do me the journey." To which they made a motion, and it was voted one-half gallon of vinegar.

The list was soon disposed of, being cut down one-quarter; all delicacies were disposed of, and salt-horse loomed up in large quantities, with salt pork, beans and peas. I suggested that as we had done away with all the delicacies, that we buy the best in the market for our stores, so a committee of three was appointed to visit different grocers and get their list of prices. Mr. Hooper then arose and said, "Gentlemen, we must have a steam launch. I know of one, three years old, all in good condition, that I can buy for three hundred dollars; a launch is something we have got to have, and we had better consider this one." After a few moments' silence, some one moved that Mr. Hooper procure a steam launch fit for our work up in Alaska; another member moved an amendment, that Mr. Hooper purchase the same launch of which he had spoken, and have her in Lynn by the first of November; another member wished to strike out the word "purchase" and insert the words "be instructed to procure a steam launch." The chair did not put the question, but sat there with a frown on his brow, as the crowd debated in a most disorderly manner. Some one called for the question, when the chair arose, pale and agitated: although he spoke calmly, you could detect a slight quaver in his voice as he spoke: "Gentlemen, I wish to say right

here that there are two men in this company who want to fight me. Now if they think they have got an easy job, they had better run up against me, that is all."

If a bomb had exploded we would not have been more surprised; here he had ignored the question, he had stampeded the debaters, and the meeting was practically at an end, by his bringing before it some of his own personal affairs. However, we tried to pacify him by saying we would stand by him, and order was soon restored. Mr. Hooper sat as stately as a king who had won some great victory. A new motion was made that Mr. Hooper purchase the launch Twin Sisters, and being carried, the meeting adjourned until some indefinite period.

I was thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair. I had attended a society once a week for some years that had sometimes pretty sharp debates, and although I was numbered among the wall flowers, I knew how a meeting should be conducted.

I felt sure I knew the cause of the break in Mr. Hooper's ruling—it was his ignorance of parlimentary rule—and they got him twisted and so he got mad—and thought the only way out of it was to get in a row. After the meeting I was introduced to some more of our company. There was was Mr. Grey, the engineer, a solid looking little man; there was Mr. Ryan, a rising young lawyer, and Mr. Hogan, the pharmacist; Mr. Ricker of New York, and Mr. Lepage, a boss plumber, all healthy-looking men.

I forgot to mention that I was elected mate of the schooner Diver that same evening. I was not a bit proud of my office, for I knew there was a responsibility that I did not hanker for. It being my train time I bade them all good night and started for home. Mr. Hooper followed me to the door, told me there would probably be another meeting called as there was considerable business that had to be attended to, and as he bade me good night, told me not to fail to come when notified.

I went home thinking of the evening's performance, and although disgusted with everything connected with the affair, laughed in spite of myself. Nothing had got down to a business basis, and time was passing. There lay the vessel with one of Mr. Hooper's nephews on board, Mr. Dalton, keeping ship, and Mr. Hooper running the streets, followed by an army of reporters, to whose questions he answered in language that was profane and vulgar. This he told me himself one night as he went swaggering along the sidewalk towards his home, where I was invited to take tea with his family. I enjoyed my repast very much as Mrs. Hooper was not only a good cook but a pleasant entertainer.

I called another evening on Mr. Hooper but he was not at home so I strolled down to the wharf where the Diver lay, but found no one there. When, two days later, I was told by a friend that the Diver had blown up and was a total wreck, I could not believe it;—there was nothing in her to blow her up,—there wasn't anything we were going to carry that would blow the vessel up. I worried that day until I got a paper that had the case laid down something like this: the schooner Diver that was fitting out for the Klondike, was blown up while the workmen were doing some repairing: one man was blown overboard, one of the carpenters badly hurt but would recover, one man below was blown from the forecastle to the mainmast and was badly shaken up and had his arms burned, but his injuries were not internal it was hoped; he was carried to the hospital; the condition of the vessel was hopeless; according to the story of one of the men, Mr. Hooper was cleaning for bed bugs and was using a very high explosive, when one of the men attempted to light his pipe, and the consequence was—she went up. I could not believe the papers, for what was there in bedbug poison so explosive. That night I went to Lynn to see for myself, and I found

it bad enough, I assure you. The place that was wrecked was covered over with an old sail but I could see that it was quite a damage. What was to be done now would be decided when the company met, so I went to call on Mr. Hooper, but he was not at home. As I was satisfied the schooner Diver was a wreck, I wanted to see him and find out the particulars. I didn't have to wait long for a postal called me to a meeting that night, and I was soon on the train for Lynn, wondering what was to happen this time. The train stopped just as I thought I had the explosion figured out, and the conductor sang out Lynn so loud that I started to my feet; had I been asleep and dreaming? As I hustled off the train in the cool air, I said to myself, "no, this is all real."

There were not as many present at the meeting as I expected; their absence, Mr. Hooper explained, showed their confidence. He said the boys were standing by him; ready to advance more money if required. He said the vessel was not hurt much, that between three hundred and five hundred dollars would cover the damage. I inquired into the cause of the blow-up and it seemed Mr. Hooper had got it into his head to go house-cleaning, and as the schooner was pretty buggy, he consulted the pharmacist Hogan, who said that he knew of a compound that would drive all the vermin on board into the sea. He fixed up a pailful of this compound and gave it to Mr. Hooper who took it on board, and told the boys how to use it so it would be safe. Mr. Hooper had a job at the other end of the vessel, a good safe distance away, while one man went below to apply this bug remedy, with what result he learned to his sorrow. Mr. Hooper had been to Boston and seen some of the contractors on such jobs, and the vessel could be repaired cheap. He could have all the work done by contract or by the day, but recommended the day work, for he could get a more thorough job, al-

though it might cost a little more. Some member suggested he had better call the meeting to order so we could take a vote on it. The chair rapped to order and a motion was read that Mr. Hooper take the schooner to Boston and have what repairs done he considered necessary and that he engage the carpenter to work by the day. Mr. Hooper asked, "Are you ready for the question?"—to which two or three jumped to their feet and called for a division of the question. The chair was stuck again, and without rapping order, insisted on putting the question in full, in spite of all opposition, ignoring the members who objected and who did not look very much pleased. A vote was taken, the chair declared it a vote, and so another battle was won. Mr. Hooper thought it was time to adjourn, and said they would have another meeting soon to see about our outfits. If we wanted anything, he could get them cheap. As we should want sleeping bags and sheepskin jackets, we could think it over before next meeting, for then it would be brought up, and without ceremony he left the chair saying he would have the Diver back in Lynn in ten days. We said good night and parted and I returned home to await my next call.

While Mr. Hooper was getting the schooner ready for Boston the wharf was crowded with people to see the wreck. Mr. Hooper abused and insulted them and raised one of the sails between the fore and main rigging, so they could not look on board. The schooner was taken away and he told the pilot she drew but eleven feet of water, when she really drew twelve, and they nearly got ashore on the bar—she was to go on the marine railway according to agreement. Mr. Hooper's nephew remained to see that she was docked but he went home. According to the nephew's story, they had the dock set for eleven feet of water, so when they came to haul her in she stuck half way and then it was high water. He tried to get a tug

to haul the schooner out of the dock, but none would help; of course we knew what that meant—"you are in trouble and must bid high if you want us"—but poor Dalton had no money to bid, so the tide went out and left the vessel hanging half way out of the dock, which was a terrible strain—some would have broken in two. This showed Mr. Hooper's pig-headedness; he would not give in; he was always in the right, and when he knew he was wrong would never admit it. This is the way I ever found him on the voyage. Dalton stayed by the schooner with another relative to help fit her out, and they had a plenty of hard work, for he told me afterwards that Mr. Hooper would give him money to buy his food and then would borrow it back again, and so some days he had but little to eat. He said Mr. Hooper was very irritable and abusive when things were not going right, which will be explained further along in these pages.

The vessel was repaired sooner than we expected and was brought back to Lynn, and I was notified that another meeting would be held; I was not long in getting to Lynn, to have a look at the schooner and found all repairs had been done, and it looked better than before. Mr. Hooper was there painting and Dalton was working on the rigging. He asked me how I liked and I replied that I was very much pleased with what had been done. He had the main hatch enlarged, so we could put the steam launch and dories below, and the schooner was as strong as ever. He invited me up to supper with him that evening, and Dalton and his cousin came along with us—this is the way he fed the boys, sometimes at his house and sometimes on board, and I wondered how he kept run of their expenses, as I supposed it would surely come up in the settlement, but it turned out as I thought it would, he had kept no account and it was never mentioned. We had for tea a sample of the tea he was going to buy

for us and I considered it very good for cheap tea. Later, the members began to arrive and we were soon seated, ready to open the meeting. Mr. Hooper said he wished to state that our secretary, Mr. Hogan, was playing it mean—that without doubt he was trying to shake the company, and draw his money out. Mr. Hooper claimed that the money was forfeited to the company, and so matters stood. Mr. Hogan was not present, but was expected, and we must keep quiet and he would do the talking, for he thought he could shame him and by so doing prevail on him to stay with us. Hogan soon put in an appearance; he was very pale, with a woe-begone look, and with a forsaken sort of demeanor. He took his seat, the chair rapped the meeting to order, and the record of the last meeting was read and approved. The chair arose and said, "We have got quite a push of business to go over to-night, and the most important part must come up first." He held in his hand an itemized account of the work done on the vessel and passed it to the secretary to read, and the amount of the bill was seven hundred dollars. After a great deal of talk and explaining, it was voted on and accepted, then Mr. Hooper brought up the subject of water casks. He had been looking at some and thought they would be just what we wanted; the members asked for some information regarding water casks, as they had never had any experience, and wanted to know what constituted a good water cask, to which Mr. Hooper referred them to me. I told them that a good water cask was a cask never used for anything else but water, that in buying casks you had to be careful not to be deceived into buying cheap casks, for I had all the experience I wanted in drinking rotten water, and before I took my seat warned Mr. Hooper to get nothing but the regular water cask. Mr. Rounds remarked that he had been a sea-faring man and thought I talked about right. On a vote being taken it was carried and Mr.

Hooper was to purchase the casks. Mr. Hooper said there was nothing more to vote on, but he wished all those who wanted sleeping bags and sheepskin jackets to leave their names with him, for by getting a large number he could get them cheap,—the jackets would be made in Lynn and the sleeping bags and clothes bags made on board the schooner. He could get the canvas and sheepskins cheap; had examined some bags in Boston and had a good idea what style they should be made in,—so we left our names with him. One member, Mr. Rowley, said he would make his at home while his brother's would be made on board. We also left our names for Winchester rifles, but were to go with him to purchase them. The committee on ship stores was called for and reported progress, and there being no more business the company adjourned until a special notification was received.

Mr. Hogan called for his coat and hat, as he was in a hurry to go, when Mr. Hooper arose and confronted him, saying, "Mr. Hogan, I have something to say to you before you go." Then turning to us, he said, "Mr. Hogan, here, is one of the head promoters of this great voyage we are to take, and he has been a hard worker, as you all know, but he surprised me the other day by asking me to give him back his money as he had changed his mind and wanted to stay at home. I don't see how I can give it back to him, for, according to the articles, he has forfeited that money. I am very sorry, but I can't give him the money, besides being disappointed. Now I think all you gentlemen will sustain me in this when you come to read the articles. I am very sorry but it can't be helped." Mr. Hogan thought differently; he thought it could be helped. He said he was a poor man and it was all the money he had and he thought it rightfully belonged to him, and poor Hogan shed tears. Mr. Hooper explained that if he gave him the money, he would break the articles and all the

rest of the company would be entitled to theirs—the only way he could get his money was to go with us. Hogan declined and with a very sorrowful countenance withdrew silently into the shades of night, and bitterly lamented the day he ever met Mr. Hooper.

As far as I could see, Mr. Hooper was right, for, according to the articles, Hogan had forfeited his money, and Mr. Hooper could not break these articles without risking the loss of the majority of the company, and he had the vessel on his hands. Mr. Hooper said, "He is going to make trouble for us. Hogan is a good fellow, but there is his girl, she is at the bottom of it all, she don't want him to go and he has given way to her, so I suppose he will go to law." That subject being dropped, we talked of having the company incorporated, but as no one present knew what it would cost, we could not proceed. Our engineer, Mr. Grey, said he was well acquainted with a lawyer in Boston who would tell him and not charge him anything, so we thought it a good plan to find out what it would cost before we took any decided steps toward incorporation. We talked of the events of the evening until we tired, and each one of us started for home with our minds full of Hogan, wondering how it would all end. I had no real pity for him; I did not want any part of his money, but he deserved to lose it for he was one of the head promoters of this scheme which, so far, had made so much trouble for us.

I anxiously awaited that special notification; it soon came; and I went to the last meeting that was held in Lynn. A number of the company were present and every one was talking of the Hogan case. He had engaged a lawyer who claimed he could get his money for him.—this is the way the talk ran until the chair rapped to order. The chair appointed a secretary pro tem, and Mr. Grey took his seat; the record was read and approved,

and we proceeded to business. The chair said there were bills to be paid, and as the tenth of November was drawing near, the day on which we were to sail, the sooner they were paid the better. It was voted that Mr. Hooper be authorized to pay all the bills for the company, then the committee on ship stores was called; they said they had the different prices of many different stores, and they found Blood's in Lynn had figured the lowest; their report was accepted. Mr. Hooper had bought the water casks that would hold two thousand gallons of water. He had fallen short of money and borrowed one hundred dollars of Mr. May, one of the company, and he would want two hundred dollars more as the boys had not paid in. To this Mr. Rowley arose and said his brother had the money and he thought we could get about five hundred on a mortgage—of course the vessel was good for it—if the company agreed to it. We consented that Mr. Hooper get what money he wanted from Mr. Rowley's brother, as he was one of us, and this business would not be known outside of the company, so Mr. Rowley was notified that he was wanted at Mr. Hooper's house on a certain evening on a matter of business. Mr. Hooper notified the boys they could go to the Globe Manufacturing Co. to have their measure taken for the jackets, and went on to say that he had found out that Mr. Hogan was a crook, that he had found a man to take his place who wanted to go with us, and wanted him to pay his money into his hands and he could have the money he had paid into the company. Mr. Hooper denounced Hogan as a scoundrel trying to rob this Mr. Ricker of New York. Yes, it was a downright attempt to rob, but it seems Mr. Ricker was advised not to pay it and escaped a bunco. Mr. Hooper said further he was glad such a man was out of the company. He had known him for a long time and thought him honest and upright, his judgment had led him astray;

in the future he would not know whom to trust. A motion was put that we elect a new secretary, and Mr. Grey was named and elected. The new secretary arose and thanked the members for the honor conferred on him and also stated that he had been to see the steam launch with Mr. Hooper; she was a good boat, as far as his judgment went, but was too small; that he believed we wanted another launch. Mr. Hooper breathed very hard as he listened to Mr. Grey, who soon took his seat. Mr. Beeman of Boston arose and said he stood in with Mr. Grey; that we wanted another launch was a plain fact and he knew where he could purchase one the same size of the Twin Sisters and could get it for a great deal less money than Mr. Hooper was paying for the Twin Sisters, and according to what he had heard of the Yukon river there was a strong current there. This statement did not set very well with Mr. Hooper for he began to look very much disturbed, but the speaker stood with a determined look on his face that meant good business. Mr. Hooper stood by his ideas that this one launch was enough, that Beeman knew nothing of the Yukon river, but I believed with the engineer that we wanted another launch. At last Mr. Hooper gave in and said if the company wanted another launch they could have it. A motion was then made that Mr. Hooper have the power to authorize any member to purchase another launch if, after trying the Twin Sisters, he felt sure we needed another steamboat; and the question was put and carried. This about ended the business for the night and we adjourned to meet next time on the schooner. Mr. Hooper said he was ready to collect for the sleeping bags and sheepskin jackets, that the next day he wanted us to go with him to Boston and get our rifles. He told me he would get mine for me if I wished it. I replied that he might; then he gave us the name of a cheap John where we could get fitted out with

oil skins and sea boots which, of course, we needed. So the meeting ended and we returned to our homes to dream of our great undertaking.

As the time drew near for us to start on our voyage for gold, I felt like a man who was voyaging to another world. What would be the outcome? How little we knew of the suffering to be experienced on that long, desolate voyage, but I hoped for the best, for I had no dread of the voyage. I called on Mr. Hooper at his home and there met another one of the company, the brother of Mr. Rowley, who claimed he had money to loan. Mr. Hooper was insisting that the loan be made by Rowley as he was one of the company but the young Englishman was very careful how he talked, said he had drawn all of his money and sent it 'ome, but Mr. Hooper came down on him harder until he owned up he had a little left but he did not know how much. Mr. Hooper squeezed him again and he said he would let him have two hundred dollars and would take a mortgage on the Twin Sisters, but did not thank his brother for getting him in deeper than he had intended. Mr. Hooper arranged with young Rowley to draw this money and he would have the mortgage all ready for him on a certain date. He feared trouble from Hogan yet, but otherwise business was booming. He did not get my rifle for me but gave me a note to the party he had bought of and as I had to go to Boston the next day to see some dear friends and bid them good-by, I bought it and ordered it sent down in the case with the others. By this time it began to rain hard. I went down on Atlantic avenue, which was flooded with water, and found the place I was looking for,—a sailor's and fisherman's outfitting establishment. After getting what I required I started for Lynn and went on board the schooner. The tide was high and so was the wind and the rain was very wet. Mr. Hooper was swearing and

tearing; Dalton was with him, and some others I don't remember were trying to haul the vessel down to the end of the dock—she was moving along as well as could be expected—and I did not see anything to swear about, but Mr. Hooper thought a little of this spice mixed up with the seaman's vocabulary was more effective on those about him. When I asked him why he moved the vessel his answer was such that I refrain from writing it. I told him I would be down in a few days to help get ready for sea, then I went home again to await developments, which soon appeared in the shape of a letter telling me that he wanted my help very much, and to come at once. The next day I went over and began my duties on board the Diver. I never saw so much confusion about a vessel,—there were halliards, sheets and mooring lines, lying in every direction about the deck. Dalton and Fred and Rounds were there besides a number of men that I did not know; they had taken the Twin Sisters on board and put her below and got everything ready for the water casks. We got the deck cleared up after a fashion, and when supper time came I went below with the rest of the men; there seemed to be a scanty fare on the table, but when I inquired I was informed that the men had to buy their own provisions, that it wasn't ship fare, but I was pressed to stay, and did so, making a very good meal. After supper I went up town to see my brothers, who resided in that city, and engaged my meals while I remained; they also had a bed which I occupied, not knowing when I would sleep in another. So I was made quite comfortable for the time being.

The next day the water casks arrived, and I set the boys at work washing them out with a strong solution of potash which Mr. Rounds said would make them clean and sweet; they had a strong smell of molasses, which we tried to wash out, using hot water. While we were working, the

other launch was landed on the wharf, coming, I understood, from Lawrence. The model of this craft did not take with me,—the party building her showing some tact and ingenuity as a carpenter, but his marine architecture was a failure,—however, here she was, and we must make the best of it, so I passed no remarks, for I did not know whose toes I might be treading on, but thought the boat and the water casks looked like poor business, they could go together very well. There they laid on the capstan of the wharf, waiting to be put on board and below out of sight. Four more dories had arrived from Gloucester, making a total of thirteen boats.

Mr. Hooper asked me how I would like to stop at Bryer's Island on the passage, and I replied I thought it was a little too far out of our course, but he thought not; he said he intended to stop there to get some of Mr. Rounds' charts, and he had planned to get our potatoes there, as they were so much cheaper, and fish and sacks for the coal, of which we were going to take in fifteen tons. He had sent to his father to have them ready for us when we arrived there, so it was no use to object, but I thought it was to show the people what an enterprising young man he was, whose genius had been obscured by petty prejudices, now come down amongst them with his schooner bound for the shores of gold. I could see that this was what Mr. Hooper wanted to go to Bryer's Island for, and I was not wrong, as was seen afterwards. Next day our water casks were stowed and filled. I had wet my foot in the potash when we were washing the casks, and got a bad burn, but kept at work until we had all the dories below.

Our ship stores began to come down and were taken on board and stowed as fast as they arrived. That night we were to hold the last meeting in the cabin of the schooner to settle up our business. Mr. Hooper was there and had the mortgage of the launch, which I signed as he directed;

there were other names on the papers but I did not read them, for of course they were men of our company, as they must all sign. Mr. Hooper began to sing and tell funny stories and when some of the men called for order, he laughed and made all the noise he could, some of the others joining in with him; it was useless to try to hold a meeting and we got disgusted and left the schooner.

When I got down next morning an officer was on board and the vessel locked to the dock with a chain; Mr. Hogan had stopped the vessel until he got his money. A lawyer was engaged to fight the case, and the war began; at the same time there was another constable hanging around in behalf of the Boston lawyer whom Mr. Grey had consulted concerning getting the company incorporated, so they were putting it on us in great shape. The wharf was crowded with spectators every day, but none were allowed on board and it was a hard job to keep them back. A new suit of sails arrived and we soon had them bent to see how they would set, but they were too large, no allowance being made for the stretch in a warm climate, where we would be the most part of our voyage, but they had to go. Mr. Hooper had sent on board some cordage for halliards and very little else to take the place of other gear that, of course, wears out. He had consulted me previously and I told him to have all the blocks taken down and overhauled and put new in the place of the old worn out block sheaves, but when I asked if this had been done he thought the old would go all right, so I gave up advising him. I had had experience of this kind and knew we would have trouble before the voyage was over. His experience was very limited, and it was a crime to allow such a man to fit out a vessel for such a voyage with seventeen men's lives depending on his bull-headedness and ignorance. Mr. Hooper came on board the next day, swearing as usual. He had settled with Hogan and had to pay him his money, so there

was nothing too bad to call him. In the meantime the Admiral went up to see the marshal and told him not to take the chain off until we were ready to sail,—this scheme would keep the Boston officer away,—and it worked all right.

We wanted to know who was going to cook; we consulted one another as to ability for holding such a responsible position and found but one man who could cook, and he was not willing to take the position but would take his turn with the rest; no one else knew how, so the matter was dropped until finally a young man who had worked in a restaurant offered to cook for us, if we would give him his passage to Alaska. We accepted his offer and soon had him installed as cook of the schooner Diver.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hooper was fighting the land sharks; the carpenter who got hurt in the blow-up sent in his bill for injuries received. I don't know in what way he was blown up but I know we had to pay his bill, and everybody who could trump up a bill against the schooner worked it for all it was worth. At the head of the wharf a number of them waited to meet Mr. Hooper when he came that way, wanting to know when he was going to settle. This would drive Mr. Hooper almost frantic, and down to the schooner he would come and look over the capstan of the wharf to see if the chain was on. Yes, there it was, holding her hard and fast, they could not get her. Oh, that safeguard of a chain! He would come below and say, "Boys, we must get out of this at once!" and in his excitement he would curse all the land sharks for lubbers, and say he would get the best of them yet; then he would dance and sing a little, and finally wind up by singing some old church piece. Some of our crew began to get their baggage on board, and would come down on the wharf to see if there was any work going on, if there was, turn back up town to enjoy themselves once more amidst luxuries that Lynn could abundantly furnish, and with which

they soon must part, so of course you could not blame some of them if they indulged to excess, and soon had made the voyage around the world, and come home millionaires, every one of them, and then,—yes, what then? After all, it was but the wandering delusion of a mind in the swim, and next morning stern reality,—and the old Diver looming up through the fog, as they brought down their arms full of straw to make their beds. I looked at these men and thought them a queer lot, but perhaps better acquaintance would change my mind. I could see no sailors among them, they seemed so out of place, and each one had a smile on his countenance, as though he thought it a very big joke. This was the day we were to sail, the 10th of November; seventeen men were treading the deck of the Diver, impatiently waiting for the word, each of them acting as though he would like to do something, but his confidence was lost in the mysteries of the Diver's rigging, and so thought it best not to touch anything, for it might come down,—who knows but it might after Mr. Hooper's fitting out?

We went to Marblehead, the clearance port of Lynn. Mr. Hooper asked me to act as master of the Diver as he could not, and I accepted. We cleared the vessel for San Francisco, Cal., got our clearance papers all right and returned home and signed the crew by the deputy.

I was master of the schooner Diver, but I foresaw trouble ahead in my new position. The navigator and Mr. Hooper I could see watching me with jealousy in their demeanor. Why did they appoint me master? Because I was the only navigator in the company, with the exception of Mr. Rounds, and he, being a British subject, could not take charge of an American vessel; there I was, master of the Diver, but not a bit proud, for it was a responsibility not to be envied.

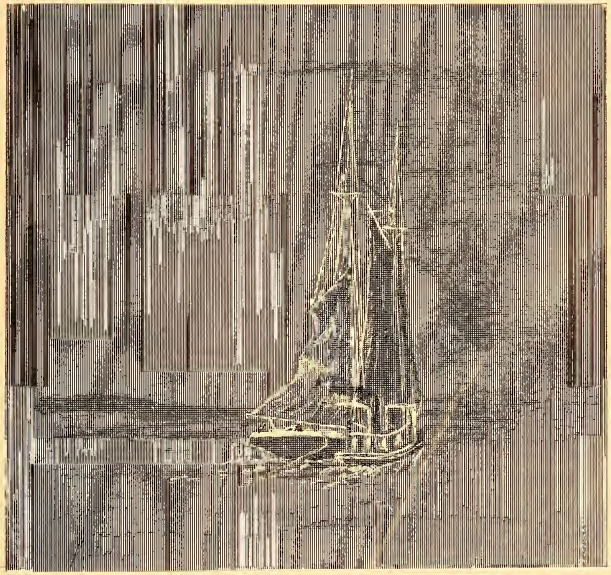
I had a berth to myself in the after-cabin; Mr. Hooper

and Rounds had the two rooms which they had chosen before I came on board; Mr. Hoytt was to room with Mr. Hooper; Mr. Rounds roomed by himself, and the other berth was occupied by Mr. Stewart, a sturdy son of Montpelier, Vermont. There was the Admiral, a tall, six-foot Down-easter, whom I saw knew what kind of plank he was treading on; and there was Carliff, who knew nothing about a vessel, and was not ashamed to say so, but wanted to learn, and thought he would soon make quite a sailor, but when you explained to him some of the workings of the gear, he would say, "Now, what is the philosophy of this?" and so he posed himself for argument on everything from the truck to the keelson. The rest of them kept aloof, they did not want to learn, or else they were in hopes by staying back they would give the impression that they knew enough. This was the day we must sail. The tide came in, the Diver was afloat, but Mr. Hooper was not on board; he claimed that business matters were pressing him hard. He had engaged a tug boat to tow us out, our line was let go, and the chain that had been our safeguard so long was unfastened amid the shouts of the people crowding the wharf. The Diver glided silently along, when very suddenly she stopped,—this meant she was out of the channel and stuck in the mud; this was about six o'clock in the evening, and we would have to wait until two o'clock next morning before she would float, so we dropped anchor under foot and the boys began to prepare to go on shore to finish out the night. There was only one boat seaworthy, but they managed to get ashore all right.

I stayed on board with two or three others and kept ship; along through the night some of them came down and hailed us but the boat was already on shore and we did not answer their hail, so they went back and joined their companions and let the schooner wait for them, while

they indulged in another schooner that they never kept waiting, but its contents disappeared very rapidly as their stomachs yawned and expanded to each lengthened draught. Soon, too soon, came the news that the Diver was afloat, and they gazed on each other wondering in their first impulse if they should not shout "Hooray! we have floated her at last." They got it through their muddled brains that the tide had come in and floated the Diver, and they must go on board, and they began to realize the rocky waves they had floated themselves on before they got down to the tow boat that was waiting to take them on board: the boat came alongside with our jubilant friends and made them understand that it was the Diver they must go on board, and not the tow boat. There was Mrs. Hooper, who came to see her loved one depart,—there were no jubilant faces in that lot; they were taken below away from the noise of the crew, and to the friends who came to see them off. it was a disgraceful sight. Here were the reputable citizens, forming the bone and sinew of our company, all in a beastly state of intoxication,—I had never seen any worse among old sailors, who are supposed to enjoy their last day on shore in a similar way.

The tug boat gave us a hawser and the word was passed, "weigh anchor," and then there was a wild rush for the end of the Diver we call the bow; they were crowding and walking over each other's feet, and finally swarmed in the bow as far as they could go without going into the sea. Yes, this must be the place to operate, and some did operate with their heads over the vessel's side: they gave back to Lynn what they were forbidden to carry away with them; after a struggle and two or three getting upset, the windlass brakes were shipped and the anchor was raised without any casualty, and the Diver was towed out of the harbor. The next order was given to make sail, "Hoist the foresail." There was another rush, for there were two



LEAVING LYNN, NOV. 10, 1899.

sailors in the crowd that these men attempted to follow, but it being dark, they followed the wrong man, and came running aft, chasing one another around the afterhouse, stumbling over loose ropes that happened to lie in their way, but finally seeing where they were wanted, rushed down on their fellows like a lot of frightened colts, and began to pull the first rope they could lay their hands on. I could see that the foresail was hoisted by some one, so I did not put myself out of the way to find out which party it was, but I knew it could not be those who were hauling on the jib halliards with the down haul fast. The foresail was up and "belay all" was given, then the next order was "hoist the mainsail." Here was some hard work for the boys; they were getting pretty well fatigued, and the mainsail was a heavy sail, so they grasped the halliards with a grip that meant their courage was good for this one sail, and they struggled and kicked and stamped on each other's feet, their main effort seeming to be to get their hands on top,—if it hurt the hands underneath they were supposed to bear it, this was only a slight taste of the sailors' woes, so keep on top was their motto; some poor fellow who was underneath would break away from the struggling mass and after a few breaths of fresh air would make a spring for upper hand and catch the man's hands that were uppermost—perhaps a sore finger—then, with a muttered curse, out would come the man with the sore finger with an expression of pain and disgust on his countenance. "A bad place for a sore finger," said I. He admitted that it was, then tried to get a hold on some other part where the crowd was not so vicious and was doing no good. The mainsail was up at last and I ordered the jib set, after which the tow boat whistled to let go the hawser; this being done the tug came alongside to take those on shore who were not going in the Diver. The ladies came on deck stricken with grief; they seemed

to have no hopes of ever meeting their loved ones again. Mrs. Hooper clung to her husband as if she could not let him go, and with her head on his shoulder whispered to him what her heart felt, as he supported her over the rail on to the tow boat deck, while Mrs. Hoytt could not be comforted ; with her arms around her husband's neck she sobbed hysterically. Tears came to my eyes at this sad scene of parting, for I thought of those whom I had left behind and I stepped behind the mainmast to better overcome my emotions, when I felt a hand laid on my arm, and there was Mrs. Hooper's sister standing by my side. "I came to bid you good-bye, you seem to be alone," said she, and I took the proffered hand. She wished us a safe and prosperous voyage, and as the towboat called all aboard, stepped lightly over the rail and the towboat was gone.

CHAPTER II.

FROM LYNN TO NOVA SCOTIA.—A HEAVY STORM IS ENCOUNTERED THROUGH WHICH THE DIVER PASSES SAFELY.—EXPERIENCES OF A SEA-SICK CREW.—AT ANCHOR AT BRYER'S ISLAND.

When the towboat cast off the hawser and left us I began to look around to see where we were. We were down off little Nahant, with a fair breeze and tide; and were soon shaping our course for Thatcher's Island light. It was getting on towards daylight and we divided our men into two watches, port and starboard, and sent one watch below while the other patrolled the deck with a fair wind and tide. We were soon outside of the Cape and shaped our course for Bryer's Island, N. S. That morning at breakfast the boys did very well, but poor Ricker was lying on his back in his berth, so sick he could not hold his head up; some of the boys had their breakfast on deck. I could not eat what they placed before me, there was too strong a suspicion of a cook's slush flavored with rusty kettles, so I turned in for a nap and was soon fast asleep. I slept until eight bells when I went on deck; it was almost a calm; the sky looked to me as though we were going to have a change of wind, the barometer was falling and the navigator looked uneasy; the wind came in cats-paws with little rain, and the eastern sky began to look dark and threatening. As the sun went down and night came on, we took in our light sails and made everything secure for a storm; putting up our side lights, we stood ready for whatever came our way, and it seemed as

if something was coming, and coming rapidly too, in the shape of a huge black bank that was spreading its length over the sky, racing down upon us like some great winged monster. The stars disappeared one by one until the whole sky was one dark pall and we were enveloped completely, when out of the blackness came that moan that indicates the gale was near us.

"Take in the mainsail!" was the order, and the mainsail was lowered and secured just as the storm broke over us. We had the jibs in and nothing but the foresail standing, so we hove her to and the little vessel, as she bounded from billow to billow, dashed the spray high over us, the rain and the sleet beating in our faces as we tried to peer through the density of the night for any danger that might lie in our path. I looked to see how many men I had, and could see only one dark figure standing by the foremast holding on to all the ropes he could get into his hands, and the spray wetting him down with every plunge the Diver made. My watch had all deserted me but two, one at the wheel and the one away up forward; sometime through my watch this dark figure began to move cautiously towards me. "Is this you, Mr. Winchester?" he said; and before I could answer, he continued, "Now you must excuse me for taking the liberty of addressing you, but I always try to do my duty, and when I see a wrong I like to speak of it. Now, I am no sailor like you, but I think some of the boys should have stayed up and given you a chance to go below." The speaker's name was Carliff; he had rather a peculiar way of addressing one; I was standing holding on to the main rigging with my back to the storm and Carliff stood holding onto the same and facing the weather. "Is there any one forward besides you?" "No, sir," he replied, and just as I was going to tell him to go below and change his wet clothes for dry ones, a heavy sea struck us just forward of the main

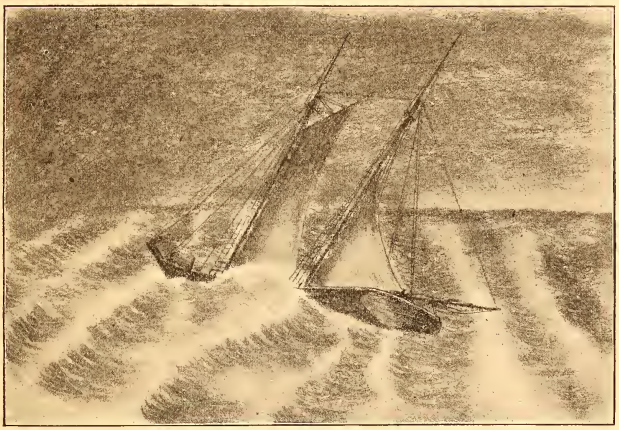
rigging, completely immersing us, and the Diver gave a heavy lurch to leeward. Poor Carliff let go his hold and I saw him shooting across the deck, sitting as upright as a boy coasting down hill on a shingle, but the termination was not the same as the boy's would be, for the deck being full of water, I could see Carliff wallowing, grabbing and gasping, until he caught hold of some rigging and raised himself on his feet; he clung here a few minutes and looked around him, as if to make sure he was still on board of the Diver, then he began to move toward me, and when he was in hailing distance I told him to go below and put on dry clothes. "It is not your watch on deck, your watch is below, my man. Go and get some sleep, you may be wanted soon," but he could not understand why it was and what was meant by my saying it was his watch below, but he was willing to learn, was the last I heard through the roar of the sea, as he passed along forward and disappeared down the fore scuttle.

I was cold and hungry but there was nothing I could get to eat, as the cook was sick with the rest, so I must wait for fair weather. Toward daylight the wind blew heavier and I watched the foresail, with every fibre strained to its utmost, and though it was a new sail I feared it would not stand much longer. We talked of the feasibility of reefing it, if we could get our men out to help. I went forward and down into the forecastle to rouse them. I called aloud for them to turn out and reef the foresail, but got no answer, only a stifled groan from some poor fellow strangling for a bit of fresh air, and trying to hold down that inward feeling that seemed determined to rise up in spite of all his exertions. The sight of this place beggared description. Ten men were lying there, all of them sick, and the stench that arose was more than I could stand, and as I felt my stomach begin to give away, I sprang upon deck and reported to two or three there that

we could not hope for any help from that part of the vessel. As the vessel was falling off with too much headsail, we thought it advisable to set the storm try-sail. It was stowed beneath the cabin floor so I went below to help get it on deck, and there lay Depage on the cabin floor as far to leeward as she could throw him, the cuspidore having followed him in his slide and now rested under his head, brimming over with tobacco juice, and he so sick,—"Take it away, take it away," he moaned, but his pleadings were not heeded as we handed up the storm-sail, and were soon busy bending it: that took some time with our small crowd of workers, but finally we got it set and the Diver began to head up to the wind and make better weather.

The storm came down upon us in all its fury, the mountain-like waves lashed the sides of our sturdy little craft, and rolled away in seething foam, while blinding sheets of spray fell over us. I was wet and chilled, my boots filled with water, and my hands benumbed with the cold. Some one got me a cup of coffee that I was very thankful for, and the day broke dismally, for the storm clouds, dark and unyielding, bore heavy on us, while each succeeding wave seemed striving to swallow us up.

The Diver rode out the storm well; our foresail held on, and as long as that stood, I saw that she was master of the situation. Mr. Hooper came to me and advised cutting away the steam launch that was lashed on deck, and letting her go overboard. He said she was liable to break loose and would smash up everything. "If we cut her away she will smash up everything, and she seems to be holding on well, so I think we will keep her for a time yet," I replied. He said no more, and the launch was saved. Toward noon there seemed to be a change taking place, so we looked out for a sudden shift of the wind from some other quarter, and we dearly hoped for a west wind. I felt quite



IN A STORM IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

confident that we would get it and sure enough the gale went down and the mist broke away in the west, and we could see the scud hazing across the sky like some great army in hasty retreat. We began to make sail on the Diver, as a fresh westerly wind overtook us and swelled out our canvas once more to a fair breeze, as we shaped our course again for Bryer's Island. The sea soon ran down and we were sailing along on quite smooth water.

We sighted the hills of Matimicus and as Mr. Hooper and Mr. Rounds were both good pilots in these waters,—with clear weather and the wind holding, would soon land us,—we had a fine night of it, with a clear sky and a good breeze. Next day we sighted Bryer's Island and went into the harbor in fine shape and dropped anchor on the opposite side of the harbor away from the town, for Mr. Hooper and Mr. Rounds both lived on this side. Mr. Hooper reported no custom house work to do, so the boat was lowered and he and Mr. Rounds were set on shore. All the boys were up on deck now, looking rather thin after their sickness ; the cook had got his apparatus set in order and was doing his part as though nothing had happened, in fact, nothing had happened, so far as they knew or could tell, though they seemed to remember on the night of the storm that Ryan, who scented danger, raised himself out of his berth and wanted to know why we did not set out our signals of distress, then fell back into his berth, which he began to realize was the best place for Mr. Ryan. This was all they knew of the storm, so it was not talked of a great deal.

We were invited on shore on Sunday to see the town and Mr. Hooper's friends, of whom he had a great many. We accepted, and passed a very pleasant day ; we called on his brother who entertained us with some good music and singing. These men were all fishermen or sailors, or both ; they had very respectable looking homes and the

women were hard working and tidy, and understood where to place the small mite to make it count most. We spent a very agreeable day then returned to the schooner.

I did not feel very easy laying there; it seemed to me we ought to be on our voyage, but Mr. Hooper could not get any potatoes, so he had to send to Yarmouth for them, and it would take a week or ten days. In the meantime we were busy on board the Diver: we brought the dories upon deck, and put the steam launch into the hold, but not before sawing off a portion of one end; we built a bin for the potatoes, and got our coal ready to sack, then began to look the Diver over for any hidden mishaps that the storm had left with us, and we found one which might have been quite a serious one: an eye bolt, two and one-quarter inches square, that the fore peak halliards block had hooked into, was broken half way through, so here were more repairs, but it was well we found it, for it would not have lasted long in another storm. We took it down in order to get a new one, but found we could not get any on shore, for they didn't have iron large enough, so we had to send across the bay to St. John's, probably two weeks more time to wait.

Mr. Hooper now began to hint that it was not a very safe anchorage for the Diver where she lay, and we had better change over to Bryer's Island proper, as it was a good, safe harbor. I agreed with him there, and at high tide we got under way, but found our anchor fast to the bottom, under a rock, and we could not break it out. It happened this way: Two or three nights after we arrived the wind breezed up and blew pretty hard, making quite a choppy sea; of course we had anchor watch nights, and I supposed it went on regular, but it seems that the men whose watch it was some time in the middle of the night, got sick from the rough sea that came in: there was one who had never kept watch, and they called on him to take

their places; this one was Mr. Ryan. He claimed he did not know how, but after a great fuss he got out on his feet, put on his clothes, and opening the bulkhead door that leads into the hold, disappeared into the darkness, stumbling over barrels and boxes. At last he came back and wanted to know how they expected him to watch the anchor when he couldn't see it without a light; why didn't they give him a lantern? They got him in and explained he must go on deck and watch the weather, but Ryan took exceptions and claimed they said anchor, and nothing about the weather. He had got a sore shin by their directing him wrong in the first place, and he felt that he had a clear case against them. "Hold on, Ryan, until we tell you, you must watch the weather, and if it blows harder, or the Diver should break adrift, you must call the old man." Ryan couldn't see but what his case would exempt him from this duty, and so he argued until they all fell asleep, and the Diver broke adrift, and if her anchor had not caught, we should have gone on to a point of rocks, and that would have been the last of the Diver and possibly some of us. But now we must get the anchor up, as we had both main and foresail set. We set the jib, she filled, and the anchor broke away, and soon we had it on our bow, with a bad bend in the shank. It was a wonder we got it, but it could be straightened or used as it was.

Mr. Hooper and his brother were to pilot her over to a safe anchorage, and they stood at the wheel and argued: "That is as good a place as you can put her." "No, too near those other vessels." "If I had the say I would anchor there in deeper water." "No, there is a counter current, and she will swing into it and foul." But they anchored there, and although we had some trouble with the strong currents, it was a very good place. Here Mr. Hooper informed us that they were making arrangements for a big entertainment for us on shore, and we must be sure and

come ; the vessel would stay alone all right, if the weather was not too bad ; he would send and let us know when it would take place. This made something more for the boys to talk over, besides, we had plenty of visitors looking over the vessel and at us ; they did not seem to be very sociable, some not even speaking, but pondering over every new thing they saw, and seeming to wonder within themselves whether this was a humbug or a genuine fact, for the Yankees are so deuced clever, you know. If they had asked me my opinion about that time, I could not have answered, for it was as much a mystery to me then as in the beginning, and so it was with these men. Mr. Hooper had brought something to Bryer's Island for the poople to wonder over, something that had never been before, and never would be again. Could it be possible that this vessel was going around the cape to Alaska ? Some said she was going fishing,—but there was Captain Rounds, what of him ? "Oh, I don't believe he is going." "Yes, his wife told Mrs. So and So that he was, for sure, and she feels very bad over it." "I'm sure I would not want our Alf to go, if there is plenty of gold out there. Suppose anything should happen, what then ?" "Well, if Alf wanted to go, I don't think you could stop him. You can't blame Mrs. Rounds if her husband wants to go." And so they gossiped about town every day.

A chicken halibut was thrown on our deck by some mysterious boatman,—I never saw him or his boat, but I saw a halibut come flying over the rail every day. I couldn't say he was dead when he made his first appearance over the rail, but he was dead when he struck the deck, and as our cook caught hold of him, he brandished a big knife which he held in his hand as though he feared it would fly back into the sea. We enjoyed our fried halibut, so fresh and tender, but our dreams of enchanted fishing grounds and flying halibut were brought to an end, as a

good clean bill was presented, and we had to pay for the luxury that we thought was presented to us through the good will and wishes of the people. They had won the hearts of the boys through their stomachs, but the truth was so sudden it caused a panic in the cook's department, when a junk of salt horse was put in soak for the next meal.

"This is the night of the entertainment, boys, put on your best togs. You are to meet here the elite of Bryer's Island." Ryan had a fiddle. This was news. "Could he play?" Yes, Ryan could play on the fiddle. "Bring it along, we are rather short of artists, and you will help us out." George had a harmonica and a guitar, and he would help, too. We dressed for the entertainment. I wore a sheepskin coat, a pair of felt mocassins, and a white shirt, with fancy necktie: the rest were all in similar attire.

We manned two dories and rowed across the channel—it was a very dark night, and we had some trouble finding our way along the shore, getting on rocks, pushing and tugging to get our boat along, but at last a wharf loomed up through the darkness. It was what we wanted, and we rowed our boat alongside, took out our oars, jumped on shore, and took the road for the place of entertainment. There was no one there to meet us with a brass band, but we found Mr. Rounds on the road and followed him up to the Temperance Hall. He passed us in, and I felt like a big curiosity in a dime show,—everybody was looking me over, and I expected any moment they would feel my flesh to see if I was genuine or a make-up.

The people were very kind and entertaining; the hall was decorated with festooned bunting, and a large British flag spread on the wall where Mr. Hooper was to sit. The absence of our flag was quite noticeable to our men, for we felt that they should have decorated with our flag out

of respect for us, in some part of the hall, but perhaps they did not know, so we will excuse them. There was a large number of people, young and old. We stood around the stove like a lot of school boys in a country school-house: perhaps we were trying to keep warm, anyhow we stood around the stove and grinned at each other, as a few of the girls came in pairs and tried to draw us out. But no, we clung together, as though separation meant destruction, and our courage would almost leave us as we were charged on by these feminine raiders. No, sir, they could not have us, but they did get some of the boys and marched them off, hopeless captives, to show them all the interesting things in the hall.

I noticed quite a commotion on the other side of the hall, where the flags were; there was a very long table covered with a white cloth and spread with eatables, and here the women congregated; they seemed to be gliding past each other with noiseless footsteps and whisperings, smiling through their confidence in their great success,—they arranged this table for the feast,—and the men stood around, waiting and watching, with smiles of satisfaction on their honest faces, for it was their wives and daughters they saw before them, so diligent in their precepts as they prepared this meal of which we were all to partake, and which took place in this way: the men were all sent out of doors and formed in single file, with Mr. Hooper at their head; I came next to him. We marched into the hall, looking neither to the right nor left, and I was seated opposite Mr. Hooper, who sat under the British ensign, with a buxom lass on his right to help him enjoy the evening's repast. I began to think I ought to feel slighted; how was it they neglected to give me a young lady companion? Of course I had a wife at home, but so had Mr. Hooper. Well, I must overlook this gross negligence on their part.

The first course being served, I commenced to eat,—I

could do this without instruction, as the first course was a clam chowder. This soon vanished, and so did the other good things that came along, one after another, and as I began to feel the abundance of that table, I thought it wise to sit back with those who had showed such wonderful display of forethought, and enjoy the sight of watching the rest, but supper soon passed over, and the bustle began of getting ready for the entertainment and arranging the seats where best to look on the stage. The performance began. There was the man with a violin, and a young lady presiding at the organ. For a while we had some excellent music, then a quartette of singers, and so they went on until intermission; then Doctor Strongarm approached me with the intention of introducing me to all the ladies in the hall, but I declined to leave my seat. The doctor arose and made a speech; he said that I was going to a country where I would see no females but Esquimo squaws, and here I had refused a social time, as he termed it, with those of my own race and color. What sort of a man could I be? And thus he went on, but he failed to touch the festive chord, and gave it up. Order was called, and the entertainment went on, when suddenly there was a pause; not a sound could be heard; everybody held their breaths, except a poor old lady, who had a bad cough, and could keep silent no longer; she began to cough in spite of her determination to keep quiet. Now and then we could hear a giggle from some young miss who had not the control over her risibilities, as had some of her more fortunate friends, but the rest soon caught the giggle, and it became general; though there was nothing to laugh at, we all laughed; my friend who sat next to me brought out his new red bandanna and wiped tears from his eyes, and said it was the funniest proceeding he had ever witnessed. Order was called and an explanation was given.

The reason of the pause was that Mr. Ryan was on the list

with his fiddle, and they had overlooked him by mistake: they were very sorry, but would Mr. Ryan please come forward and give the audience some of his choice solos on his violin. Mr. Ryan responded with a rush, his face flushed with excitement: his hand tightly grasped the neck of the fiddle, as if it had refused to sound some note, and he was trying to choke it into obedience, while he sawed away with his bow,—it sounded to me like the recent exhibition we had just witnessed of the old lady choking for breath. Mr. Ryan finished up his part with the "Irish washerwoman," made a stiff bow and dropped out of sight.

The next on the list was George and his harmonica. George came up to the front of the stage and explained he had left his best harmonica at home,—this was one he happened to have in his pocket. He did not think he could play on it, but they called out, "Play! Play!" so George played the "Mocking Bird," with a few other select pieces, and left the stage. After more singing and playing by the quartette, the entertainment was over, and some of the boys tried to incite others to dance, but dancing was strictly prohibited in that community, so they played country plays, with all the laughing, grabbing and kissing admissible. They soon tired of this sport, and as the hour drew near for us to depart, the kissing ended, the exhibition was over for the night, and we got our coats and hats, and left the hall for the schooner Diver. Captain Rounds induced me to stay all night at his house, and the Admiral and I occupied one bed, sleeping until called by the captain. We got breakfast, then went on board the Diver, where we found the boys enjoying a barrel of apples, and we helped ourselves likewise.

Our potatoes arrived that day and so did the iron work for the foremast. We filled up our water casks again and were ready to sail. The custom house was determined that we should enter and clear the port,—we had laid there

so long,—so I went on shore and cleared the custom house. When I returned on board I found the windlass manned and the men heaving away with a will. The navigator came on board after saying the long farewell to his friends, we hoisted our sails and were soon out on the ocean, pushing our way for the gulf stream.

CHAPTER III.

THE LONG VOYAGE COMMENCED.—RUNNING THROUGH THE GULF STREAM INTO WARM WEATHER.—THE MAD DOG TAKES COMMAND.—DRINKING WATER RUNS SHORT AND A STOP IS MADE TO REPLENISH THE SUPPLY.

The boys looked crestfallen as they gazed over the side of the vessel, and saw the long rollers swell larger and larger, as we advanced further and further out on the old ocean, and I knew the cause of their downcast look. Did any of them have a sweetheart they were leaving behind? No, it was nothing left behind, it was something to come they dreaded,—it was that fearful monster, seasickness. Would they have to struggle with it again,—remembering the night of the storm,—it was terrible! I said, "Boys, if you want to know how to get cured of your seasickness, it all lays with yourselves, for you must fight it. Put on your oil clothes, make yourselves comfortable, and stay on deck until you are cured. It will pass from you in a few days and then you will be all right." The most of the very sick ones did as I suggested, and I pitied them out in the cold and wet, but I could see they were fighting and knew they would conquer, but Ricker stayed in his berth below and was a very sick man.

I went below to get some sleep. We had a strong fair wind and a heavy sea following, which caused our old craft to do some very heavy rolling. All the cabin folks were on deck and I thought I was alone, when I heard

LEAVING BRYER'S ISLAND, N. S., FOR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

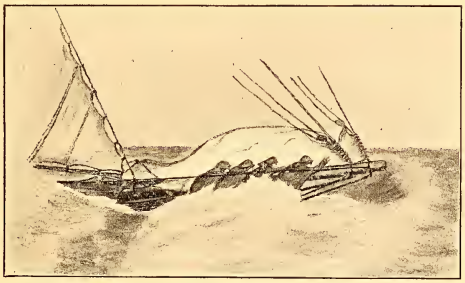
some one stirring in the next berth. Yes, it must be Mr. Stewart who slept next to the companion way, and had lain in his bed ever since we had got it rough, so quiet that I forgot he was there. Now, Mr. Stewart was not seasick in the upper half of his body, but his legs were very sick, he could not trust them to be about deck, so of course he lay below as long as he could, until the calls of nature demanded his instant presence on deck. Mr. Stewart felt the call and being an old soldier, responded to his duty, legs or no legs. As I peeped out of my berth I saw a head protruding from the other berth ; it was Mr. Stewart's; he was looking around as though to take in the situation,—there was determination in that look and I knew that something desperate was to take place. He had on his hat and overcoat and grasped the side of the berth firmly as he twisted his body over the side and was out sitting upright, and watching his chance. It came. He arose, made a dash for the steps, but the Diver took a heavy lurch from him and precipitated him head foremost across the floor, through the door of the navigator's room, and landed him in the berth. He had failed but was not, beaten, and, determined as ever, made for his own berth where he struck in such a forcible manner that I thought he was hurt, but not so, for he sat still for a minute and seemed to change his tactics; when the Diver rolled up towards him, he made a fresh start for the steps, but whether the deck came up and met him or he went down his full length and met the deck, he never could explain, but there again he sailed across the cabin floor, grasping a pair of rubber boots that he had overtaken, as a drowning man catches at a straw ; so Mr. Stewart sailed back and forward before he reached those steps—he didn't give up, but reached the steps and passed upon deck and he told me afterwards that he thought he walked about five miles in getting out of the Diver's cabin. Afterwards, in speak-

ing of this, Mr. Hooper said that Stewart was a morphine eater, and had given him his box to keep; he had asked for some since, but he told him the box was lost, so this was the cause of his falling around. He was going to send him forward and bring Ricker aft, as Ricker was a sick man. He made the change and Ricker was given Mr. Stewart's berth. I never believed Mr. Stewart was a morphine eater, and what Mr. Hooper had said turned out to be untrue.

We crossed the gulf stream without experiencing any heavy gales, and were soon in the Doldrums, jumping up and down to a short sea, while squalls of wind came from every point on the compass. It gave us work reefing and shaking out again. It was good exercise for the boys, teaching them how to handle canvas, and we were very much in need of men of that class. When we got in the stormy regions we found we were short of sailors; out of eight men in my watch there were but two sailors, and as we were having bad weather, I had to lay aside my long coat and lend a hand. I took my trick at the wheel and helped tie up the gaff topsail and passed the earing and went out to furl the jib,—the man with me being the only sailor on the Diver. I will say for our navigator that he stood upon the top of the house, out of the water, and helped tie reef points,—outside of that he never gave a hand to help in anything, not even at the wheel: this was his record all the way through. When we came to reef, Mr. Hooper would take the wheel, which was my place,—but he had heart trouble, so he said,—while Dalton and I passed the earing. I began to see the meanness of these two men, who, with the position they were holding, would rather resort to cunning than do their duty, especially in a case like this: I could see through their schemes, but some one had to lead. When we went out on that great, long bowsprit to furl the jib, we were ducked under, for she

would first raise us high in the air, clinging to the slippery pole, then would drive head foremost into the next wave, with the white foam covering our heads, gurgling into our ears and nostrils; we could not get a breath; she seemed to hold us there as if enjoying the sport, then would rise again and shake the water from her sides like a Newfoundland dog when he lands after his bath.

The Diver must have been modelled in ancient times when our fathers invented an apparatus for ducking their scolding wives. I could realize very forcibly the feelings of the poor wife as she was forced under the cold water,



FURLING THE JIB.

and rose again to see her lord and master standing on the bank, with a smile of satisfaction on his hard, cruel face. It could not have been that she was conquered, but the reverse, according to my experience in being ducked by the Diver, but it was the law. However, woman kept on scolding just the same, until the executive working the machine got tired or died, or perhaps there was a drought and the pond dried up, anyhow, manhood asserted itself and woman was the victor, for life would be an intolerable existence if she didn't scold a little.

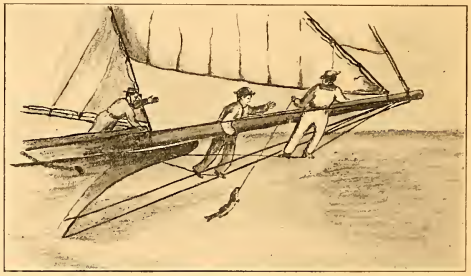
Well, the Diver went on, as sportive as ever, until we

got below the latitude of the thirties, then we began to have fine weather, but we also found we had very bad water to drink. The two old casks were used up, and when we opened one of the new we found it in an awful condition, covered with palm oil; the stench made us hold our breaths when we drank it; we could not think but had to turn it down in one gulp, for we could not take the second one. I had been with bad water before so I knew how to take my medicine, but the other poor fellows resorted to all kinds of devices to get rid of the taste; they used the vinegar and sugar freely. When we voted for vinegar at our meeting in Lynn, no one wanted any, not even Mr. Hooper, who never could bear the taste of it, but now he was using it with the rest, and it was soon gone. He had lime juice in his own cabin, that was enough for him.

Mr. Hooper had a dog given him in Lynn and three kittens. I objected to their coming on board but he wanted a dog, and now the poor animal was dying of thirst, drinking salt water in preference to the kind of fresh water we had. The kittens got sick and were thrown overboard; the dog was left with a similar fate awaiting him. I saw at times a wild look in his eyes, as the hot weather increased. One day I was standing by the house with one of my hands resting on the top; Fred was behind me playing rather roughly with the dog, which he slapped and pushed away. Gyp—that was the dog's name—gave a leap for the top of the house, passing over my hand, and with a sharp bark sped along to the forward part of the schooner, then turned and ran back, and I saw he frothed at the mouth, and at intervals gave a short bark. The cry of "mad dog" sounded through the schooner. I jumped on top of the house and looked around for something to defend myself with, but there was nothing I could reach. I felt a little unnerved at that moment, standing at bay

with a mad dog racing toward me. I could see fire in his eyes. Had he selected me out for a victim? Must I fight this ferocious beast bare-handed? Would he jump for my throat? I braced myself for the coming conflict. If I only had my jackknife! Some one was on the top of the house with me, I think it was the navigator, like myself—unarmed. But the dog ran past the corner of the house, around on the other side, and as he ran forward the navigator hastened to his cabin for a revolver and cartridges, and was back on the house before the dog turned aft. I saw two or three men clinging to the rigging,—a good safe place—while the rest were down in the forecastle with the doors barricaded, for hadn't we a mutineer on board that defied the whole ship's company? The man at the wheel was standing on the wheel box and not a man dared to trust his feet on the decks of the Diver. Mr. Rounds followed up the enemy for an advantage. After getting on top of the dories his chance came, for as poor Gyp paused before the forecastle door, probably seeking for a friend amongst all that crew, Mr. Rounds fired. I heard Gyp give a yelp, then he came bounding aft, foaming and barking, raced around the cabin again, and as he went forward Mr. Rounds gave him another shot; and so the dog kept running and Rounds kept on shooting until he emptied his gun; some of the shots began to tell for Gyp staggered along aft, ran down into the cabin into Mr. Hooper's room, and laid down to die. Rounds followed him down, fired a bullet through his head, and he was dead. The boys began to tumble up on deck, the cook came aft armed with a chain hook, and without ceremony hooked Gyp under the jaw, dragged the body on deck, and threw him over the rail. When I saw the dog floating astern, food for the sharks, I could not help saying, "Poor Gyp," and turned sadly away from the inanimate form, even if it was only a dog,—and the Diver sailed on.

Our men were all well except Ricker, who was too weak to come on deck. "I can't stand the sight of water," he would say, and that was all the satisfaction we could get from him. We had got the trade winds and were now sailing among the flying fish,—it is a beautiful sight to see acres of them rise up out of the water, their silvery wings glistening in the sun, and fly from crest to crest of wave and then disappear, but not for long; they soon appear again, for their old enemy, the dolphin, is amongst them; he seizes his prey just as they touch a wave, and so he feeds day after day, while the flying-fish swim and fly



CATCHING DOLPHIN.

on to who knows where, pursued every day by their arch enemy, the dolphin.

Mr. Hooper brought up the canvas for the sleeping bags, but found he did not have enough so he had to cut them short, and we sat on deck sewing sleeping bags while some of the men were out on the bowsprit trying to catch dolphin,—the bait they used was a piece of white rag with a little red,—and as this, towed in the water, would skip from wave to wave in the same fashion as the flying-fish, a hungry dolphin would sometimes make a mistake and get hauled in, to the joy of the man but the sad fate of the

dolphin. They had been unsuccessful in their efforts, when, one afternoon, when the sun was about setting, a large school of dolphin crossed under our bow. The navigator was out on the bowsprit trying his luck; suddenly I saw the men running up in the bow, and I felt sure by the struggling of Rounds on the bowsprit, and the call for assistance, that he had hooked a dolphin, and sure enough, a good fat one was landed on deck, kicking and flouncing until the cook came with his big knife and ended the sufferings of the first catch. Rounds kept on catching until we had five, then the dolphins either became wise and swam away from the Diver, or the Diver sailed away from them, I can't say which, but we got no more, and I don't remember of seeing any more that voyage. The fish were cleaned and put in the pan, and we had some excellent meals on fish and plenty of it.

One afternoon, after a hearty dinner on dolphin, I was sitting aft sewing away on our canvas, when I was taken suddenly blind,—all was darkness around me. I arose to my feet and held on to the rail. I felt a faintness coming over me, when I was just as suddenly despoiled of my dinner, and my eyes opened,—I could see again. Every man who had eaten of the dolphins was sick. Was the fish poison? Had it been feeding on the copper bottom of the Diver, or perhaps on poor Gyp? The symptoms were very perceptible, and if we ate any more of this fatal fish we might all run mad and chase each other about the deck with froth in our mouths and blood in our eyes, so overboard went what remained of the dolphin and the men soon got over their illness.

Our water grew worse, and as we had used up all the vinegar and come down to plain water and palm oil, our spirits drooped, and we began to long for rain, but no rain came. The navigator assured us that under the equator we would get plenty of rain in a few days, and

gave the order to keep a sharp lookout for St. Paul's rocks. Carliff wanted to know what these rocks were doing away out there, how could it be possible that rocks were so far from land? The navigator showed him the rocks on the chart and warned him to be careful on his lookout. Carliff wanted to know what they looked like. "You can't see much of them," said the navigator, "they are just a wash with the sea." Then he wanted to know what the reason was they had no light. "There is none, for none can be erected," said the navigator.

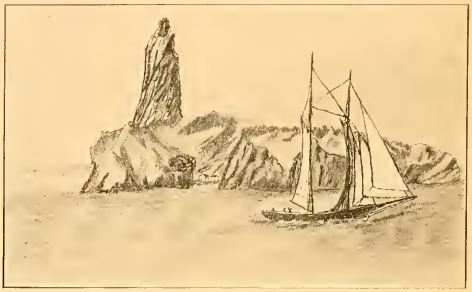
As night came on and a few of the brightest stars glittered through the soft southern twilight, we saw the Magellan clouds rising above the southern horizon. These clouds resembled the "milky way"; there were two of them, and when in the Straits of Magellan they are directly overhead. The mythical tradition of these clouds is that they were placed there by the great Deity to commemorate the wonderful exploits of this great navigator. That night the most beautiful sight I ever saw was the half hour we sailed through phosphorous so thick that it looked as though the sea was one sheet of liquid fire, but I often would take a look up north at the familiar stars of our own temperate zone that were looking down on our native land. I had a feeling akin to homesickness when I saw the North Star setting low on the horizon, soon to disappear from sight altogether, and the Great Dipper following close after its leader. The night wore on and eight bells struck; the relief watch came on deck, and Carliff went on his lookout that night with a special duty on his mind. Reaching his body over the knightheads as far as he could, he peered steadfastly down into the depths of old ocean for St. Paul's rocks, and remained in that position until Mr. Hooper came forward and asked what he was doing. "I am looking for St. Paul's rocks," he replied. When the boys heard the joke they had a good laugh at Carliff,

who claimed it was a case of misplaced confidence in Mr. Rounds.

The day we crossed the line, twenty-nine days from Bryer's Island, the navigator appeared again amongst the boys with a telescope, with a hair laid across the lens, and as they looked through they could see the line as they crossed it, but, like Carliff, they had lost confidence in Mr. Rounds, and did not take to this kind of a joke. There was no rain under the line, as Rounds had prophesied, and the boys began to show signs of their discontent by blaming Mr. Hooper and his water casks.

The Southern Cross was one of the brilliant sights that now began to show itself among the numerous host of glittering stars that studded the canopy of this southern night, and we counted, time and again, the number of stars that formed the cross, but I never felt sure of the correct number, and could not tell to-day how many I counted. I wonder that we could count at all, when a longing for water and something we could eat was ever foremost in our thoughts; yet the Diver sailed on, carrying us to what end, who knows? The navigator's and Mr. Hooper's little side flavors gave out, and they were getting sick, when at last Rounds asked me if I hadn't better run into some port and water up. I objected at first, not because I did not want water myself, but they were the cause of our having poor water, and I was not a bit sorry to see them getting sick. Finally I agreed to run into Bahia for water, so we shaped our course for that place, leaving a fair wind that gave us a day's run of one hundred and ninety miles; this change helped lengthen our passage. We sailed along in beautiful weather, and soon made the island of Fernando Noronah,—this was on Christmas day. Though not like our Christmas at home, we felt overjoyed at the prospect of soon having plenty of good, pure water to drink.

The island of Fernando Noromah was a great rock, protruding up out of the sea, and reminding one of a giant cathedral, with a long spire pointing upwards a distance of five hundred feet. This, indeed, was a wonderful rock; there seemed to be but the one landing, a little inlet, where I could discern a few white cottages. This island belongs to the Brazilian government, and a penal colony resides there. As we sailed by, Carliff tried to make a sketch of the great rock, to show that he had seen this one, if he had missed a sight at St. Paul's, which he began



THE ISLAND OF FERNANDO NOROMAH, BRAZIL.

to believe was only fiction. We sailed past this island, and soon began to drop it out of sight, and were now nearing Bahia. On the twenty-ninth of the month we entered the harbor of All Saints Bay, and anchored under the fort, which fired a gun at sundown that nearly shook off our hats. The quarantine flag was placed on our fore-cross-trees, and when the doctor got ready he came on board. Mr. Hooper said that he could talk Spanish, so he was delegated to talk with the doctor, who could not speak or understand our language. The doctor would not come on board, because the Diver had no gangway steps, but

stood in his boat with his trusty blacks around him, armed with cutlasses. He was shown the vessel's papers; "the master's name was Sheems D. Winchist." "No, Winchester." He tried it again, "Winchistear." The vessel came from Lynn, Mass. He could say Lynn, but the old Bay State was too much for him, and he gave it up, but where was it? "In America," answered Mr. Hooper. "Dis America," said the doctor, as he looked around him with pride on his native home. "United States," we told him, but his geography was very bad, and he did not understand, for he beckoned the men up to the rail, and as he looked them over smiled and said, "I am sateesfied."

He pushed off from the vessel, and we were at liberty to go on shore. The boat was put over, and the boys filed in until she could carry no more, then they rowed ashore. It was surprising to see how quickly Ricker came up on his feet, looking as well as any of us, and was the first man to go on shore. Mr. Hooper attended to the business, as he held the money. Arrangements for taking in water were made, and the next day we cleaned out the water casks, getting them into a little better condition than before, and filled them to running over.

After this work was done I went on shore to see the town; there were soldiers at the fort, and there seemed to be military demonstration on the shore. We landed at the Custom House steps, not being allowed to land anywhere else, and passed up through the Custom House yard, in front of the Custom House, which was built on the end of a wharf, and well guarded by soldiers. The streets were guarded with soldiers, also. We went to the ship brokers, where they could understand us, and they told us that Brazil was having a war, and there had been a battle fought a few days previous, just outside of the city, but the rebels lost the day, and Bahia was saved. Now I understood why so many wounded soldiers were on the street, leaning

on the arm of a friend or brother. The boys made a few purchases, some buying the Bahia hat, a large hat, conical shape, plaited out of grass; they were worn mostly by laborers, and made an excellent sun hat. I sat around the ship chandler's, where they were dealing out the native wine and imported Scotch whiskey, until I got tired, then went up to see the town.

Bahia is built on the side of a great ridge, and there is a lower and upper town. The lower town is built after the quaint idea of old Spanish architecture, without doors, but the whole end out, so that you can walk right in and do business. Most of the help was colored, and so were all the laborers that I saw. The water man, with his donkey, with two water kegs slung each side across his back, supplied the stores with good cool water, the donkey being the only animal I saw used for working around the street. Poor little donkey! How he is abused. I saw some of them beaten without mercy. What a life for this poor animal! His only pleasure was his evening meal and rest at night.

We saw all we wanted of the lower town, then went to the upper. There was a long road running diagonally up the side of the hill, built of stone, but there was an easier way of ascension, for here was a great elevator to take one up for a few millreas. There was plenty of travel on this elevator, and one could look out on the harbor as he ascended and get a splendid view.

The upper town was more modern and had some fine buildings. We went along to the American hotel, and sat for a while beneath the shady alcoves of its luxuriant garden and rested. There was nothing more to be seen in Bahia without money, so, after taking a long look at the harbor, all dotted with ships of every description, we walked back to the lower town, got our dinner, and went on board the schooner.

How beautiful the climate was here at this time of year. Everybody seemed to enjoy the best of health, although the yellow jack was prevalent on board the ships, and the doctor's boat was kept busy running from one to another. Quite a number of small craft, with three or four masts, on which was hoisted an oblong-shaped sail, seemed to be very busy carrying fruit. The dug-out canoes were quite numerous, being used for fishing about the bay, and I noticed they set a trawl.

While we were waiting for the stores to come on board,

TRADING LUGGERS OF BAHIA, BRAZIL.

some of the boys thought they would try a swim; Dalton started in, followed by those who could swim, and they seemed to be enjoying their bath, when Ryan appeared on the rail. Now, Ryan thought he would do something that none of the others could do, that was to turn a somersault; but he misjudged the distance, and struck flat on the water, with his face downward, and lay motionless for a minute, then made a sluggish struggle to place himself right, but he had his mouth open, and consequently drew in a lot of salt water. I was afraid at first, but when he

struck out for the side of the vessel my fears vanished, my hopes were realized, and Ryan was safe. The boys came on board and congratulated him on his escape from a watery grave, and advised him to keep his mouth closed whenever he dove under water, but it really was a narrow escape from a sad accident that would have ended his days.

The next day was the first of January, and as our stores had come on board, and everybody seemed to have all they wanted of Bahia, we got under way, hove up anchor, set the foresail and jib to swing her head out, and then

HOISTING THE MAINSAIL.

hoisted the mainsail, which seemed to go up heavy and slow. The boys seemed to have forgotten how to set this sail, for one would pull while another was fleeting his hold. I heard some one suggest resting before the sail was half way up, but they kept on cross-hauling until the sail was set, then wondered what made it hoist up so hard. Their Bahia hats were now donned, making them resemble a native crew of Brazilians. We sailed out of the Bay of All Saints, and were soon on the big blue ocean, heading for the Faulkland Islands. When we got down off the river Platte we had a few squalls, which are always

expected when abreast of that river, and soon after began to feel the chilly winds from the south, and chilly they were, too. The boys laid off their Bahia hats, except the man at the wheel, who felt the comfort of its shade when the sun shone bright.

The Diver sailed on, nodding to the sea, and we lay around the deck nodding with the schooner, which now and then would send a spray of salt water to wake us up, but we would take new quarters and soon nod again. Thus the days wore away. It was just sunset, and we were still nodding, when the navigator sprang to leeward and called, "Land, Ho!" This awakened us to a sense of danger, and we were all on our feet at once, peering out amongst a lot of clouds now closing the pathway of the sun, which had already dropped below the horizon,—and it was there that the navigator pointed out what he called land. At first sight I said it was clouds, but they all looked through the glass and thought it was land. I took the glass and looked again, and saw a cloud resembling land lying low on the horizon, but following it along could see between the horizon and the edge of the cloud. The navigator, however, would not give in, but said the chronometer had thrown us three or

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

four hundred miles out of our course. That was proof to me that I was right, for the chronometer had no errors down to Bahia, and I could not believe it was wrong now, but he said he was afraid it was wrong, and he would figure on his old course just the same, but would keep a course from this land mirage, and with the two he could not go wrong.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN. — A DESERTED SHEEP-RANCH. — DUCK SHOOTING IN A STRANGE LAND. — WE SEE GLACIERS AND EXPLORE A PATAGONIAN JUNGLE. — OUR FIRST NEWS FROM HOME.

I will now mention some of my own troubles, so the reader may fully understand about how I found myself situated on board the Diver. It was novel to me and sometimes comical, for I was signed master of the schooner; sometimes I was mate and all hands, and there were times I had no place at all. The men did not understand the difference between a master and a boatswain's mate. Mr. Hooper and Rounds were making the mischief. Before we left Lynn, I spoke to Mr. Hooper about a navigation kit, telling him I had none of my own. "Oh," said he, "don't bother any more about that, for I will buy one for the vessel and for you to use." I felt safe and thought no more about it, for I knew the vessel could not get along without one, but I found, after we had got to sea, that Rounds had the only outfit, charts and all, and he was so close with them that I could not even look at a chart. As he owned it all, what could I say? Why, say that Captain Winchester was taking a voyage around the Horn, from Bryer's Island to San Francisco, Cal., without navigation book, sextant or chart. He did have a compass and could look at that as often as he liked,—quite a privilege, I am sure. What a paragraph for the San Francisco newspapers!

I kept dead reckoning on a piece of paper that Rounds

pinned up on the side of the cabin whenever he felt in humor to do so, but it was hard for me to find out where the vessel was; everything was kept shut up in his room, out of sight, and he began to show the authority of master of the vessel, for he knew he had me with my hands tied. He had, in an indirect way, captured the Diver and all hands, with the material that Mr. Hooper had placed in his hands, but now Mr. Hooper began to show signs of jealousy; although they had been such fast friends when they left home the friendship had cooled down, and as I was the one he had watched previously, like a lion jealous of his domain, he now began to look on me with more favor. What Mr. Hooper had planned with Rounds could not be undone, for he held the position and Mr. Hooper knew it. It was only through me he could reach Rounds, and as I would not uphold Mr. Hooper in his changing moods, he tried to worry me again.

Mr. Hooper was losing ground with the men, so he felt, but could not determine which they took to most, Rounds or himself, while I remained a mystery to him. He had his favorites among the men, whom he would take with him to Alaska, and leave the hoodlums out. That was the way he was carrying sail, while every day he grew more suspicious of Rounds, as he listened to the murmurings of the crew against himself for what he had given them to eat and to drink during that voyage. Rounds sympathized with the crew and their wrongs, and added more fuel to the flame when he admitted that Mr. Hooper was not a fit president for the company. I agreed with him there,—he was not a fit president, for was not the company split already,—and I knew that in San Francisco it would end Mr. Hooper and all his designs. Mr. Hooper had not kept faith with the men,—in the very first, after failing to have our last meeting in Lynn, he agreed to give us a strict account of expenditures as soon as he got his papers and

accounts filed; this he would do when we got to sea, but he failed to keep his promise and knew the men did not like it. He said to me one day it was none of their business what he did; he was the only one that had the power and they would find out when we got to San Francisco. He said many things like this to draw me out, but I knew my man and kept silent.

The Diver sailed on and one fine day we made the Faulkland Islands which we sailed by about four miles from shore. It was a rock like Fernando Noromah, all but the long shaft pointing to the sky; there were good chances for fishing boats to sail through its numerous inlets and passages. This island is controlled by the English government, and on the side away from us there was a harbor and quite a town, where ships going around the Horn stop for water. The Faulklands soon faded in mist and we took our departure for the Straits of Magellan, with a host of albatross and cape pigeon in our wake. The albatross can be caught with a common fish hook and line, baited with a piece of salt junk,—some of our boys tried the experiment but failed, for although the birds ate the bait, they were very careful not to take the hook with it, so we thought they must have seen a hook and line before. Their presence seemed to be an ill omen, for we had had a head wind ever since we fell in with them. I don't remember the date we made the Faulklands or the Straits of Magellan, for I am writing from memory and have no notes to correct me, but it was a week before we arrived at the straits and anchored on the south point, as there was a strong current running out and a head wind.

I don't know the distance across the mouth of the straits but we could plainly see the land which was very low and looked like a stretch of level marsh, as far as the eye could reach. It seemed to be covered with a coarse sedge grass. We got under way when the flood tide made, with no

wind, and drifted until high tide, when we found ourselves in Starvation Bay. Here we let go anchor until the next flood tide. This bay is on the Patagonian side and took its name from the first colony of Spanish coming to the straits. They located in this desolate spot with their families and stock, out of fear of the Indians. Three years afterwards a ship called there and found that the colony was no more ; there was a slight suspicion that the Indians had murdered them all, carrying away their cattle and provisions, but on a closer investigation it was believed that the Indians had stolen all their stock and that they had starved to death. So this anchorage was named Starvation Bay. What a sad ending for this colony ; they had parted from friends and home to seek a fortune in this new world, so lately discovered, and perished there by starvation,—but such is the restlessness of spirit that similar fates befall the many every year.

But now the Diver is under way again ; the tide was in our favor, though the wind was not, but we made some good work until the tide turned again, when we found an anchorage and let drop our hook to wait for the next turn. Rounds now wanted to pilot the vessel through, and I thought it best to concede to his wishes, for there was considerable danger through this four hundred miles stretch of channel, and we gave the boys warning on their anchor watch nights, for we were in treacherous waters. The land for seventy-five miles was nothing but low marsh with no signs of trees, hill or hummock, but further along we began to see some mountains with trees in abundance and a few habitations along the shore. We could see also large flocks of sheep feeding on the plain and hillside, and we came to the conclusion that these were sheep ranches.

In the afternoon the wind breezed up, and the sky looked very much like a storm from what we could see of it, as we were shut in on both sides by the hills and moun-

tains of Terra del Fuego on our port hand and Patagonia on our starboard. We found a good sheltered place called Gregory Bay, and there dropped anchor; the wind continued to blow hard, and next day being Sunday we remained at our anchorage.

We could see on shore a large sheep ranch, where they carried on business on a large scale, for there were numerous flocks feeding on the sides of the green mountains, and down near a long stretch of sandy beach was a large building used, as we thought, for storing, and a number of outhouses, sheds and fences, besides cottages for the workmen. So far we had not seen a human being, and we began to get ready for a trip on shore to wake them up, and see if we could purchase a good fat lamb. We carried our revolvers with us, in case we met an enemy, launched one of the dories, and soon were standing on a foreign shore at the other end of the world. There were six of us, and we were a wild looking crew, with beards unshaven, hollow cheeks and eyes.

There was no one at home when we got up to the cottages, about twelve o'clock, and finding there no signs of hospitality, we proceeded to the superintendent's house. We had to cross over a bridge that spanned a narrow inlet making in from the sea, with a very high bank on each side, and as we were ascending the opposite bank we came suddenly on to a man with a bundle on his back, lashed on with a strand of old cordage, and by his appearance, judging from those gentry we so often see at home, I should say we had unearthed a tramp away down in Patagonia. What he imagined we were I can only guess, for he started with a look of fear in his eyes, and glanced behind him to see if the way was clear for a good run, but changing his mind, he stood still, probably waiting for the command of "up hands." We tried to talk with him, but he "no savvy;" then we tried to make him feel safe with

us. I saw he was uneasy and mistrustful in our company, but we clung to him; it was our only hope that he talked English, which I knew he understood, and after a while he became more reconciled and began to talk more English, and we learned that the ranch belonged to an English syndicate, but all of a sudden they quit business and deserted the ranch; the sheep we saw on the mountain belonged to some other ranch.

That was the gist of what we learned, and our hopes of a good dinner on shore were shattered, but we went on to the house, which we found open, and went in; everything was lying there just as they left it,—even the table set, and the remnants of what they had for that meal; it looked just as though they had gone out on the ranch to return in the evening. In the sitting room was a beautiful hanging lamp, and a fine barometer hung on the wall, and a set of the international code signal flags; the room was cosy and neat, and through the windows we could view the waters of the straits, with the Diver lying peacefully at her mooring. Some men's wearing apparel was hanging on the wall in different parts of the house, and a double-barrelled shotgun stood behind the jamb; one room in the house was used for a store; there were four rooms upstairs, three of them used for sleeping rooms, and the fourth for revolver practice and fencing with the foil; there were a pair of these weapons, with gloves, mask, and ammunition for the revolver. On the first floor below was also a sleeping apartment, well furnished, and here also was more wearing apparel.

We wandered over the ranch until we thought it time to go on board; in the meantime the tramp had slipped away, and I thought to myself that this man was not what he seemed,—but what was he doing here alone? what had become of the occupants of the house? had there been a ranchman's war, and these people killed or driven from

their possessions? These were my thoughts as we sauntered along the sandy beach toward our boat, gathering up some curious shells, thinking how the folks at home would value them. We launched our boat and rowed for the schooner, and when part of the distance was gained saw three rancheros on their ponies coming down the beach as fast as they could come, with an arsenal of pistols and knives hanging at their belts. They shook their long, bony arms in threatening gestures at us, as though defying us to land again. I did not relish the idea, and expected at any moment to hear the bullets come singing around us, so we rowed and rowed hard, until we got on board the Diver, then we felt we were able to stand them off, if they came around to trouble us.

I think, by the sudden disappearance of the tramp, that he had informed the ranchmen of our presence, probably giving an exaggerated account of what we were doing, and our appearance as well; this provoking their ire, they felt it their duty to resist the intrusion, and drive the ignoble invaders from their shores.

We were soon to leave, however, for next day, with a fair wind, we hove up anchor and sailed out of Gregory Bay, shaping our course for Ponterines, or Sandy Point, and early that afternoon we anchored. The consul came on board and wanted to know why we did not fly our flag. The reason was we had no pennant halliards, for what we had used was some old cord line that Mr. Hooper had picked up about Bryer's Island. He insisted, and Mr. Hooper told him that we would set it soon, and jumped into the boat and went on shore. I stayed on board, and let Mr. Hooper get her through without a flag set, and after about two hours he returned, and this was the last chance of getting provisions until we reached San Francisco. What he brought consisted of half a bushel of onions, three bushels of potatoes, and a bag of rice. He brought the

bill of health with him. How he managed to get it I don't know, but he had it, and we got under way with a fair wind and sailed for a little river, the name of which I have forgotten, further along the coast, where we were to fill up our water casks again.

Some of the men now were almost in open mutiny. Mr. Hooper agreed to let them have the dory after he came back, but instead, the boat was hoisted on board, and away we went, but the men were very angry. We got to the mouth of the river that night and anchored. The mountains and woodland here were beautiful and green; lying along the shore, at the mouth of the river, were the trunks of great trees, all stripped of their foliage, limbs and bark, and the sickening white appearance of these kings of the forest forced one to imagine they were the bleached bones of some great leviathans of the deep, washed up from the sea, until their numbers formed this mammoth catacomb. It was shallow water here, and we lay some distance from the mouth of the river; we could only carry three barrels in the boat, so we had to make many trips to the river before we had a sufficient supply.

The first trip I made I saw a flock of birds, resembling the cape pigeon, on a point of the river, and as the tide was ebbing, they waded into the water and pecked at something in the sand; I went down to see what it was, and they all arose on the wing, as I thought, to fly away, but instead, turned and circled around my head with a whirl that was deafening, and I was afraid they would attack me, but they kept out of the reach of my arm, and I satisfied myself they were fishing for clams. I turned up the beach, got in our boat, and rowed up the river to see what sights there were up there. The river was full of snags that made it difficult to navigate; here was legion of duck, young and old, so tame, being unused to man, that we could almost catch them with our hands; the

boys did make some brilliant efforts to capture a few of these birds, of which I had heard so much, but never had eaten, but just as they thought they had them, down they would go; some struck at them with the oars, but the wiry duck was watching, and the oar and the duck never met.

When we got tired of chasing ducks we rowed farther up the river, in fact as far as we could go: all along its bank was a dense forest. Many noble trees were ready to slide down the bank in the next freshet, but I saw none so large as those lying stretched on the sand across the

GOING UP THE RIVER FOR WATER.

river's mouth, which led me to believe that these trees had been lying there scores of years. After going up the river as far as we could, we landed and crawled up the bank, and soon were sitting in the shade of the forest, where not a sound of bird or beast was heard, and the great silence seemed unbearable. My own voice sounded strange and unnatural, and I missed the freshness of our own green woods,—no little wild flowers greeted our sight, nothing but these great sombre trees, standing there like silent witnesses, recording every act, those that bring peace and those that condemn. I felt such a horror of these woods

that we soon slid down the bank, got into our dory, filled up our water barrels, and headed down the river.

We soon reached the spot where the Diver was anchored, and found the navigator loading his shot cartridges for next day's sport. Mr. Hooper had a shotgun belonging to Mr. Stewart that he was getting ready, and we expected soon to be feeding on roasted wild duck. Next morning early, they went on shore and began a slaughter among the ducks. Of course Mr. Hooper tried to outdo Mr. Rounds, but the navigator was well equipped, and being a good shot, Mr. Hooper stood no chance, as it afterward proved, for when they came on board they brought seventeen ducks with them, of which Mr. Hooper had shot four. We set our pickers at work, and the feathers were flying over everything for a while, making it uncomfortable for the looker-on, but the savory smell that came up from the cook's room dispersed all disagreeable feelings, and we cared but little how much of the down flew in our mouth or nose, when we thought of the roast duck soon to be ours. Dinner was called, and we responded to a man, and I felt that good times were coming again. I took my place at the table, but when I began to eat I was disappointed. If that duck had only tasted as good as the savory smell from the cook room, I would be able to give my readers a longer account of that dinner, but we continued eating, not daring to look at one another. I said it was very good. We wanted to stop eating, at least I did, but didn't dare, because I had said it was very good. Why did I say that? If I could but recall those words of untruth! Would they never eat up that duck? There seemed to be more on the plate now that when we began. My courage at last asserted itself, and I arose and went on deck, a disappointed man, and I noticed the rest all followed my example; some lit their pipes, but nothing was said about duck.

We got our water casks filled that day, and the next we

weighed anchor and sailed away, with fair tide, but head winds. I was glad to leave this anchorage to get away from the sight of duck, but when I thought we had left them forever, they appeared on the table again at dinner. The boys were talking the matter over and agreed they liked duck,—of course I had to eat some, but found it hard to swallow,—so we had duck for dinner every day that week, until the cook one day told us that was the last of the duck, and we would have to eat baked beans and peas. I did not care what it was he fed us on, so long as it was not duck.

We were now reaching out among the Rocky mountains; the first high peak I saw had what I took to be a patch of snow near its summit, but I think it was water falling from the jut of a rock into a deep chasm that hid it from our sight, for such is the formation of these mountains, where the peaks are in the storm clouds, that there are great reservoirs of water from which flow cataracts and even rivers. As we sailed further on we began to get views of snow-clad mountains, thousands of feet high. We could see the cascade of water leaping down their sides, dashing the white foam in mist on the valley below; these cascades looked like snow, but the glass showed us it was falling water, following along over steep cliffs, down in the dark chasms, appearing again on a slope and rushing to the brink of its termination, then leaping wildly in mid-air, and landing in an abyss of foam in the valley below, where it found its level as it glided in serpentine track to the waters of the straits.

I stood and looked in wonder and awe at these stupendous works of nature. We could see the top of Mt. Blanc with its snowy crest, a long distance ahead, and so we sailed on, wondering what would be the next wonder to greet our vision, when the glacier came into view, and this was something different from anything we had yet seen.

Here was a gigantic iceberg lying on the side of the mountain,—I should judge this ice to be five hundred feet thick,—and through the glass we could see the layers of ice that had been made every winter. Making a rough guess, I should say there were two hundred layers, without exaggeration. This great masterpiece of nature had erected itself on the top of the mountain where the snows of all these winters had stormed on its summit, until it had become of such enormous dimensions that its foundation was no longer able to sustain its weight, and the earth gave way and down it slid,—not as one might imagine with lightning speed, over rocks and trees, and finally massing itself in the rocky gulch between the two mountains,—but with an imperceptible movement downward, like some great mammoth creeping toward its prey, crushing everything in the path, like the wheels of the juggernaut. No life exists where it has passed over and year after year this great, inanimate destroyer moves downward towards its end in the rocky vale that lies below, like two great open jaws, ever ready, ever waiting, to receive this icy monster that sits perched on the slippery peaks of the cliffs above. When the end will come, I know not. It will be one of the sights I shall never see.

We sailed on and after passing this great wonder, began to look for others. After making fast for the night in a snug anchorage in seven fathoms of water, we found another wonder, and that was kelp. My readers may have seen a sea-plant on the beach, about six or eight inches in width with ruffled edges and a long round stock: it grows in our waters about twelve feet long, but these were one hundred and fifty feet, if not longer. The boys went to sleep satisfied with what they had seen that day. While our little craft lay in the shadows of darkness, enshrouded by the lofty mountains, I looked down in the still waters and could see their mighty peaks, like tongues of sea ser-

pents darting, darting downward, as if to sting. As some commotion was made in the water, our craft looked like a miniature playboat amongst these mighty cliffs, that now rose on every side. Sometimes we almost seemed to be locked in, but as we proceeded on our course, an opening would appear and so we picked our way, day after day.

As we left our anchorage next morning and stood out of the harbor, we noticed another schooner coming our way, but we were not near enough to speak. We soon came up to Mt. Blanc,—the highest peak in the straits,—rising to forty-three hundred feet; here on its summit was perpetual snow and over it hung the storm cloud of winter,—storms without end, ever snowing, ever blowing. Looking through the glaas we could see the frigidness of a cold winter's day, while down in the valley was the hot sultriness of summer, in robes of green foliage and beautiful wild flowers. There seemed to be no birds in these woods, the only thing wearing feathers that seemed to cling to us now was the penguin,—reminding me of the loon; it had no wings to fly with and could not walk on the land, its home being in the sea. When close to our vessel's side it would swim, with only its head out of water, and dive at the least cause of alarm.

We were making our way now for an anchorage, the name of which I have forgotten, but all of the vessels that passed through the straits stopped there for water. We were not sure of reaching there before night, and it was dangerous to run into an anchorage after dark. We had all our canvas spread and the Diver was heading along with excellent speed, but as we drew near it became so dark that we could not see the little island that was our landmark, so made a miss and had to run out, but headed her in again, and this time having a better lay of the land, anchored all right. This was risky work in these strange waters; although the shores were bold, we did not know

where there might be some sharp prong of a rock hidden beneath the water, ready to pierce our vessel's side. We saw wrecks of vessels on our way through, and were careful to a fault for fear we might share their fate.

We lay again in the shadowy gloom of mountains, and setting our anchor watch, turned in until bright morning appeared, and the gloomy shadows faded away. We found ourselves in a harbor with a little island or the peak of a rock protruding above the surface of the waters; it had gathered its verdure from the main land and with one or two trees in its center, might be called an island. I could see pieces of board nailed across these trees at all angles, reminding one of the guide boards on a country road.

The wind was blowing quite strong that morning so we did not land, but I could see in back of the island a large sheet of water, and up through the valley was a glacier of quite large dimensions, from which ran a stream of fresh water, and on a point that made out toward us was a fence. I looked and pondered over that fence, wondering who built it or what it was built for, but could find no solution. That day the arrival of another schooner at the anchorage with two quarters of fresh beef triced up in her forerigging, awoke in us a kind of friendly feeling, and we felt a visit to that stranger might work miracles, so we sat on board of our own salted craft, gazing wistfully over the rail at the toothsome morsel strung up so temptingly before our eyes; we realized plainly that it was not ours but wondered if we could get any. The next day, the wind and weather permitting, Mr. Hooper took four or five of the men and armed with rifles, they landed with the intention of ascending the mountain as far as the glacier. The navigator went on board the newcomer and I began to look around for some place to spend the day, so the Admiral, Hoytt and I planned to take a stroll on shore after dinner. The dory came back from the other schooner with the naviga-

tor, who informed me that we could exchange some of our salt meat for fresh. I readily assented and he boarded the stranger again, which, out of her abundance, sent us a hind quarter of beef for a few pounds of salt meat. This beef was soon triced up in our fore rigging, ready for the cook's big knife whenever desired, and we sat down to dinner to a good beef stew.

After dinner I ordered the dory alongside, and taking my rifle, jumped in with Admiral and Hoytt, the dory was cast off, and the boys pulled for the shore. We passed by the little island and landed on the main shore to take a stroll through the woods across the peninsular to the inlet on the opposite side, and after taking our bearings, we climbed the bank and plunged into the dense forest of undergrowth, of which I almost despair of giving my readers a true description. When we had emerged from a tangled mass of reeds and thorns, we seemed to have found better travelling; with the exception of a few fallen trees, the way appeared easy, when the Admiral, who preceded me a few feet, all of a sudden disappeared. He was a tall six-footer, and the last I saw of him was his hand, holding the rifle high up in the air, while with his other hand he clutched wildly at nothing, for there was nothing to sustain him, and went down out of sight.

"Poor Admiral!" I thought. "He wasn't a bad fellow after all, what sad news for Lynn," and I crept carefully on toward the place where I last saw him, and peered down through a mass of broken limbs and moss, and there was the Admiral making an effort to find his way out through an underground passage. The means of his sudden exit was caused by the old windfalls, years ago, lodging four or five feet above the ground, and forming a regular network, over which vines and the thick moss of that country, with other shrubbery, had grown; the fallen trees had become so decayed that they would crumble away at

the touch, and we were deceived by this treacherous crust, taking it for the ground proper, and the consequence was poor Admiral broke through, but we could travel in this underground track until we reached the other side, and there was no danger of getting hurt, for the moss covered everything and was as soft as feathers. An old stump would fall into dust if you gave it a kick, beautiful wild flowers were growing on long, creeping vines, and berries that were strange to me, so I did not eat.

We came out of this Patagonian jungle on to a clear plain, and before us was the inlet of bright water lying along the foot of the mountain, like some great mirror, reflecting all that came before its surface, and there, some distance to our right, was the point and fence. We walked around the head of this inlet, and found a deep running stream confronting us, which we followed along the bank to find a place to ford, but after an hour's crawling and climbing through the vine-covered bushes that lined its bank, we gave up our search and retraced our way to the shore of the inlet, where we found three of our men in the dory gathering mussels, of which they had filled a flour barrel. We saw Mr. Hooper and his men across on the point, where the fence was built, so we got into the dory and crossed over, and found them enjoying themselves eating roasted mussels. They were lying in an old shed built of poles and brush, the roof covered with boughs and dirt, making a good shelter. I was invited to partake, and found the mussels quite a luxury.

I told Mr. Hooper about the deal we had made that morning, after he left, and a sulky scowl clouded his face as he steadied his voice and asked who made the trade, I or Mr. Rounds. I told him Mr. Rounds: then he flew into a passion, and said Rounds was trying to undermine him, he was going to leave the vessel and get work on a ranch, and so he rambled on. The dory had gone off to

the schooner with one load, and had now returned for us. Mr. Hooper, in his mad jealousy, was really undermining himself, for when the boys saw how displeased he became because we had got fresh meat, even refusing to eat it at supper that night, they felt disgusted, and I could not help but feel that he was carrying it a little too far, so I did not really care whether he left or not. That evening he asked me to call all hands aft in the cabin, for he wanted to hear from their own lips whether they wanted him any longer or not. I did as requested, and a few of the boys responded. I turned in, because I felt ashamed for him, when he stood up and said that there was a party trying to run his part of the company, and it looked as though this party was trying to run him out, and he wanted to know if they wished him to stay or not, for he would leave the vessel if they so desired. Mr. Stewart replied that he thought it wisest for Mr. Hooper to stay with us, as this was rather a rocky looking country to go ranching in, and he thought the rest of the boys were of his sentiments. This speech let Mr. Hooper out of a small place, for he did not intend to leave, but he was quieting down and wanted an excuse for his tantrums. The boys went back to their bunks, and I slept, and I guess Mr. Hooper did.

Next day was Sunday, and there was another surprise for us, for there lying near us was the steamer New England, a fine iron boat from Boston, that had come to the anchorage sometime during the night. We hailed this vision with delight, for we knew we would get the latest news from home. About ten o'clock that day Mr. Hooper came on deck dressed in his best togs and invited me to go on board the New England with him. I had just at that moment brought up from the cook room a dish of steamed mussels, and its pleasing aroma created in me a strong desire to stay. Although I should have visited the

steamer out of courtesy, I could not go with Mr. Hooper and listen to his deceptive harangue to the stranger, so he went without me, accompanied by a few of the men.

As this was to be our last day here, I got two of the men and the dory, put in two water barrels, and went on shore to take a good look around. We landed at the fence, for there was a stream running down through a deep ravine from the foot of the glacier, and the fence was built from where the deep gorge ended down to the water. On the upland it was built of brush so thick that no beast of any size could penetrate it, and from there out on the point split rails were used; the camp I mentioned was on the bank, and a few feet further in was an opening. My theory about this fence was that it was built to trap deer, for when they came down from the mountain to drink, the gorge being too steep for them, they would come down on the level, and there was the fence which they would follow along until they came to the opening and go through. Then the watchful hunter saw his game, and made his onslaught with spears or clubs,—I do not suggest a gun, for it probably was the work of Indians, as no whites lived within hundreds of miles, and with high rocky mountains to climb they were not likely to come so far hunting.

It was getting dark, and I told the boys to push the dory well up in the stream and fill our barrels; while this was being done, I took my rifle and walked down on the point, and was just opposite the opening when I heard a sudden crash in the woods, at the same time one of the men called my name. I had turned around and raised my rifle to my shoulder at the first alarm, watching the opening, not knowing what would come through, man or beast. The men in the boat, like myself, were somewhat excited, and I bade them hurry, while I held my rifle ready to use at a moment's warning. It seemed as if they never would get

I HELD MY RIFLE READY FOR USE.

those barrels filled. In the gloomy shadows of the trees I could fancy some wild beast ready to spring on the men in the dory, who were throwing water now like a hand-tub at a firemen's picnic. I fancied I saw forms of men stealthily moving toward us, and could hardly refrain from shooting my rifle at an old dead tree that I took for a Patagonian Indian in all his war feathers. I had watched this old tree so long that my imagination got the better of my eyesight, and I could see his fierce, bloodshot eyes glaring at me through the thick brush with cannibalistic fury, but when the boys shoved the dory down stream the spell was broken, and I saw an old tree, with the top broken off, stripped of its limbs and bark; it might well be called a mirage or optical illusion, whichever you choose. I got into the dory with my rifle pointed over the stern, for I could not give up the idea that there was danger in the woods, and the boys rowed hard for the vessel, but we always thought that it was some living thing that we had heard in those woods.

We got on board the Diver and found the Captain o the New England there, spinning some good yarns to Mr. Hooper and Rounds and one or two of the men, while his boat's crew, with our men standing around them on deck, told of the latest news from home; they told to eager listeners of the clouds of war gathering over our land, and the quick response of our citizens at the call for troops; how the Maine and her crew were lost through the treachery of hot-headed Spain, and now we were going to fight,—yes, Spain would have to suffer for this dastardly, cowardly act,—that was all they could tell and I longed for the evening papers at home to read the news that night.

CHAPTER V.

INTO THE PACIFIC.—WE MAKE OUR SLEEPING BAGS, AND FIND THEM TOO SMALL.—PRACTICAL JOKES ON BOARD.—FOOD AND WATER GET SCARCE.—COLLISION NARROWLY AVOIDED.—ARRIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The New England went out bound for San Francisco, and the next day we got under way, in company with the other schooner, and kept together all that day. I learned from her captain that she was an old English yacht with her canvas reduced to that of a coaster, and she sailed well; she was owned by the British Minister of the Faulkland Islands, and they traded through the straits, and in the season for seals went poaching and made a great deal of money; the captain was a German and had lived in this country fifteen years; there was a large inland sea where most of the ranching and farming was done and that was where he traded mostly.

The narrow entrance led in from the straits with steep walls of gray rocky mountains on each side, on which there was no soil, consequently nothing grew there, but down in the gulches was the regular foliage of that country. As we neared the Pacific, the mountains became a sombre gray and the weather was cold and chilly, and as we came to Tuesday Bay, the last anchorage in the straits on the Terra del Fuego coast, we had a dread of the old Pacific. We anchored at Tuesday Bay, a little round place scooped out of the solid rock, so it was poor holding ground, and we

did not feel safe there; this place was full of wild duck and there was another slaughter by Rounds and Hooper. These ducks were very large, but when we came to eat them, they were so rank that it was useless to try.

We kept a sharp lookout that night and very early next morning got under way; the wind came fair and held us until we had made a good offing and we bade farewell to the snow-capped mountains and cool springs of fresh water and wild duck. We were now heading for Frisco and as the high grey coast line melted away in an atmosphere of the same sombre color, the sun sank into a bank of black clouds rising up out of the west, and the wind died down to a calm.

The navigator worried over an imaginary panorama of storms and tornadoes, with the Diver on the treacherous reefs and the boys all struggling for a foothold on slippery rocks; our strength would fail us and we would hopelessly fall back into the angry surf, to be ground to death on the sharp, hard rocks,—no one would live to tell the fate of the Diver and her crew. This is the way our navigator rambled on, and I thought it imprudent of him to talk so before a crew of landsmen.

That night the black bank became broken clouds drifting away southward, while we got a fresh breeze from the north that brought the old schooner's bow up to it again, and she began her old business nodding and we began to realize that we would soon be taking our usual bath out on the end of the long bowsprit, tying up the jib. After a few days of this head wind, we got the wind from the northeast which freshened up into a gale; we went through the preliminaries of shortening sail, took our bath like men who believed it a part of their destiny, and hove the schooner to under stormtrysail and foresail, but she did not lay close enough, so we payed out fifteen fathoms of hemp hawser on our weather bow. This did not have the

desired effect so we took it on board again and rode the storm out as best we could, the gale finally going down to a calm and a head wind coming in its stead.

With all sails set, we headed up for Frisco as near as we could. Ricker had gone to bed again, after we came out of the straits, to lie it out the rest of the voyage. We were on an allowance of one quart of water per day and had begun to figure on our eatables; the black sugar was gone and we were drawing heavily on the molasses; our oil barrel was nearly empty; our pork, beans and flour were getting low; we had a few barrels of rotten beef to count on and some rice; our potatoes and black coffee were gone, and the crew did not hesitate to denounce Hooper, whenever they met at the table, in terms that were not flattering and not pleasant to listen to. Rounds joined the men in denouncing Hooper, as they were now the bitterest enemies. Hooper had a spy among the men who carried the news to him,—the boys knew there was a traitor in camp but could not locate him. We found out in Frisco that McKenna was the man and a good mate for Hooper. There was no harmony now on board the Diver.

We had the southeast trades but they were very light indeed, and we could count but a few miles on the log each day. While we were having this fine weather, we worked on our sleeping bags until they were finished, and the fun came when we tried them on, for they were not long enough to cover us properly and the Admiral's, especially, fell very short of his length; he could not coil his six feet inside of the bag, let him double up in any way he could think of, and when standing it came even with his shoulders.

Admiral looked disgusted, and after making a desperate effort to utilize the bag and failing, spoke his little piece, not using very choice language as he rolled it up and put it away for an indefinite period, when he would unroll it again and think of the day he tried it on with all our

laughing faces around him, and wonder what part of the world we were in, little knowing then that we would be scattered like sheep on our arrival in San Francisco. We cannot see the future, and it is well for our peace of mind.

I began to feel we must do some work on board of the Diver to make her presentable when we arrived in Frisco, so Dalton and I scraped and slushed her spars and painted aloft, and that was all the work I could get out of him. Hooper and I painted about the deck, and she looked well, all but her rigging, which had hardly a whole rattling on it; this job I had to work out alone, and after some weeks of diligent working, finished.

THE ADMIRAL TRYING ON HIS SLEEPING-BAG.

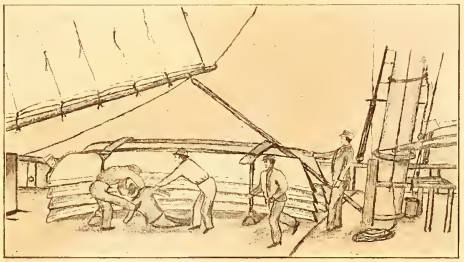
One of the beautiful sights I saw from aloft was a school of porpoise coming toward us; the water was very smooth, the porpoise would jump their full length above the surface, throwing the water high in ripples and foam as they splashed in again; the guns were got ready for a shot at them, for we were now after everything we thought we could eat, but they became suspicious of the Diver and turned off to starboard. These porpoise were marked different from any I had ever seen,—some were striped white and black, and some white and black spots,—they were a pretty sight. We were infested with molly hawks, a large sea bird, nearly the size of the albatross,

which continually followed us and would bite our hooks and be pulled on board as often as we let them out again. There were schools of bonita, or Spanish mackerel, swimming around us, but we only hooked one which weighed about ten pounds and was a welcome morsel to our men, who needed some fresh food, but the rest of the fish were shy and would not be caught.

Some of the boys had their beds under the dories, a very cool place, getting the fresh breeze to lull them to sleep, and from here they could watch the flying fish as they came on board nights, and when they heard the flapping of the little fish on deck, there would be a general rush, and the man getting the body of the fish, even if the wings were torn off, was considered lucky, for it was very tender and good eating, and helped us out with our allowance of heavy bread and sour molasses for our breakfast.

The men had refused to do anything more than the necessary work of sailing the schooner, and they put their time into playing tricks on each other. Hooper was in this game, as it suited his disposition to see others in trouble. He carried it on with a high hand, and I expected to see him caught in some of his own tricks and get a good thrashing. One of the tricks was taking a man's clothes when he was asleep, stuffing them to make a dummy man and then put it alongside of the sleeper, who, when he awoke, generally kicked it out of his berth, but felt more like kicking the man who played the trick, when he discovered it was his own clothes he was maltreating in such a manner. One day, when McKenna was taking his forenoon watch beneath the dory, Hooper got his oil clothes and made a dummy and put it to bed with him; when seven bells rang out for the watch below to turn out to dinner, all eyes were turned towards the dory; perhaps they expected to see the dories rise up and break their lashings, and McKenna and his dummy put in their appearance like

a madman, but as it happened the dummy came out first from under the dory and a number of the men stood by and gave it a kick, when McKenna crawled out very red in the face, for although he liked to play tricks, he did not care to have them played on him; when he saw the boys kicking and butting the poor dummy, he joined in the merriment and seized on the dummy to throw it overboard, thinking the clothes were Ryan's, but when informed that they were his own, he began to show temper and said he would lick the man if he knew who it was.



MAC'S DUMMY BED-FELLOW,

"Why," said he, "I came near throwing my own oil clothes overboard."

Some of the boys kept him hot all that day, and when he learned that Hooper was the man he could say no more,—his great friend Hooper had played this trick that nearly cost him a suit of oil clothes. He never could overlook it. Hooper thought that McKenna ought to take a joke that he played with better humor, so their friendship, being strained to this pitch, Hooper had to look around for a new confidant, and as I was the only neutral just then, he began to tell his troubles to me, and wanted me to take the navigating kit from Rounds, so he could turn him for-

ward. He said he would do it if I would navigate the schooner the rest of the voyage. I made but one answer and that was, "Rounds is a good navigator," but he said that Rounds was not sailing the vessel on the right track and had got her in light trade winds, when, if he had gone right, we would have had good fresh trades; "besides," he said, "Rounds is trying to get the best of me with the men, he wants to be president of the company when we get in Frisco." "You may rest assured that Rounds will never be president of this company," was my answer, for I knew there would be no company for a president, when we arrived, though I did not tell him so, but let him feel that he was safe and there was no danger from a usurper.

The Diver moved sluggishly along, with a light wind directly over our stern, with only the mainsail doing any good; our foresail was jibing from port to starboard, and consequently helped very little; our jibs were hauled down and hanging loose on the bowsprit. We were racing with the sun, for it was approaching the line, and so were we, and our desire was to cross first and get the benefit of the good breeze which would die out if the sun crossed ahead of us. We were still miles away to the south and our provisions were running out; the cook was feeding us on fritters, the batter being mixed with salt water, and the sour molasses went very well when they were placed on the table for breakfast or supper, there being nothing on our bill of fare for dinner. The boys would ask how many and the answer would generally be six, or sometimes as high as nine, then each would take his allowance and perhaps save one for noon time, when we could get a cup of hot tea, of which we had a plenty, and call it a square meal.

There was a great cry for water, for we were down on a pint allowance; some would drink theirs up in the morning, while others went without until noon, then a drop on our parched tongues and throats only created a desire for

more, but we kept some for the night also, and this was the way we passed the days and nights. The hot sun all day beat down upon us its fiercest rays, scorching our poor half-starved bodies, tormenting our fevered flesh, until we felt we could drink the ocean dry, if it was only fresh water. Poor Mr. Stewart stood it like a hero, not murmuring, but accepting thankfully what he could get, until one night some one drank his allowance of water; then he said if he knew the man who did it, he would put a bullet through him, for his ire was aroused to a high pitch. All hands were mustered together and Hooper gave them a pointer in law that claimed it to be a serious affair to steal a man's allowance. Mr. Stewart's bottle was filled again and he claimed it would be serious for the man if he was caught stealing his water again, and carried a loaded revolver to bed with him every night. I had my suspicions of a certain man who, although he could read the law, was none too good to take it himself, for he would drink up his own allowance and then go around begging of the men for a drink.

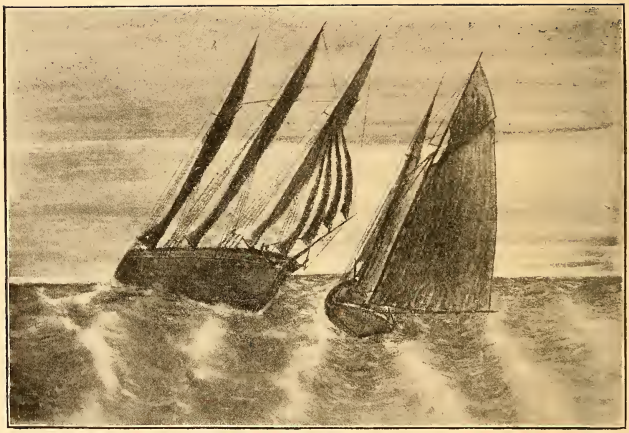
We were getting up near the line, and the Diver was almost becalmed, the water around us was dotted with molly hawks, which seemed to follow in our wake, like birds of ill-omen, and as I looked at them I wished they would leave us, for our destiny seemed ominous. As the days passed their numbers increased; at night they would leave us, dropping silently away, always swimming, but the early morning brought them in our wake again,—the Diver could not get away from them, but flapped her sails and rattled the booms, as now and then a stray block sheave got weary of its perch, left its shell, and darted down on our heads, or halliards parting let the peak drop, or the throat to run down, peaking it up like a lateen sail; but the birds did not scare, and we scarcely had the strength to go aloft and repair damages. For some reason or other

the boys refrained from shooting these birds. Hooper fired at a shark and hit him in the head, so he dropped astern, and we saw no more of him.

So the days and nights wore on drearily. I was tired of watching the Southern Cross, and longed to see the North Star appear above the horizon, but the Diver fanned along with light winds that carried us across the line, where we got a head wind, and hammered away at it again for a few days, when the wind changed and we got a good breeze from the southward. We headed on our course again, keeping a good lookout day and night for a sail, in hopes of getting some relief.

Ever since Carliff was warned of St. Paul's rocks, he had kept watching incessantly for any new danger that might present itself, and one day, after looking over the bow for some new discovery, he called the navigator's attention to the fact that one of the planks had sprung off from the Diver's bow. Rounds looked and saw the thick piece of sheet iron that covers a portion of her bow to keep the anchor stack from chafing the wood. He explained to Carliff, who wished to have his ignorance excused, saying, "I never saw it there before; I am one of the kind that, when I see anything that I don't understand, I want to report it to somebody. I hope you will excuse me. I don't know much about vessels, but I am willing to learn," and poor Carliff rambled on in this way until Rounds made his escape down below.

We were not burning our side lights now, our oil being nearly used up, but they were all ready to light and put up in case of a sail being sighted. Hooper ran his watch with two men on the lookout, one on each bow, and as he was a great hand to sleep himself, his watch on fine nights followed his example, with no one but the man at the wheel dozing away his limited time, while now and then he would look down the companionway at the clock to call out the



THERE CAME NEAR BEING A COLLISION.

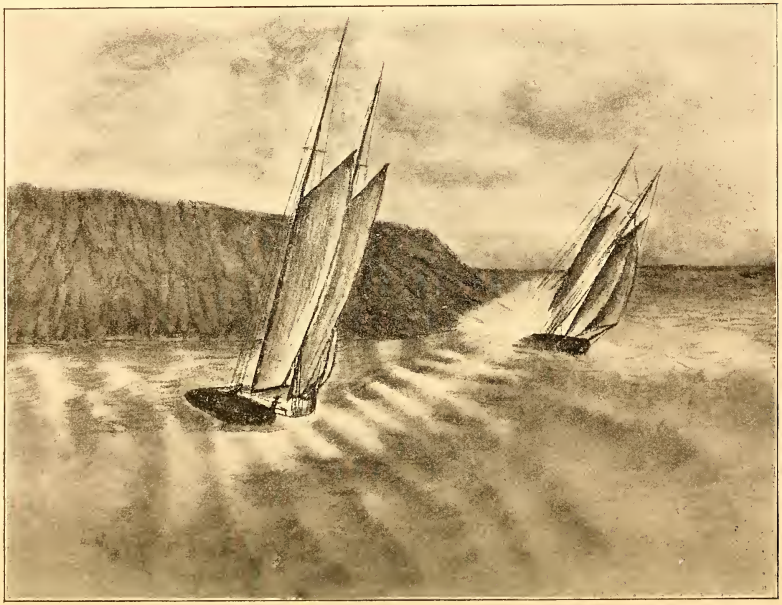
bells as they came along—the only thing to keep him awake. One fine night, as Ryan and Carliff were on the lookout,—I don't know how it happened, for they both claimed to have been awake,—Mr. Stewart came on deck and happened to see a green light on our port bow, close aboard. He notified Carliff, who rushed down into the forecastle, got the port light, and began to climb up the starboard rigging, with Mr. Stewart holding him on to the rigging, while Ryan held on to Stewart. Hooper awoke and kept the vessel off to cross our night visitor's bow, which proved to be a large three-master, with starboard tacks aboard, and had the right of way, for we were running with the wind free. Hooper got Carliff righted after we were out of danger, but he insisted on putting the light up, because he had undertaken the job; he wanted to see it through. Carliff was peculiar in his ideas of seamanship, and had to be humored, so he set the light up in the port rigging, and then said he was ready to take it down if Hooper said so. Carliff could never understand the discipline of our craft. We had a narrow escape from collision, one of the dangers of the sea, which can most always be avoided if the officer of the watch is awake and attending to his duty, then the lookout would keep on his feet and attend to his.

Our fair wind ran out, and after a day of variables we got the northeast trades, which brought the old Diver under taut bowline, and as it blew pretty strong we had quite a chop of a sea, and she began to wash in her old manner. We could not carry light sails, and it was just as well, for the old gafftopsail was a mass of rags, and our balloon jib was not much better. We had run down the Southern Cross, but not the molly hawks, and had raised the Great Dipper. I began to feel a little more encouraged, for we were nearing the bottom of the last barrel of flour, which was graham, and so bad that the cook gave up cooking

fritters, and made it into a loaf that had a good crust over it, but inside a mass of dough ; the loaf was cut up in pieces about four inches square,—this was each man's whack to last him all day. We had opened the good cask of water, and as the weather was cooler, got along very well on our pint. We met at the table at the usual time of eating, and each man unfolded from a piece of white cloth his luncheon of raw dough, cutting it in thin slices, and laying it on top of the stove to burn a crust, then, with sour molasses and a cup of tea, we made ourselves believe that we were satisfied with our meal. Sometimes, in spite of this sad state, we laughed and joked as we rolled up what we had left for the next meal, and placing it in our pistol pocket for safe keeping, turned in, or went on deck, if our duty called us there. Poor Ricker had to come out of his bed and walk after his portion, and I saw he was not afraid of the sea in a case of something to eat.

I told Hooper to carry all the sail she would bear in his watch, for we must drive her into Frisco before the famine came, that I saw was inevitable. Our raw dough was gone, and we were feeding on part of a barrel of hard biscuit, over which the cook had spilled some kerosene oil, and even these would not last long, and our molasses, too, was gone. We had run out of the trades and were getting a very good slant along towards port, now under the stars of our own northern clime, that seemed to twinkle softly down on us ; probably it was through our sad condition that they did not appear as bright as when we last saw them on the broad Atlantic. We were now nearing the land, and the breeze we got was fair, and the Diver was bowling along, with everything drawing free.

The order was passed to keep a sharp lookout for the Golden Gate light. The wind freshened, and dark gloomy clouds enveloped the sky, the sea was toppling on board, and Rounds wanted to heave her to, after a big sea boarded



ENTERING THE GOLDEN GATE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

us over the stern, shaking things up in that quarter generally; but no, we wanted to make that light, and kept on running. Soon the cry of "Light, ho!" came from the lookout, and we knew we would soon enter the Golden Gate, where some of our dreams of delicious feasts would be realized. We ran up to the entrance and were signalled by a pilot, who flashed a light on us as we lay partly becalmed under the cliffs, but we did not answer, for Rounds could take her in, and with a light morning air we sailed up the bay and cast anchor in the Custom House roads, furled our sails neatly for the last time, and began to look around at the sights of the harbor. I did not care about eating the two or three crackers I had left out of the fourteen I got as my share, two or three days before, when we divided up the last barrel, for we were now in the land of plenty.

We arrived on the seventeenth of April, making the passage in five months and seven days. After this lengthy voyage we were ready for most anything.

There was no need of our being short of provisions on the voyage, for there were nine hundred dollars that Hooper had left at home with his wife. The trip to Bryer's Island, where we lay two weeks, eating up the stores, hurt us sadly on the voyage, and this was the fault of Hooper and Rounds, for they planned this extra trip, because they lived there. Then again, the men were unmanageable in this line. I could not get a system for dealing the food out properly to cook; the cook was green as regards the system on shipboard, and consequently cooked whatever the men told him to; there was also a waste of provisions that we could not check, for, as I have been told since, many a loaf of bread went into the sea because it was a little heavy,—no unusual thing at sea,—and because the men growled. The cook, being a good-natured fellow, tried to please everybody. He was cooking for his passage

to Alaska, so they kept him in hot water about all the time. We had no storeroom to keep our provisions in, everything stood out open and could be dipped into by any one as often as desired. Hooper had the raisins and dried fruit locked up aft, and he ate these up himself, with Rounds' help. After reading this, you can judge for yourself the cause of our starvation.

McKenna had been sick in his bed for a week with a slight fever, caused, I suppose, from lack of nourishment, but he came on deck when the doctor's boat came alongside, and passed among the rest all right, and so did Ricker. The dory was put over, and a load of our men went on shore,—Mr. Stewart and I remained,—the two Bartletts got rooms, and so did McKenna, Hooper and Ryan. Hooper came back to go with me to the Custom House ; I got the vessel's papers from him, and went up to be questioned about our stops on the voyage, and here a bad blunder had been made. When the doctor came on board Hooper and Rounds answered his questions when I was not present, and my answers in the Custom House did not coincide with theirs, so, of course, there was trouble. The officer said it might cost him his position, for the doctor was looking for just such chances to catch them making mistakes, and I was advised to get a Custom House broker, who could probably get me out of it. I procured a broker, and went through all right.

This ended all business with the vessel in that line, and I was free from Hooper and Rounds, both of whom showed authority which they did not have, for they were both signed on the articles as seamen ; this was a little secret of theirs that they had kept very close, for Hooper had signed the crew, acting as my agent, and I had never read the crew list, as he kept the papers. I never knew his rightful station on board, although I gave him charge of a watch, and I never knew until I gave him his discharge what he and Rounds had signed.

Hooper came on board one day and wanted the men to get up the launch, the bows of which we had sawed off in order to get her below, and repair her at once, but the men on board could not be induced to touch it, because the rest were on shore, and they were not willing to do it, so nothing was done. Hooper's reason for this hurry was that he had met Beeman and Rowley, who had been waiting in Frisco two or three weeks for the vessel to arrive. Beeman was the one who had bought this launch for the company, and Hooper claimed that he was not authorized to buy it, and intended to throw her on Beeman's hands. When they met they had some hard words, but the launch did not get repaired.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SHORE AT LAST.—UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO SELL THE DIVER.—HOOPER'S RASCALITY DISCLOSED.—THE VESSEL AT LENGTH DISPOSED OF AND FIVE OF US EMBARK ON THE UMATILLA FOR SEATTLE.

The first day on shore I got a good meal, and I can say for Frisco restaurants that they are most excellent, and it does not take one's last nickel to buy a meal. We went to the market and ordered meat and groceries for the schooner, and every one got all the fresh stuff he wanted and was happy.

After I left Hooper, I went up to see Beeman. I had to stay all night to catch him, but I wanted to hear from our side, what they were going to do; he surprised me by telling me that there was a lien filed on the Diver, by the engineer, for the amount of money he paid in. Beeman did not want to talk to me at first, because some of the men had come on shore and said I was a Hooper man, but when I assured him that it was not the case, he began to talk. It seemed that he and Rowley had been some time in Seattle, sizing things up, as he put it, before he came to Frisco, but he would not tell much about Seattle, and I saw plainly his reason afterwards. The engineer had come direct to Frisco and placed the records of all meetings held by the company in the hands of Lawyer Abbott, besides giving him power of attorney to act as secretary in his place, after filing a lien for his money, for

Grey knew all about Hooper and said he was not to be trusted and he would not go to Alaska under him. He was running a locomotive on some short line outside of Frisco, so we never met him.

Beeman got up a paper, to be signed by the men and presented to Hooper, asking him to come to a settlement; this paper was signed by all except McKenna and he refused by sneaking out and saying he would see him again as he wanted time to consider, so they let him go at that. The paper was handed to Hooper, and a meeting called to be held in the lawyer's office the next afternoon. We met promptly and placed the Admiral in the chair as president pro tem, as Hooper was the man on trial and our business was all with him. Hooper stated that his papers were not ready for a settlement yet, and wanted further time, which was granted. We found the Admiral could fill the chair in good shape, and it was voted that I procure a tug and dock the schooner; this was all that could be done at this meeting, so we adjourned with the prospect of soon meeting again. I went on shore next morning to find a berth of some sort, where we could lie undisturbed, and I found one just astern of Blackburn's vessel, the Hattie L. Phillips. I got a tug and soon had the Diver moored to a wharf. The next day another meeting was held, and a committee appointed to find out where we could sell or the names of parties who would be liable to buy the schooner. We did not have the authority to sell. The Admiral, myself, Rounds, Bartlett and Beeman were on this committee and the meeting adjourned with the agreement that any one of us, who so desired, had the power to call a meeting and the call would be respected.

Admiral and Dalton asked me if I intended to leave. I answered that I did. This was before the meeting, and Admiral said they wanted me to take the vessel up to Alaska for them; they held out some flattering induce-

ments and said after we got rid of a certain member of our company everything would be more pleasant. I told them no, I would not sail on the Diver again or any other vessel that carried Hooper and Rounds. They said Hooper would have nothing to do with me, and almost insisted on my going; then I knew that Rounds was the one they intended to drop, but I thought of all Hooper's meanness and told them it was no use, for the same old trouble would come up again and probably end in murder, and I believe to-day it was better for that company to scatter, as they did. I knew that it would take more money than we had to take the schooner out of port, for it would cost four hundred dollars or more to make her seaworthy, and we had the lien to pay off besides lawyers' fees and expenses, and then fit her out with provisions. Where was our money coming from? They evidently knew nothing of the lien as yet.

The committee met in front of the Call building, a great towering structure, eight or ten stories high, every floor fitted for offices, with the elevator landing on each floor, besides a wide, convenient stairway; it was new and had not been occupied very long; it took its name, I think, from the San Francisco Call, a daily paper of wide-spread fame and notoriety, which was printed in the lower part of the building. Up three flights was Lawyer Abbott's office. I saw plainly enough that he held our destiny, he could sweep the schooner from us and we would not realize a nickel out of all we had, and as the committee divided in pairs to execute their duty as directed by the company, I wondered if we would have the pleasure of selling our own vessel.

Judge Abbott was a kind, good-hearted man, but he was a lawyer, and I felt doubtful of his leniency; at times, it is true, he invited us to use his office without reimbursement, though Hooper and his friends said that we would

have to pay if we used it. Hooper wanted to hold meetings in his room, where he could have full sway, but we understood him and stayed with the lawyer.

The committee went all over the water front with poor results. We could not do business with any party we met, because we had not the power to sell, and after wasting a day in this useless hunt, we met and notified the company of another meeting to be held next day at which they voted us power to sell the vessel at the best of our ability. Then Hooper, in order to handicap us, claimed we ought to get five thousand dollars for her, when I knew that three thousand cash would be a large sum at that time of year. I understood there was no demand for vessels, as it was late, and there was no call for one of our size for they had no trade to put her in and the season was too far advanced to get a summer's work out of her; however, the committee met next morning and talked over what had passed in the meeting, and Rounds whimpered because he could not do as Hooper had suggested, but we made up our minds to please no particular one but sell to the highest bidder, and started off with a determination to find a buyer, agreeing to meet at noon and report. Fred Bartlett and I visited the office of a large Alaska fishing firm, and Captain Harriman, a former acquaintance, being a junior member of the firm, met us there, and we sat in the office and talked of the Diver's great qualities. Her long voyage through the straits was a recommendation that they could not deny, but they claimed she was too small for their business. I saw we could not sell to them at our price, for they were waiting for her to be sold at auction and would try their luck there. I was surprised when they told me this; they knew all about the tight straits we were in, and although I put on a bold front, they seemed to know all our business and I think could have told how many coins I had in my pocket and the date of each one.

We left them feeling disgusted with ourselves, and as it was near noon entered a restaurant and got dinner, then were soon at the place where the committee was to meet. We told our sad tale of woe, and then Rounds said he knew a firm, the Alaska Exploration Company, that would take the Diver in exchange for our passage up to Alaska, and he thought our only show of getting there was to sell the Diver to them. The trade would amount to about three thousand dollars and he thought if we were wise we would accept this offer. He had told the firm that he would appear with the committee about two o'clock, so we decided to go with him and hear what they had to say. I could not understand what kind of an offer had been made, as Rounds kept dropping a word now and again, and began to think that he did not want to tell us all he knew, but kept urging us to sell, for we would not be able to do anything with the vessel if they did not take her, and I noticed a little anxiety in his speech as he said there was no demand for vessels, and that these people would take her to accommodate us.

Their office was in a large grey stone front building with wide marble stairways, and after ascending one flight and turning one or two corners, we were ushered into their office, which was furnished with all the elaborate taste of steamboat men. There were pictures and models of boats and drafts with full description of capacity for carrying first-class passengers; besides, their river boats were numerous and elegant, always on time to take passengers from the other boats when they arrived at St. Michaels,—their system was perfect; great maps showing from San Francisco to St. Michaels, the great route; these boats sailed in a blue line,—in fact, everything was there in their office but the steamboat itself.

We had to wait some time, so we saw all there was before a supernumary appeared and took us out through

another door and into the presence of the hard man of business. I looked him over and made up my mind not to expect much from him. We were introduced by Rounds and he began business by inquiring what we expected to get for the vessel. The Admiral answered, being chairman of the committee, that our price for the schooner was five thousand dollars. At this he hooted. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "if you keep her much longer you can't give her away." "Well," replied the Admiral, "you have heard our side, now what do you offer? Perhaps we can make a bargain." "Well," said he, "we don't know what we could do with the schooner,—now, you men are stranded here and to help you out of a bad scrape we will take the vessel off your hands in this way. We will give fourteen of you a first-class passage on our best boat up to Dawson, with one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage, free; all freight you will have to pay for. They may need your labor on our boats going up the Yukon, and you will be paid for it, and we will give you the preference for all labor that we need outside of our own help, and will pay you the wages that are paid in the place where you work. We charge three hundred dollars first-class, and to take fourteen of you would amount to something over four thousand dollars. You are getting a good price through my offering, far better than you can get anywhere in the city."

The committee all turned and looked toward me, to see how this offer struck me. "How will the other six men get their money?" I questioned. "They have got to be paid, and where is the money coming from?" "I don't know anything about the other six men," he said, sarcastically. "I am telling you," turning and confronting me, "what I can do for fourteen of you; the others I care nothing about. I don't know them, so why should I care?" "We don't get any money out of this," said I. "No," he

replied, "I think I give you enough." "What will we do when we get to Dawson," queried I, "without money and nothing to eat?" "You will find plenty of work," said he, "you say you are willing to work and we give you the preference; we have large storehouses there and may need your help discharging the boat. You deal with us when you work for us."

In my own mind I did not intend to accept their offer for it was robbing six men of their money, so I said to him, "I don't see what we will do for money to pay off the other six men." He must have thought I was pretty thick, the way he looked me in the eye and said, "What need you care whether they get anything out of it or not? It is not likely they would care if they were in your place; anyhow, it is not business to consider them. You can go to Alaska, if you choose, so don't let these men stop you, as they are already doing." "But," said I, "if we don't sell, we can go up there in our own vessel." "How are you going to take the vessel there? I know your case, you have got to sell if you are not able to pay off the lien, and you can't pay these six men. How are you going to pay the liens? Now, be reasonable, and do business." "But this is not a square way to do business," said I. "It is the way all business is done, it is the way we do business. We go for the money, not asking permission to get it, but have them bring it to us. If any one is hurt by the transaction, why, that has nothing to do with us, we keep on doing business and getting money. Others have the same privilege, let them look out for themselves."

I arose to my feet to go. "I can't agree to take the money that belongs to those men," said I. "You had better reconsider and let us hear from you again," said he, as he bade us good afternoon, and we were soon in the street, making for our quarters,—mine on board the Diver with Rounds and Admiral, while Bartlett went to his room.

We were very silent on the way down and I saw that Rounds was sadly disappointed. Was he to have a percentage if we had sold? There seemed to be something, for a man who had travelled over the world two or three times would never agree to be landed in Dawson, without food or shelter or tools to work with, or money to procure them. I had a slight suspicion that Hooper was mixed up in the matter. We decided to wait until the next morning before going to look for another purchaser, and agreed to meet at the post office.

When we got to the schooner, we found they had landed the dories on the wharf and were talking about getting the steam launches out; they thought it would be a good idea to get the launches up on the wharf for repairs and paint, and we might get a good price for them. I went below and saw that the best thing we could do was to sell the coal first and get it out of the way, then there would be more room to work in getting the launches up; so we talked it over, but there was no one to sell it. I suggested having a meeting called on board in the morning to appoint a committee, to which they agreed, and Rounds hurried away to write and mail the notices; the meeting was to be held at half past nine o'clock sharp.

Then we committee men got together and talked of the probabilities of our next day's hunt; we would visit some of the brokers and see what they had to say. We heard that Captain Blackburn was having trouble with his men, —they simply went to him and told him that they did not want him, and he said if they would give him his money he would go, so they gave it to him, and chose one of their company, by the name of Grant, for president. They sold the Hattie L. Phillips for a grub stake of two years, and she was to land them at St. Michaels with their steam launch and outfit,—a wise trade.

We were up bright and early the next morning, waiting

for the time when the meeting was to be held, after having breakfast and a smoke, for I used the weed then; the time soon arrived, but not all the members. We waited until ten o'clock and with Admiral for chairman, a committee of three was appointed to sell the coal, the committee consisting of Hooper, Rounds and myself.

Before we had time to adjourn, Beeman, Ryan, Bartlett and Rowley came sliding down the companion way and Beeman inquired for the names of the committee which the secretary read. Beeman said that his notice read, "the committee," and nothing was said about a new committee. This new committee could not stand, and he took exception on the whole proceedings of the meeting, through the error in the notice,—the notice should have been worded, "a committee," instead, it was "the committee," and of course he supposed it to be the old standing committee.

I saw that Rounds had made a blunder and felt a little piqued, but there was a motive; it was to make these men feel secure, as the old committee was all right,—and it worked, for they did not hurry about getting out of bed in the morning and were not particular whether they were late or not; they stopped to see the lawyer, for they felt a little timid in facing the lion in his den. They were advised to take their heelers along with them, in case of a warm time, little thinking it was at a heat then.

When Beeman made a motion that all former proceedings be abolished and we begin again under a new role, the Admiral arose in his chair, pale from excitement, and put the question. It was voted on and carried, I casting the deciding vote. The chair glared at me, as he had counted me on the opposition, and declared it a vote. Then he stepped down from his seat, stating that he would not preside under such complications.

Suddenly all who were seated arose to their feet with

fire in their eyes; each one selecting his adversary, advanced on him, gesticulating in a threatening manner, midst mingled curses and uproar. Hoytt had selected Beeman and brought his brawny fist into close proximity to Beeman's nose. Beeman put his hand on his hip, a motion that seemed to have a cooling effect, and Mr. Hoytt stepped back, as much as to say, "don't shoot, I don't relish it," so there were no blows struck. When the melee began, I got on my feet as soon as I could and tried to command order. If I could have got out I should have had a police officer there, but it was impossible to get through that wrathful crowd and I stood alone, as no one seemed inclined to attack me, a silent spectator of this disgraceful proceeding and I wondered how it would end. I saw young Bartlett glaring very wickedly at Rounds, who had been our secretary pro tem, and had refused to read the minutes of the meeting. Our navigator did not relish the young man's fierce gaze and stepped into his room,—under cover of its recesses he was safe from an attack. Dalton chose Ryan for his opponent, and was ready to give him a sound thrashing and followed him up on deck; Ryan evaded him by making his escape up the main rigging and onto the dock. Rowley, a little sickly chap, stood with a revolver in one hand and glared fiercely at Hooper and Admiral. The sight of this weapon cooled the fighting spirit of Hooper's men and they dropped out of the fray as suddenly as they had appeared in it.

After all this trouble there was no one appointed to sell the coal and I got at Rounds after the battle and gave him a pretty plain talking to, laying the blame all on him. He felt that he was guilty, although he did not wish to acknowledge it, and proposed that we notify the boys again and meet at the lawyer's office that afternoon. I consented and notices were written, this time not mentioning the business, and we all met again at the only place where

our fighting men could be kept in subjection, and with sullen looks and a strong smell of California port, they stood around like lambs, and it was voted that the old standing committee be authorized to sell everything there was to sell.

In the meantime, Mr. Rowley's brother had arrived from across the continent with Mr. May of Vermont, a friend of Mr. Stewart's,—a fine stalwart man was this son of Vermont, with the look of honest labor in his face, and I was pleased with this new addition. Mr. May and Rowley's brother took sides with Hooper; he had met them and given them his side of the trouble, so they naturally held to him, believing that Beeman was trying to get control of the company, and of course, acted accordingly.

The meeting over, the committee went to sell the coal, and after a good afternoon's tramp, we found a coal dealer, Mr. Channeller, who wanted our coal, and we received a good price for it. The Admiral found men who wanted our dories and paid us a good price cash and took them away, but no one wanted the launches,—though if they had been naptha we could have sold them. Our day's work being done, we got back to our quarters, and the money for the dories was paid over to me, for I was still the financial secretary.

The dories were sold to a company of men from Lowell, Mass., who had bought a barque and were going up to Kotzebue Sound. All the old whaling vessels of the port, —those on the water or under,—were made to float and fitted out to carry passengers to Alaska. Some of them being very antique, I considered them unsafe, but the great rush for Alaska was at fever-heat, and people, blinded by the lust for gold, could not see their danger, although over forty passengers were lost, by the sinking of one of these crafts just outside of the Golden Gate. Still they fitted out and found plenty to take passage, but what became of them all, none but the Almighty knows.

We saw one of these crafts leaving dock that afternoon, a white painted barque, and on her deck were steam launches and dories, besides a crowd of gold seekers, hanging in the rigging and up in the tops to get their last view of the groups of weeping women and children they were leaving behind.

Kotzebue Sound was the place that was boomed in Frisco. Captain Harriman took me on board of one of their fishing crafts, quite a large vessel, barkentine-rigged, that they were fitting out for Kotzebue; it could carry two hundred passengers quite conveniently and two hundred and fifty dollars gave you your passage with a ton of freight. Some of the sailing crafts were considerably cheaper, but it was too soon for me to consider any of these chances, for our business was not yet settled, so I amused myself with half a dozen oranges, looking over the fleet of vessels. Among this number was a large iron ship that, on its way from China, was caught in a typhoon and lost all its spars, coming the rest of the passage under jury sails and masts, making it in sixty days; besides three and five masted schooners, there was the monitor Monteray, changing her color from white to black, for our country was at war with Spain, and everybody was anxious to hear from Dewey at Manila.

A number of troops were in the city and the boys, with their neat uniforms, could be seen about the city, taking a farewell promenade with their friends before they were taken away to that far off isle across the wide Pacific, perhaps never to enter the Golden Gate again.

The next morning I went down to Mr. Channeller's and saw the coal weighed, and received the money for it in gold, that being the color of the money in Frisco; the lowest coin used there is a nickel. I met the rest of the committee in the afternoon and they thought they were on the track of a purchaser; our Custom House broker knew

of a man who wanted to buy. The percentage for finding this man was two hundred dollars, but he felt sure he could get three thousand dollars for the schooner, so as we were to have another meeting that afternoon to take into consideration the question of the steam launches, we met at the lawyer's office, our new man, Mr. May, and Rowley's brother, not being present. The question came up about the steam launch that Beeman had bought and paid one hundred and fifty dollars for, Hooper denying having given his consent to the transaction. Beeman claimed that he did, but there was no one present at the time, so there was no proof; he could offer only the word and honor of a man.

McKenna claimed that he never understood that the launch belonged to the company, that there were others that believed as he did. I said I had asked the question before we took the launch on board and never received any definite answer, but when I saw her lashed on deck, I came to the conclusion that she belonged to us, for they had accepted the launch by taking it on board and lashing it there, and when they sawed the bows off, I felt still more convinced, for they would not dare do this to another man's property. I thought Mr. Beeman should be paid his money for the launch.

One or two others spoke in favor of Beeman, while the fighting men said nothing but looked sullen; the case really stood in the minds of the men that if they must take a man's word for it, they would take the one's that had been the most honorable. This was the way I looked at it, and I would not vote for Hooper, for I knew him to be a fabricator, and I had never yet caught Beeman. The fighting men looked at it differently; they wanted Hooper men because they were on his side, and prejudiced against the other party, let it be right or wrong. It was put to a vote and decided that Beeman should receive the money he had paid, and the meeting adjourned.

Rowley was getting uneasy about his mortgage on the launch, in spite of all the lawyer could say, for there was a forgery to be considered in the case. This mortgage was supposed to be signed by each man of the company and each man's name was there, but three or four claimed that they had never signed, their names were spelled wrong. The lawyer told Rowley he was safe and wanted to keep the mortgage; make him pay it and take a receipt, this was law. Rowley asked me to go with him and see Mr. Hooper that evening. We were admitted into Hooper's apartments and Rowley told him his business. Hooper at once asked for the mortgage and Rowley brought forth the receipt, at which Hooper, flying into a passion, struck the table with his fist and swore that he would not pay the money without the mortgage. "I have got it all ready for you," he said, "bring me the mortgage and you can have it." Rowley softened and said he would see what he could do, so we took our leave and went to see the lawyer, who told Rowley that of course he could not keep it from him if he wanted it, but advised him to get it photographed first, then he could have it and get his money.

So the mortgage was photographed, and Rowley went to see Hooper, who paid him his money and tore the mortgage all into little bits, then turning to Rowley said: "Now you can tell Mr. Ryan I shall sue him for definition of character," meaning, of course, defamation of character. "Hold on!" said Rowley, "don't bring more trouble upon yourself; there is a photograph of the mortgage up to the lawyer's office." Hooper said no more and Rowley left him, feeling that his last shot told and so matters stood.

Hooper must have felt pleasant with this accusation at his door, knowing that he was guilty and that his just deserts would put him behind the prison bars. He was depending upon his adversary's leniency. If I had said,

"Have Hooper arrested," he would have been arrested at once, or if any of the others had called for his arrest it would have been done, but we kept our mouths closed, as we thought of his young wife at home,—we could not but respect her and her feelings as a wife, so we remained silent. Did he realize that these men he had called hoboes when on board the Diver now stood between him and states prison? No, I think not. At any rate, when we met he was as full of venom as ever, though he must have felt he was beaten.

Hooper was to make a settlement at the meeting called for the next afternoon, and I wondered what new piece of mischief would be transacted. In the morning the committee were to meet the party spoken of by the broker. I felt that I would soon have a rest, which I needed very much, for I had been busy ever since I arrived, traveling over the city to find a purchaser for our general outfit,—now I knew that we had succeeded, and we arrived at the broker's in good time and were soon standing before Captain Johnson to hear his offer, which was twenty-eight hundred dollars. We refused. Hooper was there, trying to get a word in as though he was one of the committee. I would not accept the offer and left the office, but they came after me, and I asked if Hooper was there, if he was I would not return, so they put him out of the way somewhere, and I faced Captain Johnson again and refused his twenty-eight hundred dollar offer. I again left the office, with the broker at my heels, telling me that Johnson would pay the three thousand dollars, and he, the broker, would give in one hundred of his percentage, and we would receive twenty-nine hundred dollars for the Diver, clear of the brokerage. This I agreed to and next morning the papers were to be made out and the money paid.

That morning we sold the navigator's kit, receiving ninety dollars for it, this being the kit that Rounds had claimed

as his own, but when we got into port I found that it belonged to the company and we had to take our chances on selling it, but it brought a good price.

This is the way things had been going on,—a little scheme in everything there was to sell. Dalton appropriated our old junk, probably fifteen or twenty dollars' worth, and never paid anything into the company.

That afternoon we were all at the meeting, which came to order with the Admiral in the chair; the secretary read the minutes of the last meeting and we turned to new business. "Is there any new business?" the chairman asked, and McKenna arose, trembling, to his feet and claimed he was delegated to take Hooper's place in the settlement, as he was the party who had arranged the papers. He was better acquainted with the filing. This was objected to, as Mr. Hooper was present and he was the man we were settling with and not Mr. McKenna, so Mr. Hooper came sulkily forward, took the papers and handed them over to the chair. It was voted to appoint an auditing committee to audit the bills, which were carefully arranged and filed to deceive, but they were sifted out with a few rejected and some murmuring in the Hooper faction.

I will mention one article on an itemized account, so this trickery of Hooper's can be better understood. This was a sailor's palm that Hooper would never let any one use, claiming it was his, but here it was put down in the list of small articles for the company to pay for. It was Hooper's palm and he had it in his own possession. I said to Mr. Hooper, "You always claimed that palm was yours, and here you have it charged to us." His stammering reply was that he was afraid the boys would lose it if they knew it belonged to the schooner.

I let the palm question drop, and they went on reading the accounts, which proved to be a rascally made up lot, but we got them straightened out at last and adjourned

the meeting until the Diver's business was settled. I started for my quarters with Mr. Stewart and Mr. May, who roomed in the same house. He did not talk much for he knew I was not a Hooper man, but he must have had his eyes opened at the meeting, although he never mentioned it. He had secured work in a ship yard where there were four or five river steamers on the docks and received two dollars and fifty cents a day. He did not know how long he should stay there, or whether he should go to Alaska or not.

Mr. Stewart insisted that I should stay over night with him, as he had a fine comfortable room, and I accepted his invitation. He did not know much about the business that we had transacted and that night I gave him an account of all proceedings up to date. Mr. Stewart being lame in both legs, could not get around as often as he wished and Mr. May wanted to send him home, but he was stubborn and determined to go to Alaska. I knew we could not take him, for he was quite a care on us already, but I said nothing, intending to wait until we were ready to leave, and then to put the situation before him, thinking that probably he would decide to go home. We were very careful what was said, and discouraged him all we could, but he was a man who would not give up easily and I often wished he could have gone with us.

The next morning we had to get our baggage out of the Diver, as she would be taken away as soon as she was transferred to the new owner. Mr. Stewart wished me to share his quarters, to which I agreed, and that morning we walked down to the Diver and packed up. All of the rest had rooms except the cook and Rounds. Poor Carliff was mourning around over the loss of ten dollars that some one had taken out of his clothes on board the schooner.

The launches were still down in the hold of the vessel and would go with her. It was a case of cutting off the

nose to spite the face. Some of the men would not turn a hand to save them, thinking they would hurt some others, and so the launches were lost; they might have brought us two or three hundred dollars, now they were given away with the vessel.

Mr. Stewart and I procured a team and went with our baggage to the house, then I hurried back to meet the rest of the committee, and we proceeded at once to the broker's. Here we had to wait and heard that Hooper was going to collect the money from the chronometer man for the navigation kit; as we had not been paid for it, we paid him a visit, but not finding him in, left orders that he should not pay the money to anybody else, and returned to attend the settlement. We found Captain Johnson at the broker's and when our agreement was made secure, he took us to his broker's and paid us the money in gold, twenty-nine hundred dollars.

We proceeded at once to the bank and had it put in the safe, then after we had talked matters over, decided to divide the money at the evening's meeting, and see if we could get it all settled that night, so we had to draw our money again as the banks closed early. The lawyer gave us the use of his safe, and we took turns in watching until evening, when the meeting opened in due form, the Admiral in the chair. The secretary arose and stated that there was a deficiency of one hundred dollars in Hooper's account; everybody saw it except Hooper and McKenna, and the chair suggested that each man arise and give his opinion. Some of them spoke what they thought or claimed to, but there were a few on the fence who did not dare to say it.

The lawyer questioned McKenna, who declared he could not see it, but the lawyer told him it was because he did not want to. The majority clamored for their money,—figures told and there were the figures.

Hooper arose and said he was not satisfied with the accounts, as the lawyer had reckoned them, and asked permission to take the papers and get a lawyer of his own to figure them up. He claimed that some of the people present wanted to slander him. Here the chair rapped order, but we granted Mr. Hooper's request, as everything else was square on the accounts, to take the papers and return them next day to our lawyer; then it was voted to divide the money we had on hand. I went to the safe and brought it out and emptied it on the desk in front of the secretary; Hooper brought in his reserve, I don't remember how much, and we divided it, giving each man square share, and the meeting adjourned for the last time, for Hooper never put in an appearance with the papers and was never seen by any of us again. The lawyer had a copy of all the papers, however, and as Hooper was not forthcoming, we let it pass, until one of the boys got a list of our names, agreeing to give our part to the lawyer, if he ever got it, and I turned my mind to other business.

One thing was to get Mr. Stewart home. He was sick and stubborn, and as we were ready to leave Frisco at a moment's warning, I thought it time to ask him what he intended to do. "Well, the vessel is sold," said I, "and I wonder what I will do next; I am going to leave Frisco and I may get a chance to ship on some craft going up to Alaska. What do you think of doing, Mr. Stewart?" "I don't know," he answered, "I have not thought." "You had better go home with Labady," said I, "he goes at once or as soon as he can get ready. You can get home very cheap, now. He has ordered a ticket and pays thirty-five dollars for it to ride in the tourists' car over the Canadian Pacific route." "That is cheap," he said, "but I am not the man to give up easy, I want to go to Alaska." "But, Mr. Stewart," said I, "you are not well enough; your legs will never carry you there." "They will laugh

at me at home because I turned back," replied he. "How can they laugh at you when you go home a sick man? If I was as sick as you, I should claim I had excuse enough to carry me home, but you see I am well and have got to go ahead, until, probably, I may be sick like you, then I shall turn back and think it is all right. I should like to be going home with you." "Well, perhaps Peter won't want any company." "Oh, yes, he will. He said he wished some one of us was going home with him and I told him perhaps you might go." "Well, I will go down to the ticket office in the morning, and then make up my mind."

After breakfast we went down to the ticket office and met Peter, and took Mr. Stewart in and bought his ticket and booked him for the next morning at ten o'clock. I was pleased, Mr. Stewart seemed pleased, and I am sure all the boys were pleased. Mr. Stewart said that night he was sorry to leave, but I told him that before the week ended there would not be one of the boys left in the city. "Now, what would you do here all alone, for we have not much money and we have got to go where we can earn some." He thought it best after all and the foolish notions were put out of his head.

I saw Lepage that night and arranged to stop with him the rest of our stay in the city, and next morning we went to see Peter and Stewart on the train. We told them what to say if they saw any of our friends and I admit I felt a little homesick. Mr. Stewart was smiling and appeared happy, and Peter was in ecstacies, so delighted was he to return home. I did not wonder, for his past experience, like ours, had been one of misery.

We left the depot as the train started and I got an expressman to carry my baggage to Lepage's rooms, and after supper we went up to see Beeman. We were going to have a meeting and hear what the boys had to say about

the next proceedings. The Bartlett brothers were there with Ricker and Carliff, Rowley was in the hallway skylarking with some girls, and we waited for Beeman who came in and called the meeting to order.

The men who had been round the city reported no chance for us to get up north from Frisco that would come within the limit of our means. Beeman said he had a letter from Seattle which we could all read; that was all he would say and there wasn't much information or encouragement in the letter.

I saw that Beeman was displeased because Carliff was present, for he was not in with us in the fight, and I knew he didn't want him. I asked Beeman what he thought of doing. "Well," said he, "I am going to Seattle, you can come with me, if you choose. I am not going to persuade any of you but you must use your own judgment. I know nothing, no more than you have read. I am going anyhow." He said no more and Carliff suggested that he and I visit some firm he knew of and see if we could get a chance with them; if he could get a chance to talk with them he felt he could make it all right for all of us, and I agreed to meet him next morning at nine o'clock at the Call building.

The meeting adjourned and I learned that Hooper, Hoytt and May, Dalton, Admiral and the Rowley brothers, had a grub stake to go up to Cook's Inlet for sixty-five dollars a man. The Bartletts told me that they were after Hooper and had been to his lodging place but could not find him; they wanted to make him settle the one hundred dollars, but the last I knew of the case he had succeeded in evading them. They knew the schooner he was going on, however, and took turns in watching. That was the last I heard of Hooper for which I felt thankful.

Lepage and I went to our lodging and were soon sleeping our cares away when I was awakened by hearing a

noise outside of our door. I thought at first it was some late lodger, who had made a mistake and taken our room for his, so I turned over for another nap, but the knocking was repeated. Lepage took his revolver from under his pillow and sprang out of bed, inquiring who was there. It was Ryan and Rowley, who told us to pack up and be ready to take the ten o'clock boat, the "Umatilla," for Seattle. They could tell us nothing, except that if we were going with Beeman to take that boat, so they hurried away and we turned in to have an hour or two of sleep as it was about two o'clock when they called.

The first thing we did next morning was to secure our tickets, then look after our baggage and afterwards to get some breakfast. As nine o'clock came I thought of poor Carliff standing on the curbstone in front of the Call building, waiting for me. He may be waiting there yet, for I never saw him afterwards. We joined the rest of the party on board the Umatilla and saw the Bartlett boys on the wharf waving their adieus as the big steamer swung out from the pier and steamed away for Seattle.

By paying a dollar and fifty cents extra we got a room for ourselves. The Umatilla was a new boat, built sea-steamer model, with all the modern improvements, but I heard there was a disappointment in regard to her sailing qualities, though she was a good sea boat. We sat and watched the view of the harbor which had very high hills for a background, and a few islands,—Mare Island being most prominent, for there Uncle Sam built his warships.

A strong, disagreeable wind was blowing, and we had to keep in shelter, it was so cold when we reached the open sea; there was also a roll from the ocean coming in, and the boat began to show us what she could do on that kind of water. Some of the passengers began to get stirred up a bit, and as she went snorting and plunging out by

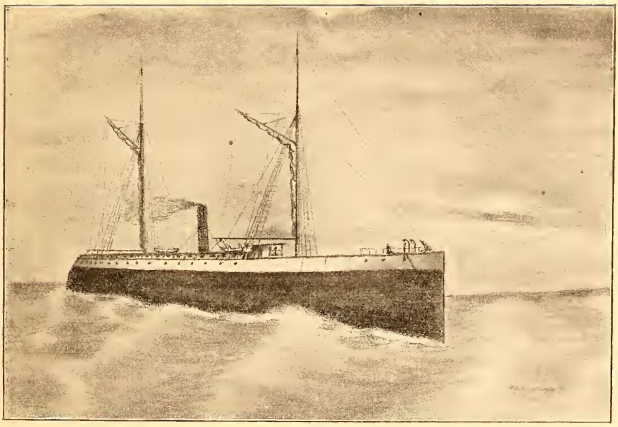
the Golden Gate most of the passengers went inside, not caring to remain on deck, for as a comber would wash her side a dash of spray would reach for us on the hurricane deck, although we tried to hide behind the smokestack, and we had to go below or get wet. This kind of weather held out until we arrived at Seattle. Some of our boys were seasick but it soon wore off.

Ricker was with us, having followed without an invitation. Five of us had formed a company and Ricker was not one of that number, but here he was, and we should be obliged to tell him some day that we did not want him, —an unpleasant duty.

The weather was hazy and as the steamer ran from Cape to Cape, I noticed hundreds of seals on the black rocks along the coast.

We were travelling second-class, and though there was plenty to eat we were crowded on the benches by a rough-looking lot of men, probably most of them laborers; their clothes hung on them as on a clothes hanger, but they had sharp elbows as I found out when I tried to push my way into the cabin to dinner and got a blow under the ribs from one of these tall, gaunt individuals; for a while I thought the cattle pen had broken loose and I was being gored by the horns of a big buck steer; after that I always kept shy of the tall fellow and never got under foot again.

Beeman thought he would like to see the first-class cabin, but they did not allow second-class people to intrude. He said, however, that he would see it, so one night about eleven o'clock, he woke me up out of a good comfortable nap, and asked if I wanted something to eat. I replied that I did. "Then get up," he said, "and follow me." I attired myself as best I could and followed him, and he took me along until we came to a pantry, through which we passed. A pantry-man wanted to check us, but we walked by him, and having reached the dining rooms, sat down at



THE STEAMER UMATILLA BOUND FOR SEATTLE.

a table, with the pantry-man at our heels. "What have you got for lunch?" inquired Beeman, with the air of a millionaire, as he looked the man straight in the eyes. "I can give you hot coffee, apple or peach pie, or bread, butter and cheese. But," said the man, as his voice quavered, "do you gentlemen belong in the first-class?" "Bring along our lunch," said Beeman, while I looked up from a paper I was reading with a look that made him feel he was quite impertinent. Beeman asked him what business it was of his, our money was paid, so bring along the lunch, and it was brought.

Another flunkey, evidently a Spaniard, then put in an appearance and Beeman claimed that he was a spy and we wanted him, for we were detectives. The first man pleaded for him, telling what a kind fellow he was, but we followed the Spaniard up to the saloon cabin, which was elegantly furnished, and watched him until he was through with his work, when we went down into the dining-room again. It was getting on near to eight bells and I heard some of the officers coming below, so thought I would get out, and that was the last I saw of the Spanish spy.

I felt a great relief after leaving San Francisco and in getting away from the Hooper gang, and now we were going to do something towards getting up to Alaska,—in fact, we were on our way, three days towards Seattle. The boat stopped at Victoria, Vancouver,—at a large pier, but the town was two or three miles away, so I only saw it as we sailed away,—a few church spires among the trees.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL AT PUGET SOUND. — SECURE PASSAGE FOR ALASKA, AND PURCHASE OUR OUTFITS.—SHORTAGE OF PROVISIONS ON BOARD THE HAYDN BROWN.—PECULIARITIES OF SOME OF THE PASSENGERS.

We soon arrived in Puget Sound and saw Seattle on the left. It is built on the side of a hill, the streets running parallel with the hill; it does not look very prepossessing from the water, so many old, weather-beaten cabins greet the eye as you enter the harbor. A large brick structure was on the highest hill, which I understood was a hotel, but they had suspended work on it on account of falling short in their finances. The most prominent vessel in the harbor was the cutter Bear,—painted mouse color; that seemed to be an interesting object to landsmen, for it was war time.

The Umatilla landed us at the company's wharf, and we went in search of a lodging place which, after a few hours' hunting, we found on Union street. It was run by a man named Brown who kept lodgers in his own house also, but this was an old store that he had fitted up with stalls, and although they were nothing but the hard wood, we found them comfortable and clean. Seattle was overflowing with gold seekers on their way to Alaska, so it was hard to get a lodging. We had a spare room in back where we kept our baggage and used it as a smoking-room. Having paid our week in advance, we went out to look for supper, and

later took a stroll to see the city. In the business part the streets were thronged with people; there were hurdy gurdies and street venders, and the patent medicine man, —the great doctor from the west who had traveled all over Russia at the risk of his life or transportation to Siberia for a Nihilist, to gather the herbs that formed this great medicine that would cure everybody; plenty of pickpockets also mingled in amongst the crowd, and besides, men were held up at the point of the pistol and forced to deliver up all their hard-earned cash.

We got tired of the crowd and went home, for the next day we must find out how we were going to get to Alaska. In the morning we went down to the water front, and it was a great sight; it seemed as if everything that floated had up its banner, like the boy climbing the Alpine heights, but not bearing that strange device, "Excelsior," but one stranger still, "Alaska." We were stopped every little while by a man with a good scheme for us to get up north, —a ticket on some of the many crafts lying along the water front,—but we would not talk business for we wanted to get better acquainted and find the right party to talk with.

We strolled down to Morand's ship yard where there were fourteen river steamers launched, and lying side by side, getting ready to go up to St. Michaels. Beeman was acquainted with the boss painter, a very intelligent young man, and we learned a good many points from him concerning the way to get up north. We could get a chance on the Morand boats, but he did not consider them safe, and neither did I, for they were open at both ends like a ferry boat. He told us that one of these boats broke her hog chain when she was launched; if this had happened at sea she would have broken in two.

We gave up all thoughts of going in them and came back to the wharf and looked the vessels over. I saw one

or two able looking ones loading for St. Michaels, but they had such great deck loads that I knew they must be too heavy and unsafe, though crowds of people were trusting their lives on many such as these, because they were ignorant of the sea and thought they could pile onto a vessel half-mast high the same as they could their hay carts at home. I did not care to risk my life on one of them so we went up town and looked over the outfits that filled the store windows.

There were many articles we could not conceive any use for but they turned out to be all right in Alaska; this clothing appeared to us so grotesque and antique that we could not realize that some day we would need it badly. Here was everything that could be worn in a country like Alaska,—outfits of every description,—and as we got tired of looking through the glass, we retired to our room on Union street and talked the matter over. We had not found out what it would cost us to get up north, but felt it would be within the limit of our means. A week passed and we had no chance to get away.

Beeman told Ricker that we had all in our party we desired, and he had better look out for himself. This he did not like very well, but took his trunk and chest of tools and left the lodging and I saw him but once afterwards, on the street. He found a partner and was going to Kotzebue Sound, getting four dollars a day from the time he left Seattle.

There was a large ship fitting out for St. Michaels, the Henry Villiard of New York, and we went on board but could learn nothing, as the charter had not yet been signed; they were to take for a cargo part coal and some lumber. Then we went on board the barque Haydn Brown, a large old-fashioned vessel, safe enough to go to any part of the world in, and here we met the owner, Mr. Humphrey, on the quarter, who greeted us with smiles, saying, "Boys,

peddle out your money now, here is your best chance for Alaska." "How much for the passage?" "Fifty dollars first-class and ten dollars a ton for freight. You can't beat that anywheres," and he rattled on like a side show man at a circus. We told him we wanted time to consider and after looking over the barque went on shore again.

We had passed a little office a great many times and were tempted to go in and learn what kind of a scheme they had. Their runner had been after us several times but had never caught us and now the time had come when we must visit them. We found out that the ship Henry Villiard was chartered by this firm, so we loitered down on the wharf and there met their agent, who asked us if we were looking for a chance to go north. We told him we were, and he said that he could give us a good lay, if we wanted to go with them; they could put us up to Dawson for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and as he talked he was leading us into the office, saying "This is the place where you will learn all particulars."

There were three clerks at as many desks and they seemed to be very busy scribbling, in fact it seemed to be a place that was doing a large amount of business. Mr. Chase was the head of the firm, a young, good-looking man with very pleasing address. We learned here that Chase had what they called a knockdown steamer to send up on board of the Henry Villiard, that is, the material to build a boat, cut in proper lengths, and all it is necessary to do when you get it where you want it, is to put it together with bolts and nails, caulk and paint, and your steamboat is ready to launch; thus Chase had a river boat for passengers and freight on the Yukon.

After we learned all we could there we walked out, but the agent was waiting for us outside and soon had us listening to him as he unfolded to us the company's private concerns to win our confidence. We asked him if they

did not want men to work on their boat. He answered that they did. Well, we would work as we were short of money and wanted to get to Dawson as cheap as we could. He asked us our trades; I was a ship carpenter, the rest were steam fitters, and Rowley was a waiter. They wanted steam fitters very bad but he could not tell how much we would have to pay for this privilege of working our passage, but invited us back into the office to see Mr. Chase and he would fix it for us. We found that Mr. Chase had gone out but they thought in the office it would be about eighty dollars a man, we giving them an estimation of how much freight we would have. Mr. Chase would not be in for the rest of the day so we left and pushed our way through the crowd on the water front,—elbowed and with corns crushed; some burly fellow would catch us by the shoulder and bring us to a standstill, although the crowd tried to pass over us or push us along; a handful of Alaska tacks thrust in our faces, and a "come up to the office with me," was the last we could hear as we broke away with our hand on our money purse and a peep to see that our watch was all right, only to be nabbed by another harder still to get away from.

The gold fever was raging and everybody seemed to be rushing into the fire to be suffocated by the smoke of their flaming desires. I met men from every state in the Union, the man who is honest and walks into the gilded trap, and the man who thinks he is shrewd enough not to be caught, and so boldly plays with the bait and finally gets hooked and hauled in where he can flop and flounder among the rest of his kind; he dies hard but the fisher expects that and has his hook baited for the next victim.

We were in with a crowd of gold seekers, and although we tried to be careful, yet we must trust some one,—why not Chase? He had this large vessel chartered, there could be no bunco there. We made up our minds to see

him in the morning and get our fare down a little cheaper. We went home that night and talked the Alaska business all over. We knew the Haydn Brown was a good lay, but it was only as far as St. Michaels; Chase, for a little more money, would put us up to Dawson, and we agreed to accept Chase's plan, if we could make arrangements within the limits of our cash, which was dwindling away every day, let us be as careful as we might, so the next morning we saw the agent and told him that we could give him seventy dollars a man and do the work on their river boat. He referred us to Chase, who said it was impossible, as eighty dollars was the lowest figure he could accept. As we went out we were met by the agent, and bartered with him until he gave in and accepted our offer, so back we went into the office and got our tickets, paying our cash. According to the ticket they held themselves responsible for nothing, yet we felt relieved to think we had made our way out clear to Dawson, and held the paper that would take us there.

Now, to go ahead and get our outfits! Some of the outfitters had printed lists of what a man needed for wearing apparel, and what he ought to take to eat. We got figures on some of these things, and found they ran by our limit, and we must curtail a little. We found a grocery store kept by a man named Healy, who had a list that hit us about right; we got his figures, but found we must look over the list and leave out everything that we could possibly do without, and then we accepted his list, and the goods were soon being packed up in boxes and bags, and were ready for shipping before we were.

A change had been made as regarded our passage. The Henry Villiard had thrown up her charter, as Chase could not find a full freight for her, and we were transferred to the Haydn Brown. We hurried down to see Chase, for we were suspicious and watchful at every turn

of affairs. Chase was not in and I felt very uneasy, fearing that it would slump somewhere. At last we met the agent, who told us all about it ; it seemed the engine and boilers for the new boat had not got here from Chicago, where they were being constructed ; they were expecting them every day, but the Henry Villiard folks would not wait, and so threw up the charter. The Haydn Brown would take all their freight and passengers, the machinery would be shipped on one of the steamboats, and Mr. Chase would bring the engineer with him on the same boat. Our tickets, he said, were all right for the Haydn Brown.

We went on board the barque and showed our tickets to Humphrey, who said they were all right, but he would give us one of his tickets, and we could choose our berths between decks. They were putting up more rooms, with six berths in each, and we went down and found one about amidships, as desirable a room as there was on board. We got our baggage out of the ship and put it on board the barque, so that we could hold our room, for people were coming on board fast and claiming that they had the preference, being the first passengers, but we held our ground, although they came with written orders from Humphrey. We said we were passengers, too, and claimed our rights and held it. We found that we were called the Chase gang.

As the barque was to sail on the fifteenth of May we hadn't much time to get the rest of our outfit. Ryan and I were sent to buy the hardware and camping outfit, so we travelled all over the city, but found that the store men were very high, until at last we found a place in the suburbs where we purchased all of our hardware and cooking utensils ; then we had to buy tools to build a boat, and nails, besides a whipsaw to saw out boards, an axe and hatchet, and one hundred pounds of nails, door

hinges, and padlocks, and a Klondike stove, a simple constructed thing, oblong-shape, with drum-oven on top, and these were packed at once to be shipped at a moment's notice. Then we came back and met the other three and went to see about a new tent that we could have made and be ready next day. We ordered two tents, ten by twelve, with three-feet wall.

We spent the evening in figuring on what we wanted most to wear, and the next day, bright and early, started out to buy our clothes; after going in many stores we bought our blankets, and Ryan and I were after a pair of pants.

We found the stores full of out of towners going to Alaska, and one man especially, who had fallen into a trap, was now going to have things come straight or know the reason why. He was a tall, lank, country-bred looking chap, with a cartridge belt around his waist, which I saw as he parted his coat and drew a large Colt's revolver, laying it on the showcase before the proprietor; he said, "I want to buy some clothes; now I am not hard to suit, but I want you to give me what is right," and looking the proprietor straight in the eye, and clenching his revolver tightly in his hand, he said, "If you cheat I will make trouble for you." The proprietor said he would use him right, and I saw that his face was a shade paler. This man had been buncoed, there was not the least doubt in my mind, and the poor fellow took this method to get what was right. There were plenty of men from the middle states, green from the farm, good, honest, warm-hearted fellows, who had fallen into the trap and lost all the money they had to take them to Alaska.

Ryan and I got out of that store, as we did not care to be where there was any shooting. We found a place to get our pants and twenty yards of mosquito netting, besides hip rubber boots and moccasins, and a number of other things that we would find useful up north.

That was about all we did that day, and in the evening spent a few minutes in watching the styles. There were men in all kinds of garb, from a Sioux Indian to a millionaire. We heard that Dewey had captured Manila, and rejoiced with the crowd as we turned home to read our papers, the wonderful Post Intelligencer, or P. I. as it was commonly called, that told the glittering story of gold; how a man could go up to Alaska and get all the gold he wanted, wages were from ten to fifteen dollars per day, and even more in some places.

We read these glowing accounts of gold, and our fever went up twenty-five degrees, and we felt our nerves twitch and twang, "hurry, hurry, and get there!" We smiled at each other, as if to say, "Boys, we are all right, we are in it," and we spoke of those we had left behind, what they had missed, but it served them right. We figured over our outfit, to see if we had all we needed,—there were gold scales, gold pans for washing out the grains of gold, picks and shovels to be got in the morning, and when morning came we were out attending to business.

We ordered our goods down to the wharf and saw them measured, but the Haydn Brown did not sail,—it was put off until the eighteenth, so we had a chance to look around us. We went on board to see the people we were to sail with. There was the tall, lank Hoosier, on whom everything seemed to grow long; he had the unfailable long hair and long cap, something of the Klondike pattern, yellow in color, and called the "blizzard cap;" his clothes were long, and his feet also, which were encased in a pair of mutlocks; he wore horsehide pants, a good kind for Klondike weather.

I also noticed, coming on board, two small men who looked like twins, dressed quite natty; they wore Klondike hats and their heads kept going niddle, noddle, as though there was a loose pulley in their necks somewhere or their

heads were so heavy with knowledge that they could not balance; they reminded me of an old hat on a pole that the farmers erect to scare crows, rocking and nodding in the wind. We named these men the knowledge boxes, and their record on the trip proved that they were well chosen.

There was the Argonaut party of Chicago, headed by a woman, and they had the tip, knew just where to go to find the gold; they had a knock-down steamer. The Lynn and Alaska Mining Company also had a steamer: there was the Williams party from Texas who brought their boat with them, a scow with some new kind of propeller for the river. The head of the party was worth a million and his boat's name was Lalla Rookh Collins, with old Captain Whalen for her navigator; she was already on the wharf and was to be placed on top of the deckload, and one or two steam launches with her.

There were three hundred passengers, tinkers and tailors, barbers and sailors, farmers and cowboys and rangers, all ready now to move on, but the old barque hung very close to the pier; she was slow in getting away and slow in getting there, for the day was put off for sailing until the twenty-fifth of May; they kept piling on freight nearly up to her tops, and there always seemed to be room for more.

We had settled for our rooms and now slept on board the barque. There was nothing more of interest to us in Seattle; we went on shore but little, and when the day came for us to sail, we felt delighted with the prospects before us. There were four lady passengers, besides the mate's wife, and the steward trying hard to get his on board.

We left the wharf with an immense throng cheering us from the piers, and made fast to the channel buoy, and it was here the steward played a shrewd game to get his wife on board. He told the captain he would not go without

her and the captain referred him to Mr. Humphrey. So the steward packed up and went on shore and saw Mr. Humphrey, telling him there was no provision made for the extra passengers that he had taken from the Henry Villiard, and that the stores would be used up before we got to Dutch Harbor; that he would see the proper officers and enter a complaint. This was the truth, for the Chase gang had not been provided for, so Humphrey gave the steward a ten dollar bill and told him to take his wife with him if he wished. The steward told me he threw the ten dollar bill back at him, he was not to be bribed by money, but the price of his silence was permitting his wife to join the barque. He said if he stayed on shore it would not feed the passengers any better, so he sent his wife on board and soon came himself.

The passengers felt joyful in leaving port, not knowing that they were short of provisions, and the tug boat came and took our hawser ahead about sixty fathoms out, and we were soon cutting the jaunty waves out toward the old ocean. Everybody seemed to be preparing for the usual ceremonies for the amusement of old Neptune, and as we began to feel the swell that came rolling in, some looked pale and kept on deck while others went to their rooms and turned in.

The tow boat left us outside of the Cape and under all sail the Haydn Brown began to roll the foam away from her blunt bows. I went below, as it was getting near supper time, and the long deal table was already set with tin cups and plates, and the second cook had his provender all ready to place on the table; we stood up along each side of the table in a row to take our seats, as he rattled an old tin pan,—this was done at five-thirty o'clock,—and the rush was made, elbowing and jamming to get to the first table, there being two set after that. We sat down to eat and the waiters came along, calling out each course

they carried. I saw we were not getting fed in the same way as they were in the cabin, though we were entitled to the same bill of fare, but nothing was said, for we were just out and did not feel like finding fault with what we got to eat.

I went on deck to smoke and have a look at the weather, and I saw a large ship in the offing, that they told me was the Henry Villiard, loaded with coal for some coaling station on the other side of the Pacific. It was cold on deck, so I went below for awhile, where a few of the passengers were engaged in playing cards, and soon went to my room. In the next one to ours a man was seasick, as bad a case as I ever saw, for he kept it up to the end of the passage. I turned in for a nap and the old barque soon rocked me to sleep.

Next morning there were very few passengers at breakfast; the cooks and waiters felt jubilant for it was little work for them, and they hoped it would continue to the end of the passage, but they were doomed to disappointment, for fine weather set in and the passengers flocked out on deck where the pure sea breeze fanned their pale faces, and sad looks were changed into smiles; when they sat up to the table how they did eat, and the cooks and waiters worked hard to satisfy their appetites.

The ladies came out in pleasant weather to promenade the quarter deck, and the dogs were let loose to wander at will about the ship, all but poor Bruno, a large Newfoundland; he was kept under strict discipline by his master, who, as I understood, was a schoolmaster and had with him, in addition, his wife and boy; they all seemed to live under this rigid discipline, for you could hear his voice above the roar of the sea, commanding either the boy or Bruno. Everybody was remarking that they would never forget that dog's name.

One day I saw the mate and two sailors pass along aft

with a lantern, and bring forth two stowaways, who were taken before the captain; he had some words with them, and sent them up to the main top for the rest of the day, and afterwards made them serve as waiters. They afterwards fished out another who was put to work in the galley.

There was trouble brewing among the passengers, trouble for all concerned. I will explain the situation as near as I understood it. In the first place it was agreed that we were to be fed alike, without any distinction, from the master down, but this they failed to do; the big beef that hung under the mainstay was all gone, and we had had but little of it; the long boat on top of the forward house was full of cabbages, carrots, beets and turnips; these were fast being used up, and we got but little of them, and as we came down to the canned goods there was a shortage, so much so that we only got but very little of them. These canned stores were what Humphrey failed to supply for the extra passengers, so of course the drain came on the flour.

You may ask us what we did eat. Well, we got stewed white beans and pork,—these beans were only half cooked, and the pork was too raw to relish,—we got some sliced salt beef, black coffee, and the tea tasted like decayed vegetables, with a light dash of whiskey. Of course the whiskey could not be helped by the cooks, as our water was filled in old whiskey barrels, and the longer it stayed in them the stronger it got, but what could we do? It was all we had to drink, and we would pinch our noses as we swallowed to get rid of the taste, but it stayed in the stomach, and we all began to get the look and smell of old topers. One thing I shall never forget, for it was served every meal, was a sticky paste, oat-meal and water, that the cook, who was a German, called muss. Whether it was the right name or an error in the pronunciation I can-

not say, but all the waiters called out "muss" as they went down the line, and we called it muss, and muss stuck to us like glue; we used a little molasses on it to make it more palatable, and choked and gasped until it was down, when a good drink of black coffee washed the way clear for another mouthful.

The two knowledge boxes would talk fair with us and then carry the news to the captain of all the grumbling that was done, and when he would come down to walk by us while we ate, he would ask how we were getting along, and was always answered by our two men of knowledge, "All right, all right, captain," and the captain would hurry along out of our dining room as fast as he could, so no one could get a chance to tell him the truth. He was made to understand that the Chase gang was making all of the mischief, and these were the men to watch.

One day the knowledge boxes suggested to the crowd that we live on two meals a day, and we would get more variety and be better satisfied; well, we thought, we will try it for a while, but no change came in the bill of fare. This suggestion of theirs was but the command from the captain, for we were short of provisions, and he did not want to let the passengers know, so took this method to get our consent, and the scheme worked. It would have been better to have told the passengers the circumstances as they were than to keep them in the dark and have them grumbling because they were not fed better, not knowing the cause, and of course blaming the steward or cooks.

The captain thought to find a way to interest them, so appointed every man a watchman, each one to take his turn in watching, to guard against fire and any depredations that might be committed. I think some of the passengers felt a bit nervous as they saw the younger ones skylarking around between decks and singing out "muss" to the cook and steward. The guard against fire was a

good idea, for although smoking was forbidden between decks, the men smoked just the same, there being no one to check them. The young men committed some depredation every night, and it was charged to the Chase men, and at last we were called the chain gang, and the Kotzebue Sound men tried to lay the blame of everything on the Chase gang, but it was a few of the young men of both parties.

Captain McClure remained in his cabin entertaining the ladies and grew fat, while discontent was brewing among his passengers that might lead to serious results, for there were arms and ammunition in plenty, and whiskey could be had. I think it was this that fired the youths up to such a heat that they felt that they must do something in the way of retaliation for what they were enduring.

One night they broke into the cook's stores, which was a beef barrel with a padlock on it, and got some of the cook's private stores; this, of course, made a row, and it was laid on to the Chase gang. The cook said he would cook no more, and the captain passed through, looking quite serious, but said nothing, and hurried back to his lady friends in the cabin, and things remained just the same. The old cook was good as his word and would cook no more for us, but we did not wait long, for a man by the name of Harry Campbell, a tall, good-natured fellow from the Keystone State, accepted the position, and went to work. There were bread and beans left out for a lunch, the bread what you might call raw dough. Now it was the baker who caught it, but he claimed he did not have an oven big enough for the number of loaves he had to bake, so some set too long before he could put them in, and besides, he had many pies and cakes to cook. This work he did in the night, when the cook did not use the stove, so we toasted his bread, and with butter saved from dinner, and molasses, made quite a feed, when the Chase gang was hungry in the night.

We had a dense fog for two days, and some one reported that the captain had lost reckoning and did not know where he was. A saloon was opened up in one of the steam launches, the man buying the right to sell. I think it was twenty-five cents a glass, but he did not sell much, for most everybody had a little store of his own. The mate's and steward's wives had a falling out, and afterward the steward threw up his billet, and it was taken by the man who sold the whiskey, but this change did not affect us any, for everything went on the same.

We sat upon the forward house between the boats and ate raw cabbage and turnips out of the long boat, and smoked, then went below to see what the cook had for supper, and stood in a row as usual, and spotted our seat with the tin cup turned top down on the table, nervously waiting for the sound of the gong. After the rush those that were the quickest got seats, and in some cases those that were strongest; after the struggle the vanquished slunk away until the next table was set.

This was the way we enjoyed ourselves day after day. I had to laugh at a little Jew who claimed to be a barber; he had tried the first rush until he was tired; being a very small man, he was pushed on one side every time, so now he patiently waited and watched the others, and laughingingly said, "Dey like so many fire horses when dey sound zee alarm."

Ryan got acquainted in the forecastle and ate with the sailors. Rowley was sick with some kind of internal trouble, Lepage played around nights but was very sly, while Beeman swelled among the nabobs to get points, as he said, but I am afraid it was whiskey he was after. I strolled on deck for my smoke and generally met Mr. Fairchilds of the Lynn & Alaska Mining Company,—a very pleasant man to talk with, but given to borrowing trouble when there was none to be had any other way,—and Mr.

Goodwin, his partner, always patient and enduring. I spent some very pleasant hours in conversation with them. We would get under the lee of some of the launches and look out on the water to see if there were any ships in sight, and told stories of our past experiences. Fairchilds was a forty-niner and had traveled considerably on the sea, and thus we whiled away the time, with nothing to interrupt us but the schoolmaster putting poor Bruno through his daily exercise. This caused some loud and threatening abuse on poor Bruno's head, and of course the boy was in for a share of the same. I was told that when he went below, he finished up by blaming his poor wife for the whole business. The trouble was, the dog did not like so much whiskey in his water, and would not drink, so poor Bruno got sick; whiskey was the trouble in that family, not excessive drinking but refusing to drink,—yes, whiskey is an awful mischief maker, any way you have a mind to take it.

The steward's wife was waiting on the table in the cabin and the steward was lying it out in his room,—some one reported that they were not married, but I did not listen to these flying rumors as I found no one who could say it was true.

My turn came to serve on police duty, the badge of authority being a star pin worn on the left breast. I took my post at midnight and was to be relieved at eight o'clock next morning. I found a man burning a light in the after end of the vessel. All lights out at ten o'clock, was the rule for every night, so I went to investigate. He heard me coming, put the light down on deck and jumped into his berth, but I had him spotted and asked him if he was burning that light. He proved to be a German and under the circumstances could not understand what I said as the barque was rolling quite heavily, so I took the light on deck and cautioned him against a repetition of the act.

He growled at me in German and wanted the light, which I refused to give him. He looked very wickedly at me, but I took it away and put it out. The watchman before me had allowed him to have it. There was stowed near the German a lot of straw mattresses and dry pine lumber, but this was the way the watch was kept by many men who did not realize or think what a ship on fire was like, with only two boats to take three hundred passengers away.

A few days after I had served, the badge was stolen and was never found, so they made one out of a piece of tin which answered the purpose just as well. We were nearing the Aleutian Islands and a sharp lookout was kept for the land. Sailing on a wild coast like this, with no lighthouse to guide you, is very dangerous, for you must find the pass in the darkest night or thickest fog.

The welcome cry reached our ears as they made the land, sometime in the night. I went on deck and saw high cliffs frowning down on us, dark and grim, and I looked ahead and saw the pass through which we must go, with the foam and spray dashing over the rocks that showed their black heads out of the water at each receding wave. The wind was puffy and we had our topgallant sails in, and the old barque was cutting a great figure in getting through this pass, for the current was with us and we soon got through.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM DUTCH HARBOR TO ST. MICHAELS.—A TRAMP OVER THE MOUNTAINS.—DOINGS ON BOARD THE BARQUE.—TROUBLE FOR THE CHASE GANG.—BEEMAN DECIDES TO GO HOME.—THE COMPANY REDUCED TO THREE.

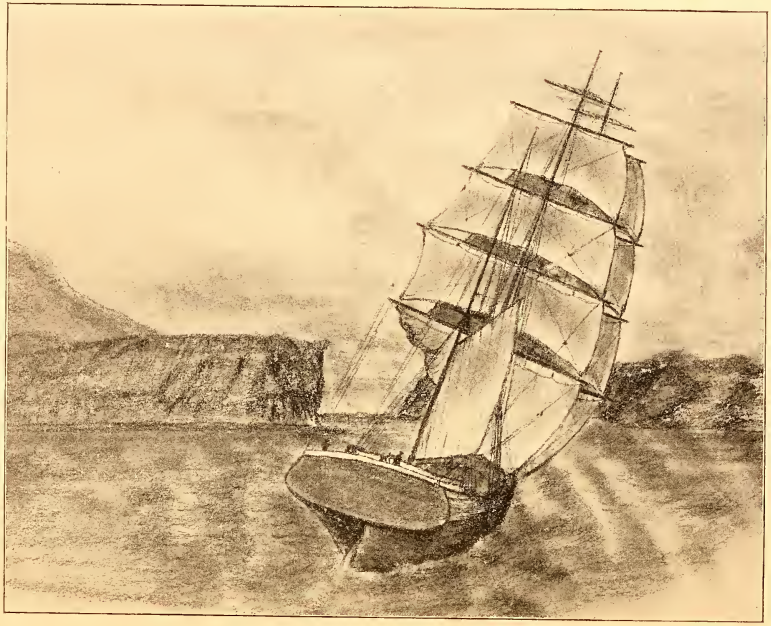
We were now on the Bering Sea, sixty miles from Dutch Harbor, where we expected to arrive that day if the wind held. We had set our topgallants again and were making a good lay for port.

These Aleutian Islands are very mountainous, tiered along and making a chain that nearly crosses the Pacific. There are no trees, but the grass grows around the sides of the mountains and in the valleys, but the seacoast, gulch and gully, was a line of black cliffs.

We soon made the entrance to Dutch Harbor and had to anchor on the outside on account of the wind dying out. As soon as the anchor was down, a dozen or more got their hooks and lines and caught some fine cod. Dutch Harbor was well protected from high winds and storms: high mountains gave us a shelter and there was a dry bar across the mouth, with a good channel to pass in, which broke off the sea coming in from Bering.

About four miles further up we could see Unalaska, with its old Russian church, now a Catholic mission. Unalaska was considered the leading town. River boats were being built there.

Dutch Harbor had a store, and six or seven dwelling



THE BARQUE HADYN BROWN MAKING THE UNAMAK PASS.

houses and a hotel. We got under way and brought the barque inside of the bar, where they tried fishing again, catching many that were not fit to eat. We were told that all the fish inside of the bar were diseased and not fit to eat, so no more fish were caught. Here we found that the captain was trying to raise money on ship and cargo to buy provisions, but the merchants would not accept the bond and the captain was hard pushed. He was trying to hear from the owner, but could not, and there we lay, eating up what little we did have.

One day three of us went on shore for a tramp over the mountains, taking a lunch with us. We walked around the seashore for a short distance, finding some places hard to pass as the water came up under the cliff, and finally had to leave the shore and get upon the cliffs, where we found a cosy place to sit and view the mountain scenery. After we had eaten our lunch, we felt tired, for we had been on the barque sixteen days without exercise, but we started for the highest peak, and it was to me a weary climb. We reached the top and had a most pleasing view of the country; not a tree was to be seen, but there was some very good grazing for cows, of which I saw half a dozen. Mountain upon mountain arose before us and one could easily get lost if he did not watch his way very closely. A few similar accidents had happened, one just before we arrived. I could see from the top of these mountains that the water trailed in and about their bases, making a very picturesque scene. We saw some sealers lying under shelter of some of these nooks.

After we got fairly rested we began the descent, which was dangerous in some places, and I was glad to get to the bottom. On our descent we saw an eagle and as I had my rifle, I gave him a shot but he flew away, and just then I saw a man's head bob up from among the rocks, very close to the eagle and he would have shot him but for my interference.

We came down to the pier where the barque's boat landed to take on a supply of water. About this time of day, just before the supper gong rang, many of the passengers wanted to go on board, and the captain grumbled, as did the sailors, as we tumbled into the boat among the water barrels and every other conceivable place where a man could stand, and the boat was gunwaled to the water. It was a case of sink or swim with the crowd, or no supper afterward.

Passengers owning boats, launched them and went independent of the barque's boat. Some got jobs on steamers that were building, when they found that we would not leave for some time, receiving two dollars per day and found; when the week was up they had to go to the store and take trade, for there was no money in Dutch Harbor. I went on shore to see how the boys were making out, for I knew some of them knew nothing of the trade. One let himself as a caulker, and was working under the bottom; the way he drove oakum was a caution, for that was all he was doing, filling the seams full of oakum and driving it in. If that boat didn't leak I will lose my guess.

I will state here, for the benefit of my readers who don't understand what caulking is, that it is a trade in itself, and a man who has not had a little experience is not fit to meddle with it. Two of our men were very good caulkers.

We will now turn to the doings on board of the barque. The captain had raised the money he required from some of the passengers, and bought his stores and was having them put on board. The men working on shore were notified to quit work and come on board, for we would sail the next morning, having laid in port eleven days. The captain claimed as the reason for our delay that he was waiting for the ice to leave St. Michaels, but my experience since then showed me that the ice was out of St. Michaels before we left Seattle. He was pinched for

money which, of course, was not the captain's fault, but the owner's. This caused the delay, and if the passengers had not had the necessary amount on hand, we would never have got out of that port on board the Haydn Brown.

The windlass was manned and the slack chain hove in, then the top sails were loosed and sheeted home, then the jibs and foresail, and as the mate sang out, "The anchor is a-weigh," she went astern on a quarter circle, the fore topsail was filled, the jibs set to pay her head off, the main yard braced up with the fore-yard, and she gathered headway and passed out into Bering Sea. The rest of the sails were set and with a fair wind the old barque carried a bone in her mouth all that night and next day. She seemed to enjoy getting away from Dutch Harbor as much as we did, but the third day she dropped the bone and lay becalmed all that day and night. The captain sounded and got thirty fathoms.

Some of the passengers who had some brass filings sifted some on the armour of the lead and caused a great excitement throughout the barque when it was reported that gold came up on the lead. Yes, there it was on the armour, plain and glittering. What a gold country we were getting into, and our prospects looked brighter still. Perhaps some of our readers who don't understand sea phrases would like to have the armour explained. At the heavy end of the lead is a hole about an inch and a half in diameter and an inch deep. This is filled with hard soap and is called the armour, for that heavy end reaches bottom first and whatever is there it will bring up, unless there are big rocks, in which case the soap brings up an impression of them. With this the captain goes to the chart, finds the depth of water there, and with a book of directions, finds he is correct if the bottom tallies with the depth. This is a sure method to navigate by in thick

weather. Many a ship has been lost by neglecting to sound, and many lives also.

Well, we arrived about the last of June at St. Michaels. I was disappointed, for I thought St. Michaels was a larger town, whereas in reality it could hardly be called a town, there being but few houses there and consequently a small number of residents. But there is as much money passed through St. Michaels as through New York city. We arrived on Sunday and it was a very wet day. We kept snug in our rooms, not venturing on deck when the mate came through between decks shouting at the top of his voice, for the Chase gang to get in the boat at once and go ashore with their baggage—captain's orders. This put many of our men out in the rain without shelter or food. We had freight on board and refused to go, although we were threatened with the cutter's crew. I laughed at the idea of Uncle Sam putting men on shore with nothing to eat. We said, put on shore our provisions and tents and we will be glad to go, but the big companies that had their steamers and machinery and boiler on board were the first to be waited on, and our goods laid there, to be taken out whenever they got ready, so we remained on board.

The captain came on board one night and said he had got a letter from Humphrey, ordering him to seize and hold everything on board in Chase's name, for Chase's business had fallen through and he had closed his office and skipped, with about one hundred and ninety men, who had paid him passage money to Alaska, after him. This was the last we heard of Chase.

A part of the chain gang had remained on board in spite of the captain's threats, and now they felt themselves at his mercy. There were Chase's master builder, the skipper, mate, and quite a number of carpenters, without any provision whatever, for Chase was supposed to have everything there for them to live on, but now, of course, there was nothing.

The mate came down between decks next morning with the captain's orders for all of the Chase men to go on shore, or he would send some one after them. The men thought it was their only course, and although it was raining very heavily, they went down the ladder into the boat. There was one old man—a ship carpenter—that I felt very sorry for. I found him almost in tears, and asked him the cause. He said he was all alone, and the Chase bunco was a loss to him and his family, which he had left at Fort Blakeney, where he had formerly worked on Chase's boat, the material for her construction having been taken from that yard. Chase had called for a certain number of carpenters to go to St. Michaels to build the craft, and he had volunteered, with good pay, of which he had not received a cent, and was now about to be put ashore in the rain. "Have you no tent?" I asked. He replied that he had, but it was down among the freight, and no one would bother to get it for him; neither would they allow him to find it for himself. "Have you any outfit?" I next asked, and he said that he had about three months' provisions, but even that was forbidden him. "Then what are you going on shore for—they can't force you on shore without sending your provisions with you. I am staying on board now. You stay on board, and don't go on shore in this rain, for it rains every day here this time of year, excepting days when it is too cold, and then it freezes." But the old man would not heed me, and when the mate yelled down the hatchway for the men to push along, the old man started up the ladder. I followed close to him, and was alongside of the captain when the old man passed through the gangway. As the captain saw me standing there, he said, "I shall have to get the cutter's crew to get this Chase gang out of the ship." If he looked in my face and saw the frown I gave him just then, he would know there was one who did not care for his threat, but as I did

not get into the boat, the old man went down the barque's side, got into the boat, and was rowed ashore.

My company got together and talked matters over. As matters stood it was a hard blow on us as well as the rest. Chase had all of our money, and what could we do? We decided we would go on shore every day and see what the chances were. I did not feel down-spirited—we had a year's supply with us and two good tents, and I didn't think Uncle Sam would drive us off the earth.

I heard no more threats from the captain, when he found out that none of the men's stores were in Mr. Chase's name. Here was where he was expecting to make a big haul, and he was disappointed. That night, when the last boat came off, the second mate saw the old man standing at the corner of a building trying to get shelter from the rain. He reported him to the captain, and the captain told the mate to bring him on board, which was done. He was drenched to the skin, and was glad to get back between decks and get on some dry clothes. He remained with us until his freight was put on shore, and then he went along with it. With the exception of my company, he was the last of the chain gang.

Beeman and Ryan had been on shore at different times looking for a chance to get up to Dawson. Beeman came on board one evening sick and weary. He had seen a dead man brought down from Dawson, and got cold feet at once. That evening he came to me and said that when he began to look matters over he thought he had better go back. He had a very bad cough, and besides, his lungs were weak. He had grown worse ever since leaving Seattle. This I knew to be a fact, and I advised him to go home, for he would never come out of the mouth of that river alive.

I learned later that I spoke the truth, for Beeman was a very sick man. There was a large English steamer lying

in the offing that would take him down to Victoria for thirty dollars. This was very cheap, and he made up his mind that night to sell his outfit on the Haydn Brown, take the money, and go home. So he opened up a sales-room the next day and sold all he had—for his outfit was a fine one. He was pleased at this, and going on shore he engaged his berth, the baker's boat carrying his baggage on board the steamer Garone.

Ryan went over to see him off, and on his return told me that he thought there was a chance for us to get up the river. The Garone was discharging her cargo into a river boat to go up to Dawson and he thought we could get a chance to go on her. But I had no hopes in that direction. My idea was to buy a Klondike boat large enough to carry our outfits and go up the river on her, though I had never told the others of my plan or that I thought it feasible. I wanted to get our freight out first and then proceed with my plans. Mr. Ryan was disappointed and began to look about for himself. Since Beeman left the company it had broken up. Rowley had drawn out and thought of going up to Kotzebue sound, leaving only three of us to go up the Yukon out of the twenty that left Lynn nine months previous. It was a fearful falling off, but we were determined to carry out our scheme, and although we had no money I saw my way clear to get up the river, so did not feel uneasy, but kept my thoughts to myself. The first steward and his wife were ordered on shore by the captain.

The mate accused the steward of stealing a tub of butter and an officer came on board with a warrant and searched poor Jack's room but found nothing. Then Jack said to the constable: "You search the barque and you will find many cases of beer and whiskey stowed away in boxes marked groceries for McAlaster. This information was taken ashore and brought a boat's crew from the cut-

ter. They seized a large lot of wet groceries, but as there had been no attempt made to land it they placed it in the half-deck and put a seal on the lock.

That night I woke up and heard quite a rumpus; some were singing, some telling stories, and as I looked out of the door I saw what I am sorry to write—that all were intoxicated; yes, some were beastly drunk and lay on the table and benches, and even on the deck. As it was dark, I don't know how many there were, but quite a group. Of course I wondered who had been treating so freely, for I knew that the majority could never have bought it, for they had no money, and it cost two dollars a pint on shore. I went back to bed and at last fell asleep.

Next morning the usual bustle of removing the cargo was going on, when the cutter's boat came alongside again for the officers to look at the seal and they found it broken, with a five-gallon keg of whiskey gone, so, of course, here was more trouble. They returned to the cutter to report and came back with an armed crew to search the barque. After hunting for an hour they found the keg, but no whiskey. Then the officer investigated and decided that the culprit was Harry Campbell, who, I think, had been censured by some of the passengers because he had a strong desire for drink and would get intoxicated whenever he could. He was now found in that condition, so as he was supposed to have drank the most, they arrested him and put on the irons, he going with them like a lamb to slaughter. After a hearing, he was locked up in a sort of a cage they had for that purpose. I thought it too bad, for there wasn't any doubt in my mind that the guilty party was still at large, and so it proved, for I was told, long afterward, that Harry was not the one who broke the seal.

Harry's trial came off, and as nothing was proved against him they brought him on board again. He was adopted

by a man named Dixon who, with his son, was going as far as Cape Nome. This was lucky for Harry, for he had no money and hardly knew what he would do. The cooking he had done paid his passage, but after the passengers left he had no position on board the barque.

On Sunday the sailors got leave to take the barque's boat and go on board the Garone, Ryan having a chance to go with them to see Beeman. There was an open bar on board of the Garone and I think that is what drew the sailors. When they returned that night Ryan said he had seen the captain of the Rock Island, the boat that was taking the Garone's freight up the river to Dawson, and if I would agree to it he could get us a chance on her with our freight. I was suspicious of everybody by this time and was afraid there might be some scheme to steal our freight, but at last I consented and we planned to get a boat and go on board early the next morning before the captain went on shore. Lepage and Ryan went on board and I remained on the barque.

There was one more that belonged to the chain gang, and that was Mrs. Dewey. Although not acquainted with her I often was near enough to overhear her conversation with other men, and as she spoke very loud, everybody could hear if they were interested to listen. She was a large woman and despised men for some reason known to herself. Perhaps it was because she had no attractions, for if she had depended on her beauty to reach Klondike she could never have got outside of her garden fence, but she could talk and scold in good shape. She had a mania for talking against our President and senators and claimed to have lost a plantation in Mexico through them. The Mexican president, Diaz, she called an assassin; and in fact, they were all assassins.

I made up my mind that she was a little gone, as she would never have started for Klondike alone with the

large amount of freight she took along with her. She had paid Chase $500, freight money, besides $250 for her passage, and as he had broken faith with her I did not wonder at her hating men—and yet she liked to talk with them. She had more money to lose and she wanted some one to find her a chance to lose it.

Ryan and Lepage returned with the joyful news that the Rock Island would take us and our freight up as far as the mouth of the Koyukuk river, which we had decided upon as our destination. We were to work our passage, and the captain wanted us to come on board the next day, for they were short of help. This was good news, so we got leave to pick out our freight that night and have it where it could be put in the barque's boat in the morning.

Mrs. Dewey called Ryan and inquired about the chance he had got, asking him to intercede for her. Ryan told her he did not think there was any chance for her, and at that she was terribly put out with him, and added him on her list of assassins, as she was wont to do with those who refused to do her bidding.

We did not lose any sleep over it, however, and that night we went down into the lower hold, with a gentleman to see fair play, and divided up with Rowley. We had our stores piled near the side port, where it could be easily handled, and turned in. Rowley had made up his mind that he would go to Kotzebue Sound.

Next morning we put our freight on the ship's boat, and Lepage and I went on shore to buy a boat to take along with us. It was the first time I had landed, so I went along to see the sights. There was but one street, that began in mud and ended in mud, passing through a bunch of houses; the post office, a hotel, and the military barracks were the notable buildings. I believe there was also a church. We went along among the tents where some of the chain gang lived, and saw quite a lot of boats for sale

that had just come down the Yukon; but there was none to suit us, so we did not buy. Some of our men were in pretty desperate circumstances, living on the charity of those that had but little, and a crisis must come very soon. What were they to do? There was no work there for them, notwithstanding the report in Seattle that they could find plenty to do at ten dollars per day.

It was quite a job to find fuel to cook with, for there was no drift-wood lying along the shore. I never learned where they got their fuel. We went along back through the same avenue, and followed along up to where some Indians lived, but they had nothing but skin boats, so we could not trade with them.

We came back to our own boat and found the ship's baker there waiting for us. We rowed along the shore and saw men working on the "knock down" steamers, putting them together. One or two were iron boats. We saw the Lalla Rookh Collins and Captain Whalen busy building to get up the river. Pulling off to the barque the baker put his jib and mainsail on the boat, and we bade good-by to Rowley and steered for the Rock Island.

When we got to the Rock Island we found the captain of the barque there with Mrs. Dewey. He had brought her over in the steam launch and took her to the captain to get her a passage up the river. The captain of the Rock Island declined to take her, as he had no room for her freight, so she gave him quite a dressing down and said he would take a lot of lazy hoodlums (meaning us), but would not assist a poor, lone woman. The captain claimed he wanted us for our work, but he could not take her, so she raved in her disappointment and considered him the worst assassin she had met yet. Captain McClure dragged her away to the launch, which was soon puffing its way back to the barque, and so we got rid of Mrs. Dewey forever.

CHAPTER IX.

UP THE YUKON.—WE WORK OUR PASSAGE TO THE MOUTH OF THE KOYUKUK.—LAND AND PROCURE A BOAT.—RUN A GAUNTLET OF MOSQUITOES.—DIFFICULTIES IN NAVIGATION.—CONQUERED BY RAPIDS.

Our exit from the barque was very sudden, and we left no trail behind us. Our many acquaintances made inquiries, but no one could tell them about us. Our departure was a mystery. Now this was the condition that was agreed to on the Rock Island. Ryan had seen the captain and had asked him for a chance for three of us, telling him our circumstances and where we wanted to go. He asked if we had anything of value besides our provisions. Ryan told him that he had a violin that he would willingly give if the captain would take it, but the latter said he would not take the last thing a man owned, so he went to see the purser, taking Ryan with him, and after talking the matter over, they agreed to take us, we agreeing to pay $300 apiece if we found any gold.

When I stepped on deck I found Ryan at work handling freight. Our outfits were all on board and stowed, so I reported to the mate, Mr. Hardall, who set me to work. We had been so long without work it came hard on us. We were given a room among the rest of the passengers, feeling that we had been helped by that great Omnipotent who moves in mystery, and thankful for His timely aid.

THE ROCK ISLAND LEAVING ST. MICHAELS FOR THE YUKON.

Beeman, who came on board to see us after we had stopped work, felt joyful to think that he was going home. He bade us good-by that night, for next morning we were to sail for the Yukon. Getting underway on a steamer was a small job; casting off the breast lines and backing on the sheer line swings her head off, and then, as she steams ahead, the lines are hauled in and the boat is away. As we drew away from the Garone the crowd on deck cheered us lustily, and soon we lost sight of St. Michaels as we plunged into a fog bank. The fog whistle was kept blowing, making its dismal music, and the dark fog, almost a rain, made things appear miserable.

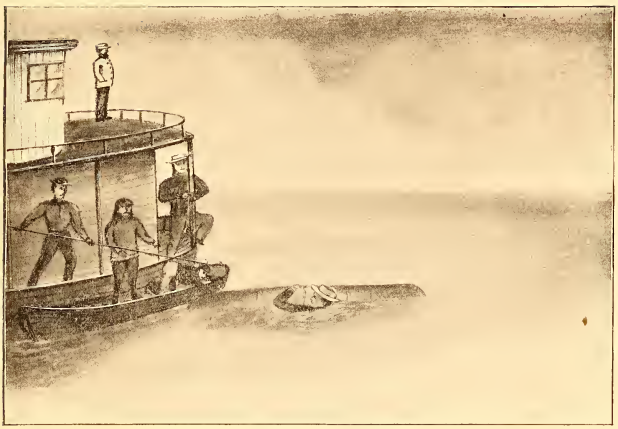
I found that the mate, Mr. Hardall, had taken a dislike to me; in fact, he did not love any of us. He kept us carrying coal to the fire-room, the coal being put up in sacks weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds each, and was piled along the outside guard of the boat that lay next to the Garone. All the filth from her was emptied on these sacks, and we must carry one of these sacks alone, with all the slime and grease besides. I noticed that none of the regular deck hands touched this coal or any other heavy weight, but the mate never knocked us off from our work, and kept us humming all day, and all night, too. We finally stole away to our quarters, however, and were allowed to remain there till 5.30 o'clock next morning. Lepage worked in the fire-room, assisting the firemen, and so escaped old Hardall, who nicknamed me the old German.

We had a lighter alongside full of freight that we were towing up to Dawson, and as she leaked considerably we were obliged to keep her pumped out with a tin pump. We had one man with us out of the Garone, a little Swede by the name of Ooly. He had been pantryman on that boat, and said he never had a good meal's victuals while on board, as no provision whatever was made for the

pantryman, and he came on board the Rock Island about starved. Ooly generally helped Ryan. We were kept carrying heavy boxes from one side to the other. Hardall was right after us, pushing and nagging at our clothes. His watchword was hurry up, and I felt that if I had to go to Dawson with him I would be a corpse or he would, one or the other. As it was we had to go seven hundred miles with him, and then we would be left to ourselves, so I concluded I must have patience. But it was hard to stand the abuse from that man.

We arrived at the mouth of the Yukon and made a miss of finding the channel, getting aground on a sand-bar, where we laid until the tide went out and came in again. Here we were visited by two canoes, an Indian in each one with furs to trade. This was quite a curiosity for the English element of our passengers to look on, so they got down on the launch and asked questions, which the poor Indian did not understand, until finally one young fellow, who seemed to be over-stocked with conceit and poor judgment, induced the Indian, who was a little shy, to let him get in one of the canoes. This canoe was made of seal-skin, all decked over, with just a hole in the centre for one occupant.

The Indian got out and stood on the launch, watching proceedings with that stolid countenance peculiar to the race, and the young man got into the canoe, with a man holding it upright, which reminded me of one learning to ride a bicycle. The new navigator gave the word to let go, and as they did so, over she went. The young man was under, with the canoe on top, and a shout of laughter went up that could have been heard in St. Michaels. The passengers clapped their hands and shouted at the misfortune of their countryman, whose broad brimmed hat had just then made its appearance on the surface, with his head in it. Spluttering and spitting out



THE CANOE CAPSIZED.

the muddy water of the Yukon, he grasped the bottom of the canoe as a man hauled it in alongside of the launch, while the unfortunate man was grappled onto and pulled on board—a sorry looking object, after his bath in the ice cold water of the Yukon. I think a little of his conceit was washed out, and a little caution took its place, for he never swelled around again as much as before, and he seemed rather more social.

Efforts were made to get a photograph of the Indian, but he would not allow it, and paddled away as fast as he could to get out of range of the kodak, of which he seemed to have a superstitious dread.

The captain had been out in the yawl trying to locate the channel, and had succeeded in sticking up a stake for a beacon. When the steamer floated I was duly thankful, for Ooly and I had been kept busy pumping with that tin pump—the steamer's pumps being useless temporarily, as she was flat-bottomed and lay on the mud. We were soon in the channel and steaming up the river. I thought to myself, could there be any gold in that heap of debris and mud? What a dismal place! Perhaps it was because I was not feeling well that the surroundings looked so horrible to me. Nothing but stunted willows grew along the banks, and large junks of earth kept slumping into the river as the current swept it away from underneath. Great beds of willows would break away from the brink and drop down into the water. For a while they would bend their strength against the tide, but it was only for a little while, and then they would be drifting among the other debris that floated down to Bering sea.

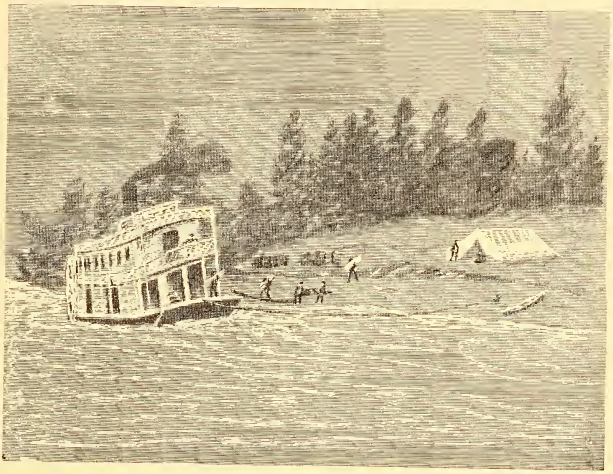
The Indian shacks here were built of willow woven together and covered over with sail. There is one thing I may as well explain now, as it will be mentioned often through the remainder of my writings, and that is the slough (pronounced slew). The slough is a side channel

made by the overflow of water. When there is an ice jam the water opens a new way for miles, running parallel with the river before finding its way out to the stream again. In time the water washes out this new channel, which always affords a very convenient shelter for men in a boat or canoe, when the wind is high on the river, and it is always easy to find one of these sloughs, for they are plenty along the banks of the river.

After two days on the Yukon I was awakened in the night by the cry of "Wood pile, wood pile," and the mate digging me in the ribs, as was his usual manner when he could get near enough. He was shouting, "Get up, boys, and help carry the wood on board." The steamer blew her whistle—the signal for wood to the men on shore,—and the steamer was grounded on some kind of a mud and sand beach. The plank was run on shore, with the mates hurrying things up, and two men landed with our bow-line and made it fast. The line was drawn taut on board by our steam capstan, and the captain went on shore to trade with these Indians for their wood, paying them in dry goods and some flour.

The word was given us to hustle that wood on board, and away we went with a rush, to be met on the banks by myriads of mosquitoes that seemed to be waiting for us, and charged on us like mad bees. When we opened up the woodpile they swarmed around us, and the blood ran down our faces from the bites of these little torments. We had no protection from them, and had five cords of wood to take in, so we had to stand it.

I was taken by surprise, for I had never heard it mentioned that there were mosquitoes in Alaska—I mean such swarms of them, and so well educated to their work. A few of the passengers ventured on shore with mosquito netting over their faces. I noticed that the Indians sat in the smoke of some dry logs, and were not troubled by



TAKING IN WOOD ON THE YUKON.

them. We got our wood on board, and were soon steaming up the river again.

A few of the torments took passage with us, and we saw but little sleep after that. One day we landed to cut wood, and were provided with axes. There weren't many professional wood-choppers in our crowd, so we got but little, and the steamer went on her way again. Poor Ryan cut his foot, through old Hardall punching him in the ribs to hurry him up. Ryan's boots were new ones and cost four dollars, but what did Hardall care for that? He kept on working us just the same, and I began to feel about ready to break down.

After wooding up and running the gauntlet of mosquitoes as usual, we landed at the Holy Cross Mission to let a lady passenger off who was going to assist in teaching the Indians. We saw the young Indian scholars come down on the beach in pink calico dresses and blue caps with gold bands around them. They looked clean and neat. This little town set at the foot of a high mountain, and had a beautiful sand beach. There was green grass growing, and, I understood, some other vegetation. I think it the most pleasant place I saw in Alaska.

We left that place and steamed along up the river. I was taken sick and went to see the doctor, who gave me some of his medicine, and the captain told me to go to my room and not to come out of it for anybody. I obeyed his command, and was soon enjoying the rest that I needed so much, although Hardall gave me a dig in the ribs whenever he came to our room to call the boys.

One day Ryan came and asked me where I wanted to be landed, as we were nearing the mouth of the Koyukuk. I told him where we could get wood to build our boat. There was a place called Pickett's Landing, and they would land us about a mile below. Soon after, the steamer blew her whistle for a wood-pile, and Ryan told me they

were landing our freight and to get ready to go ashore. I got out of my berth and going down on the freight deck found Hardall there. He told me to look over the boat and see that we left nothing behind. I found that everything was landed and shook hands with Hardall and the captain, who advised me to get up the Koyukuk as soon as I could.

I ran up the plank onto the bank and found half a dozen men there looking for letters and trying to sell the wood, but the price being $15 per cord the captain would not buy and pushing off from the bank steamed up the river.

I found that we were among swarms of mosquitoes, and as it began to rain we raised our tent and placed under it all perishable articles. It was a warm, sultry day, and the mosquitoes bit freely—in a sort of bewildered state. I tried to think what was the next best move to make to get away from there, for we would be devoured by these pests. We had to build a boat, for we could not buy one. The price up there was thirty dollars for a small poling boat, and it would take three or four of these to carry our freight. On the other hand it would take nearly three weeks to saw out the lumber and build a boat. Ryan cooked our supper and we tried to lie down to sleep.

I shall never forget my experience that night. It was not dark, for it was in July, and the day and night were all one. I took a heavy bed quilt, and wrapping it around my head tried to sleep. It was hard to breathe, but anything was preferable to being eaten up. Poor Ryan could not stand them. He ran and danced like a madman—shouting and blaspheming until I was afraid he had lost his mind. Lepage appeared to sleep, they didn't seem to bother him, or else he kept his composure. "Well," he said to me next morning, "let us go up Pickett's way and see if we can buy a boat." I did not know where it was coming from, but I felt that we could get something,

for Lepage had the money, though I did not know how much.

We met a few of the tenters, as there was but one log building, and that was Pickett's store. This place was worked by a steamboat company which paid men to cut wood for them. What they did not want themselves they would sell at a high price—even as high as twenty dollars a cord. When a boat was short of wood they would pinch them, of course, so we asked if there was a chance to buy a boat.

The prices ran from forty to sixty dollars, and we did not have that amount, but when we were returning I saw an old boat lying under the bank. It looked pretty well used up, but I stopped to interrogate one of Pickett's men who said he did not know who it belonged to—the Indians used it to go fishing in sometimes. I went down the bank to look at it and saw that it was just what we wanted—with a few repairs. She could carry all of our freight and I wanted to buy. He said he would sell it to us. We told him we had but little money, and he asked if we had ten dollars. Lepage nodded, and the man said he would sell for that. We closed the bargain and got into our boat, to drop her down to our tent, where I commenced repairs at once.

Lepage had to make a pair of oars and we went at it with a will. I felt that we were favored again and was thankful. There was a steam launch at Pickett's belonging to the Alaska Union Company; their regular boat was on its way up the Koyukuk and this boat was waiting for some steamer that would bring them letters. There were eighty men in this camp and the South Forks was where they were heading; yet there were men of the camp in a number of different places, prospecting.

South Forks was where they would build a city, and we were invited up to the South Forks Union City. As

we had not decided where to locate, we thought that we would go there ; so we hustled to get our boat ready, for we were getting no sleep and wanted to get away from where we were.

Sunday morning came and we were all ready. I did not care about starting out on Sunday, but the mosquitoes were biting just the same as they did any other day, and I asked the boys what they thought. They were all ready to go, so we loaded up our boat and with Lepage ahead with the tow rope—for the current was swift and banks steep—we warped her along toward the mouth of the Koyukuk. Some men hailed us, claiming we would never get up the river with that load on our boat, but we did not answer, for we felt sure we could and were not to be discouraged.

After we got around the bend we could row. Ahead of us was a high, rocky bluff that gave us a little trouble to get around. After that we could row, and we got to the mouth of the river sometime in the night, where we were told that our boat was too deep and that we never could get up the river with that load. We heeded not their warning, but pushing along we were told to keep to the right bank and we would go along all right. We did so as soon as practicable, but the trouble was we got no sleep.

After we had been three nights without sleep, we landed on the bank where there was a breeze blowing, and had a sort of restless sleep. We had been so long without it that we were troubled with nervousness, and I could not close my eyes so long as I heard the mosquitoes' bugle. We did not stop long, but were up and away again and soon began to feel the need of sleep. We tied our boat to an old stump that was off in mid-stream while we were getting our dinner,—if you could call it such. We had not taken time to cook and our meals consisted of hard bread and condensed milk—a very weak diet for the work we had before us.

GETTING READY TO ASCEND THE KOYUKUK.

I had made a mosquito net and had it over my hat; when I went to light my pipe it caught fire, and by the time I got it away from my face it was completely destroyed. The Alaska Union launch passed up by and hailed us, asking where we wanted to go. We answered "up the Koyukuk," and they replied we were on the wrong river—we would have to go back.

This worried us a little, for we had no charts and it was hard to feel just confident unless we saw some landmark. Yet I did not intend to turn back, and why that man should lie I could not tell.

There was another little steam launch on the river and we found out that it belonged to the Kelly party from New York. She was trying to take two heavy boats up the river, loaded with stores, by relaying. We had made a sail, and with a fair wind we were stemming the current all right.

We saw a large boat laying on the side of the bank, so we landed, and found three men of the Kelly party cutting wood. They were one of the relays and were waiting their turn to be towed further up. They told us that we were on the Koyukuk and that this Alaska Union Company was a set of vagabonds. They did not wonder at their trying to send us down the river again. It was one of their tricks.

I saw that two of this party were disgusted with Alaska and were willing to go back. We bade them good-bye and sailed away with more confidence in ourselves, for we knew that men would lie to make mischief and we would be on our guard hereafter.

We made a landing on the point of an island where there was a good breeze blowing, thinking to cheat the mosquitoes and get some rest. But after we landed and cooked something to eat the wind died out and they swarmed down on us.

Ryan and I walked the beach until I thought I should drop. We then woke Lepage up, got in our boats and rowed up stream again. If we had known enough to have made a smoke we might have got rid of some of the mosquitoes, but it never entered our minds, and we had to stand and take it. I saw that there was a coolness between Ryan and Lepage, and their sulky, glum visages made it very unpleasant for me, as it was a case that needed harmony.

We had seven hundred miles of river to get over and what there was ahead of us to overcome we did not know. We were told that when we got to Treat's Island we were half way up, but we had no way to determine how many miles we made in a day, and the river was nothing but crooks and turns. We did not set our tent nights, but slept out on the banks in our sleeping-bags, not knowing but that some wild animal would come along and eat our heads off. We cared little, so long as we could sleep.

Some nights we would wake up and find it had been raining and we were soaked. Our pillows sounded like a bee's nest when the bees are fighting mad and trying to get out. These mosquitoes were a torment to us; our hands were swollen to twice their natural size and our faces were a pitiful sight. Although we wore netting over us, they could get through and punish us for trying to keep them out. The river was low and we had quite an easy time of it, for the current was not swift and there were sand-bars all bare that broke the force of the stream, making dead water for us. All this helped and we figured we were making about fifteen miles per day, but I think now that ten miles was about all that we could do.

The shores all along were muddy, and when we landed we would sink nearly to our knees. The first fierce struggle we had was with a sand bar. There was a shoal channel between it and the shore, but not deep enough for us

to get through. On the other side of the bar was our only hope and we had a struggle to get there, for the bar was uneven, full of gully holes and then shoaled up again. We dared not get overboard for fear of getting into one of these holes and the current was racing over this point. We conquered at last and sent Ryan on the bar with the rope while we towed her along, but she took a sheer that Ryan could not manage, and after being dragged off into the water he let go the rope and Lepage and I went down the river like a race horse, leaving Ryan standing on the bar. We got to our oars and reached the bank after a hard row, where Ryan joined us.

After getting off the bar we thought we would try the other side of the river, but found we could do nothing there. Our only hope was this sand bar, so we came back again to the place we had left, and after a hard time of it we got by. We found that the river was rising by the junks of froth that came floating down. The wind was against us about all of the time and we could not use our sail. After this we had to use new tactics, for the river had changed. The crooks were more elbow style and we would cross the river to where the current was easy and there was good sand bottom; for as the current came rushing around a point it would cross over to the other bank, where it would gully out and the trees would slide in, making a mass of fallen trees that was impossible to pass, while on the other side there was easy water, with a good chance to tow our boat along until we came to the point that we would have to rope around until we could get a chance to cross over.

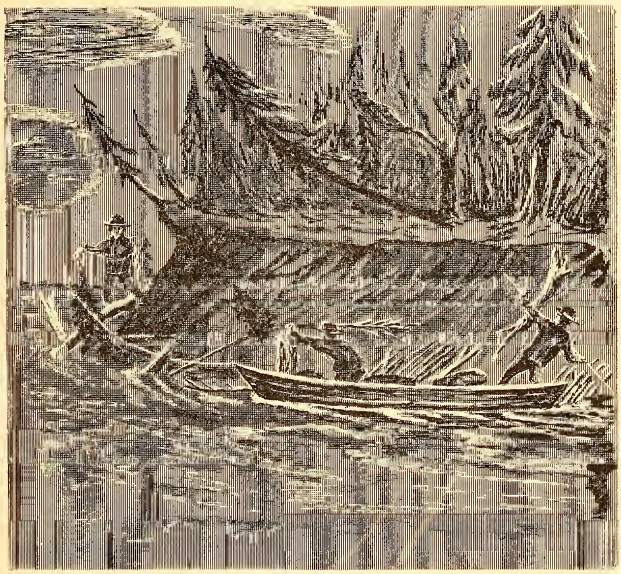
There were some difficulties also on the opposite side of the river. Some trees and limbs stood upright, as they had grown, while some leaned over our boat as if threatening to fall and swamp us. At other places the bank hollowed out ready to dump another lot of trees. This is

the way we got around that point. Lepage was the most sure-footed, and he took the rope, passing it outside of all the trees. When he got all the rope we would shove off and pull until we got to the end and then pass it again. This was dangerous work for Lepage, for he had to go out on trees that were lying in the river and by the crooks of the bank. We little knew when the bank would give way, but in this manner we managed to work the river.

One day we tried a slough for a rest and risked the chance of getting out at the other end. We made a good cut-off, but found a bar across the other end and the water pouring in. We worked some time to get through but found it impossible, so we had to turn back. We had then been on the river three weeks and the boys were doing pretty well for men who never had worked a boat before and had taken their first lesson on the Koyukuk. But one trouble was that after they had learned so much they thought they knew it all, and sometimes conflicted with my orders, which made bad work for me. Still this is natural to all beginners and I had to overlook it.

Lepage was very quick to learn, and used good judgment on working the river. He was very active in his movements, and that is a good feature in boating; but he was growing ambitious, and had to be called down. He was sulky, which he claimed was Ryan's fault, and so the harmony that ought to have existed was wiped out, and jealousy and gloom ruled in its place. Lepage had a jealous nature, that showed itself every little while, when he could not keep himself from his dark thoughts,—but it was Ryan's fault. He said he could get along with me all right if it was not for Ryan.

The mosquitoes were thinning out, the gnats taking their places, and these little pests were ten times worse than the mosquitoes, though they would let you rest nights. They would stop their work at seven, but about



DIFFICULTIES WE MET ON THE RIVER.

five in the morning would start in again at full blast. The mosquito net was of no use, for they would sift through it, and after they got in would fight to get out. They swarmed about us all day, filling our ears, eyes, mouth and nostrils; they would bury themselves in our hair and burrow into the flesh, bringing the blood.

We had not met a human being for three weeks, and we felt there was nobody on the river but us. One night, after we had pitched our tent, I was cooking supper, and Ryan and Lepage were securing the boat for the night, when suddenly I heard the command of "Hands up!" and looking up, I saw three men standing with revolvers pointed at us. Before I could say anything they burst into a laugh and came forward. I had not seen them before, but I shall never forget the feeling of welcome as I grasped their hands for a friendly shake. They had mistaken us for another party, but were glad to meet us. They belonged to the launch Serene, formerly of the Kelly party, that broke up down the river, and four of them took what provisions they wanted and came along. The rest went back to Nulato with the remainder of the stores to sell them out. We were out of tobacco, and begged a smoke of them, and they went to the boat and brought us a pound, for which we were very grateful.

They were going up to Arctic City, and we spent a pleasant evening talking together, and when they left us we were alone once more to fight our way along. Lepage grew sulky and would not talk, because they addressed their conversation mostly to Ryan; he did not like the Serenes and hated Ryan the more. At last Ryan said he would tell me what the trouble was between them, but as it was a personal matter I will not repeat it. I considered Lepage unreasonable, and no blame attached to Ryan. Lepage knew that he told me, and he was very wrathful with him.

I was delighted with my new acquaintances, and felt revived after their visit, for I was about half sick before.

We shouldered the tow line once more and started up the river, looking for Treat's Island, and though we did not know what the island was like, supposed that we would find the mouth of the passage easily. We followed the trail of some boats ahead, seeing their tent stakes where they had tented nights; sometimes a piece of sawed wood from some steamer was a sign that we were on the right river; then there would be a place where wood had been cut. This is the way I navigated without chart or compass, and was confident I was right.

One morning we passed the steamer Luella, wooding up. We did not speak her, as we were on the opposite side of the river. After getting about a mile further up we came to some rapids on the point of a sand bar, the first we had seen, and we tried hard to get the boat over them, but the current would catch one side of her bow and wrench her out of our grasp, swinging her like a top, then she would bring up sideways on a hummock, of which the bar was full, and nearly capsize. We always jumped in when we found she was going, and this frightened Lepage and he would scold, while Ryan always knew enough to keep his tongue still. I knew there was no danger, for the water was shallow. Lepage, after one or two trials to get the boat over, with the same result, thought we could row her over further out from the shore. I could see the water bubbling up there and boiling, showing that there was a rough bottom near the surface, but Lepage took it for back water. Off there was where the danger lay, for if we had struck a hummock we would have been thrown in so quick that we would never have known what did it. Yet I said nothing and agreed to venture, to give him a little experience.

We rowed out into the stream, got into the back water,

HANDS UP!

and rowed up to the rapids. We found we rowed bottom, and sometimes the hummock was there. I told them to try poling her, which they did, and gained a little, but a whirl in the tide caught one side of our bow, she spun around so quick that she threw them down on one side, and the boiling current keeled her over gunwale to, and away we went down stream. I held my breath until she passed over the hummocks, for I knew the real danger, while the boys were afraid of a little water that splashed over her side.

They took their oars to row, and I steered for the other side, trying to land above the Luella, but this was a narrow reach, and the tide was rushing through with great force, so we landed below the steamer.

These were the first rapids we had met and we were conquered. We had a hard looking show, but must pass up this reach somehow. The Luella had quite a number of boats that she was towing up and a few passengers, including one woman—I think the captain's wife. We went on board and inquired for letters, but there were none for us, and we pushed on up the river. We saw the Luella drop in mid-stream and attempt to stem the tide; she just held her own for fifteen minutes, and we thought she would not do it, when she began to get ahead, and under full steam turned around the bend out of sight, while we were holding on to the branches, hauling our boat along the bank. This was slow progress, but we won, and were soon on a sand beach with the tow rope and pole, pushing up stream.

When we started out in the morning we little knew what we had to go through before we camped for the night. We passed what they call an Indian village, consisting of a cache, a tent, a shed, a row of drying poles for drying fish, and a log shack. I called it a summer resort. The shed was what they used before they got tents to live

under in the summer, when it is fishing time. The cache is used for winter fishing, when the fish is frozen as soon as caught and put in the cache, where it remains frozen the year round.

The summer fish consist of salmon, which are split and hung over the holes to dry; sometimes a little smoke is used to drive off the insects, which, when they have nothing else, live on raw salmon. The place we passed was a fine location and the Indians seemed contented.

THE INDIAN HOME ON THE KOYUKUK.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE WAY TO ARCTIC CITY.—HUNTING FOR TREAT'S ISLAND.—TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.—THE MARY ANN MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.—MISHAPS IN TOWING.—WE REACH HUGHES' BAR AND SEE OUR FIRST GOLD.

We got pretty well up the river and were looking for Treat's Island, when about six o'clock we saw a large opening turning off to the right, and thought it worth our while to camp here and investigate. We landed on the point, which was quite high land with a low, swampy sort of meadow, and a creek running into it. On the other side was what we took for a wide river, but which I did not feel was the one we were looking for.

We pitched our tent, cooked and ate our supper, after which we were surprised by the Serenes coming up to the same point and making fast. They talked with us about this river, believing it to be the one they were looking for so we planned to try it next morning.

There was a fair wind blowing in, and we set sail and went ploughing up through it like a steamer. I did not feel sure then of what we were doing and would never have ventured but for the confident way in which the Serenes spoke. After sailing all the forenoon I began to see that we were wrong, and that it was a slough, but I knew that we would come out somewhere. About two o'clock we passed through a little creek and there we were, back at our old camping ground.

Well, we got out of that and crossed the mouth of the slough, and as we rowed up along shore we came to another slough, but there seemed to be some current there so we rowed in. It was dead water on our right, but inside was another narrow entrance with a long sand bar across its mouth from one side, while on the other the bank was washed out, twelve or fifteen feet, leaving the sod on top thickly covered with trees ready to drop any moment. This we noticed as we were coming back, when we struck on a current from this slough. I made up my mind to go in there, for it seemed as if the current was too swift for a slough.

It was about time to camp, so we ventured in and found a good place to set up the tent. There we held council. Was this the little river or not? All signs pointed that way, so we decided to go ahead and turn in for the night. We heard the steamers as they puffed and rattled, going up the main river. Ryan tried to hail them, but they either didn't hear or didn't want to, so he came back to the tent wishing some one would give us a tow next morning.

The more I thought of it, the more I felt convinced we were right, for I could see a strong current. The river was very narrow but we started along and were pleased to find that it was easy to work; it was very crooked but this is the salvation of the hauling boat, for there are sand beaches to work on, and as the river was low we made good time.

We saw our usual landmarks of tent stakes and steamboat wood, and on the third morning we met the steamer Kyle cruising after breakdowns, or, in fact, for anything that they could squeeze an exorbitant price out of, for there was no limit to what they asked, and if there was no money no help need be expected from them. They belonged to Arctic City and were the founders of New Arctic City. They hailed us but we had nothing for them

OUR FIRST INDIAN TRADERS.

so they passed on down the river, telling us we were about ten miles from the main river. On the fourth day we came into that stream and had a long straight reach to go through ; the banks on either side did not afford us any floating, so we pushed with our oars and rowed until we got by and were favoured with little better towing. We passed the mouth of the Hogatiakakat.

One day we had a good strong breeze, so we set our square sail and were sailing along up the shore in good shape, when we met an Indian and his two sons, in a poling boat. He seemed to be very intelligent and wanted to trade for cartridges, flour, tea and sugar. We saw a canoe coming down on us with a squaw propelling it against the wind and the water was flying. The Indian pointed toward her and said, "She crazy." She came alongside with two young Alaska pups in the canoe for sale, but as we had no use for dogs just then we could not make a trade. Just around the point was his shed and cache and two or three canoes. The canoes were evidently owned by the squaws as they seemed to be the main ones to use them.

As we rounded the point the wind was ahead and we took in our sail, using the tow rope again. The Indian landed with his boys and the squaw with her pups, for which she asked one hundred dollars each, the Indian saying she could get it any time.

A team of these dogs is very valuable in winter and almost indispensable, but a team can be got from some Indians for one hundred dollars. These dogs have to be fed and the whites cook up bacon for them ; the Indians sometimes have split fish and sometimes nothing, so he likes the white man. When he can't feed his team he is always ready to sell for what he can get, but is very independent when he has plenty.

One night we camped near what I called a large brook.

When we started out in the morning Lepage broke his oar and we had to go back to the place we had left and go to work making an oar. I taught him how to line one out and he was very much pleased. While he was making it Ryan and I set up the tent and cooked the meals. It took all day and we stayed that night.

A river steamer visited us at this place, saying they were told that there was gold in this brook, and they were prospecting. I think they had been watching us and seeing us stop imagined that we were prospecting for they did not stay long when they saw the real cause. They could not tow us up as it was their intention to prospect along the river as they ascended.

Next morning we were away again with a new oar to help. As this was in August, the rainy season was about setting in and everything now was wet. We had to tent in the wet and our flour was getting wet, for we had no tarpaulin to lay over it and the river was rising.

One day we were boarded by two squaws in a canoe to trade; they wanted flour but we could not spare it as we did not know how much of what we had was damaged. Lepage had some trinkets he wanted to trade for a fish, but no, they were not vain; a pair of shears, however, brought the fish. She held a silver dollar in her hand which she offered for some flour, but we could not part with any, so they pushed off and paddled up to a salmon trap that they had set and commenced to take it up, for there was going to be a flood.

One or two days after we pitched our tent at the mouth of a slough. It was raining very hard and we landed for the night. We had pulled our boat that day about three miles, by means of the branches of trees and the little willows that grew on the side of the bank. The river was rising and we could float amongst them, but the rush of water that surged down made it difficult for us to make

BOARDED BY SQUAW TRADERS.

much headway, so we pitched our tent until the waters subsided.

The ground was swampy, but we laid spruce limbs to hold us up out of the wet and that made it quite comfortable. The river had swollen even with the bank, but so long as it did not come over we were all right. We met a man going down alone. He did not encourage us much, but he was after provisions, he said, and passed on.

The rain came down in torrents and I felt that we would lose all of our flour. I was not very well and needed a rest of three or four days, so was not sorry at being delayed. While Lepage busied himself in enlarging the sail and making new spars, I got quite a rest, and as soon as the river fell enough we started up the slough, which was not very long and had a rapid across its entrance.

We had to cross the rapids from the island to the main bank. It was shoal water on the bar, but below us were stumps of trees protruding out of the water that was seething and foaming around them, plainly showing the danger we must encounter if we missed the bank. I knew that we would reach the bank if the current did not throw the boat's head down stream. The boys were excited and liable to make a blunder. I had the stern pole, as usual, and they the oars; so when we were ready we let her go. She fairly flew across and down with the frothing water, but I kept my pole going with all my strength, and as she struck the bank with her bow the shock nearly threw us overboard, and Lepage with the tow rope jumped on shore and got a turn around a stump that held her fast.

Lepage never gave me any credit in this exploit. It was too risky—these stumps sticking out of the water. I always said I did not see any stumps, so no more could be said about it, for we had been in just as great danger before, that was hidden under the water and nothing was thought of it. We could have dropped back out of

the slough but I could see no chance on the other side of this island, and if there had been, we would have had to cross the rapids just the same. We got along on that shore for a while very well. Every mile counted and we kept pulling them in. The river was lowering very rapidly, the weather was fine again, and we had passed the twenty-five mile reach.

Here we had some hard work to find footing, as this was a long straight piece of river, but we had managed as the river was low and we could get bottom along the sheltering banks for our poles. In some places we could find a shelf that we could walk on and tow; while ahead with the rope Ryan walked off one of these into the river. This accident might have proved serious if he had been caught by the current, but he got a hold on the bank and saved himself. The shelf he was walking on was a foot or more under water, and as it was rily he could not see the bottom and walked in. We laughed at Ryan for the wetting he got, but he took up the rope and paddled on again.

One night when we landed to camp, the bank was thickly wooded with whitewood and alders. The trees had been flooded when small and there was a complete network of them, the same as tall grass when it has been beaten down by a heavy rain. With our axes we cut out a place for our tent. On the river we could not always choose a good place to tent, but we always tried to camp among the spruce. Occasionally we would land where the bank looked all right, only to find a swamp on the top or perhaps a long low reach where nothing but willows grew.

We would sometimes find the banks wet and soft, so that we would sink down nearly to our knees, but we would have to camp there in lieu of a better place, and cut plenty of young willows to floor over our tent, these in most cases being wet. Still this floor would hold us up

out of the mud. Our boat was one mass of mud, that we had carried in on our boots, although we tried to wash it off. An Indian landed near us once, claiming that he was a pilot taking a boat up the river to Arctic City. He said there were five steamers on sand bars between us and Arctic City. When asked how many miles we were from that city—a question that had been asked so many times—he tried to explain by crooking his elbow in and out. This meant the crooks in the river and signified that in making one mile of progress it was necessary to travel six or seven.

These Indians could never define our mile. So many crooks of the elbow, and one steamer stop, so many crooks, and another steamer stop, was the way they expressed themselves; while this particular Indian kept count on his fingers of the number of steamers aground on sand banks. He predicted that we could never get up there. "By and by plenty ice, you stop." We did not like the Indian's predictions, for we felt that we could get there. He left us, passing down the river. A boat came down the river and hailed us. There were two men and a boy in this boat, one of them an old man, wearing an army overcoat. He was a G. A. R. man and asked us where we were going. We told him to South Forks, for that was where we intended to go, as it was the only place within the gold limit that we knew of. He advised us to go back, saying there was no gold up there, it was all a boom,—but looking at his pick and shovel, I noticed that they had never been used, and thought to myself how could he know whether there was gold or not, as he had never dug for it.

While he was conversing with us the Serenes landed astern of us a little distance, and our visitors dropped down to them and told them what news there was up the river—that the ice had formed and was quite thick in places. This was not encouraging, but I said, "Go we will until the ice freezes us in, and then we will have to

stop," but the Serenes said that they had a secret of gold fields and were willing to tell us, for they thought we could never get up to where we intended to go.

If all reports were true, this secret had cost them money. They would tow us, but we would have to go back down the river to the Hogatiakakat and up that river. They knew where to find the spot. They had passed the river, not seeing the entrance as they came by, but they knew it was below them now. They were turning back to find it, and we told them we would consider the matter. They said they did not want to influence us any, but simply made known to us the secret through feelings of friendship, so when we went back to camp we talked over the situation, and I said that as we had no particular place where we expected to find gold, I thought the prospects up that river were as good as on any other river, and we had the tip, why not go with them? They would tow us, and there would be no trouble. Ryan thought as I did, but Lepage wanted to be contrary. However, we notified them next morning that we would go with them. It being Sunday, we had intended to rest all that day, but as we had entered a new scheme we must be up and going; so we dropped down on to the Serenes and made fast.

At the toot of the whistle we started down the river, feeling that it was pleasant to have a tow, as we laid back, steered our boat, and enjoyed the idea of being near our journey's end. At last, about fifty miles below, we stopped to wood up, and while we were getting wood we saw a steamer coming up the river. Two of the men jumped into the boat to board her for letters. She proved to be the Florence, bound up to Arctic City from the Hogatiakakat. They had men up there prospecting, but they reported nothing there, so kept on for Arctic City.

This discouraged the Serenes, and they asked for a tow,

willing to pay any reasonable rate for their freight and the launch. They asked two hundred and fifty dollars, which was accepted. Meanwhile they had spoken for us, saying it was their fault in getting us down the river again, and so it was agreed to tow us up fifty or sixty miles. We accordingly hitched on outside of the launch, and were soon ploughing up the river again.

We were supposed to cut wood and help do the work generally. Lepage and Ryan split wood all that night. I, being the cook, was advised to stay on our own boat. Next day we landed for wood. Our boat was on the side that came next to the bank. I tried to drop her astern as we sheered into the bank, but other ropes were hitched over our bow-line, so that we could not clear them in time, and having no knife to cut it, we were jammed into the bank by the Florence—our old boat closing up like a book, and our thwarts protruding through the plank.

I thought it was the last of the old Mary Ann, as we called her. The water rushed in from most everywhere, and all I could do was to bail it out as fast as I could. After the first shock the steamer swung off a little—enough to free us, and we got our boat out and dropped astern. The captain was a jolly, good-natured man, and stood by us, but his brother, who was president of the company, was not like him a bit, and seemed to have a dislike for us. The rest of the company did not want to tow us up the river, being a selfish lot, but no worse than the rest of the steamboat men on the river. They were extending the helping hand only in cases where there were dollars.

The captain told me to drop our boat alongside of their lighter and take out part of our cargo, for the Mary Ann was leaking. This I did. The accident insured us a tow up to Arctic City, some of the company speaking very feelingly about the matter. We were two days here get-

ting wood, and then started from the bank in the morning for up stream. The Florence was a good boat, with plenty of power, and we did some pretty good work that day. There were two pilots on board. The older man's name was Magrath. They had been down to Nulato for provisions, being, as they claimed, old timers on the river; and I guess they were on the boom. They engaged to run this steamer up to Arctic City, and had kept clear of all sand banks so far, the captain said, and they had been running night and day.

But as the days began to shorten the nights were quite dark, and it was risky to run. The captain told me that he and his brother owned the boat. She was built in San Francisco, and sailed up to St. Michaels schooner-rigged. He had got along first-rate there with his company. Then, when they changed her into a steamer and had got land on each side of them on the river, they broke up all discipline and became unmanageable—his brother as bad as the rest. "But," said he, "I am skipper of this boat, and I will never cast you off."

One night, as we were looking for a place to anchor, it was getting quite dark, and the pilots thought it best to follow the channel across to the other bank and get an anchorage there. There was quite a high mountain, and land loomed up deceivingly, so they misjudged the landmark and plunked the boat on to a sand bar, where she lay across the current, and the harder we worked her the farther she got on.

We worked all night, but it was no use. The captain said he would lighten her, and by the time he got ready the river had lowered so that they could wade around the boat. She was hard and fast, and they could not get the weight off quick enough to float her. We rowed on shore with the old Mary Ann, where I stayed all day and did the cooking. There were plenty of gnats, but I kept up a

THE FLORENCE ON A SAND-BAR.

smoke that drove them away, and after the boys had worked three days helping to discharge the Florence, I saw that she would not float again for some time.

Magrath told me that the river might not rise enough that fall to float her, and they were fitting out their launch, putting a boiler and engine on her, in case the Florence did not float. So I called the boys in and told them I thought they had done work enough to pay for our tow, and we hauled in the old Mary Ann, gave her a good washing out, packed our goods in again, and on the next morning early crossed the river under the stern of the Florence, and soon had the tow-rope again in operation, dragging our boat up the river. Magrath told us that we had one hundred and eighty miles to go, that when we got to Hughes' bar—a certain landmark—we would be sixty-five miles from Arctic City, true measurement.

Hughes was a hermit and lived down there in his shack alone. He always had gold, and it was supposed he got it out of that bar, but after a time he went insane, and was taken to Dawson, where he was cared for. Many prospectors tried this bar in vain, but no gold to amount to anything was found there.

Red Mountain, just above, was another landmark on the river. We figured how long it would take us to get up to Hughes' bar, and felt encouraged again. One day we saw a little steamer coming up the river, which landed just below us, and we heard some guns. We sent Ryan down to the bank to ask for a tow, but he was refused under some pretence or other, and came back quite disappointed, but I said if we got up the river we had no one to thank, for they had all passed and left us by the wayside.

We found, on account of the river being low, we had good poling and footing. Magrath had told us we would have a good bank all the rest of the way, with very few

exceptions. We saw a couple of sheet-iron boats ahead, the occupants of which were cooking. We came up to them and found they belonged to the Alaska Union Company, going out to the States to sell shares in some great gold find. They had built a city and called it Union City, and advised us to go up to South Forks.

We left them, thinking how happy they must be. Here they were going back to the States with good news, and we were just coming in. Anyhow, we would see the States again some day, and so we kept on rowing and pushing. I believe it was on that same day that I walked off of a shelf and got a good ducking, as good as the old Diver gave us. The boys shouted and laughed, but I, like Ryan, took up my rope and plodded on again. They wanted me to put on dry clothes again, but I would not stop, so we went on.

The next afternoon we had to cross the river to an island where we could get good footing. There was quite a high mountain there, with the main channel close to it, and a long bar crossed from the island nearly to the main bank; a fearful current was rushing across it. This bar was not smooth bottom, but very uncertain, full of gullies and hummocks. It was a wicked looking place, but we would have to get over it; it was our only hope.

We sent Ryan out ahead with the rope, and pushed and pulled, sometimes the boat was afloat, then as quick as thought it would be aground on a hummock. I was worried and tired out, but I ordered all overboard to push. We could hardly stand in the water it was so swift, gullying the sand and stones from under our feet. We would soon be down to our boot tops. I called Ryan in with the rope; he could do but little, as he was afraid of walking into some of the gullies, and he knew that would be the last of him, so he came in, and we handled the boat much better, and got her over the bar. This was really our first

WORKING THE RAPIDS.

rapid, and it was a pretty swift one. We were done up and cramped.

As soon as we got to the land we had supper and a good night's rest. I forgot to mention that the Serenes put their freight on the steamer Kyle after settling with the Florence people, and started off with their empty launches after bidding us good-by, saying they would meet us in Arctic City.

We kept plodding along slowly, with few mishaps. The mornings were getting cold and frosty, and the ice could be seen on the limbs and sprigs that hung in the water. My hands and arms were chilled away up to my shoulders from handling a wet pole, and our toes began to feel the frosty mornings. We landed at noontime now and built a fire to eat our dinner. Some mornings were quite chilly when there was any wind.

One morning we passed an Indian village, and were surprised to see all the little Indians, with nothing to cover their nakedness except a short deerskin blouse down to their waists. I was chilled with the clothes I had on; in fact I wore all I could work under, with hip rubber boots. There were none of the male Indians to be seen now, for they were all away on the hunt for deer, whose hides were indispensable for clothes, which the Indians said were warm in winter and cool in summer. The squaws were fishing and tending the pappooses. The Indian would start out with his gun and dog, without any provisions, it being too much like a squaw to take any, and he and his dog would be some days without food, but when he shot a deer then he had a feast.

One day, in rounding the point of a sand bar, Lepage and Ryan, by not following up my instructions, both walked off the gullied side of the bar, and were lucky enough to cling to the side of the boat, which went drifting down the river again. I helped them into the boat,

and when they got up to the bar again they were more careful to do the right thing.

There were no more mishaps, and one day we found ourselves treading Hughes' bar. We saw his old tumble-down shack, which was in a fine location, and I thought how lonely the time must have been with him,—so far from any other inhabitant. Yet here was the bar he had dug over every year, and here was the shack where he had hoarded his gold. Hadn't his wakeful nights been tormented with thoughts of robbers? Hadn't he started at the sound of every leaf that rustled in the wind? Hark! it was the approach of those who would kill him for his gold, and he would hasten to the door, draw the bars and close the windows. There was no one in Hughes' shack. No wonder he went insane, but now he is well cared for. We did not stop to try a pan here, but kept right on, as we were making good time and the wind was blowing cold.

One noontime we landed on a rocky bar under a high mountain that came down into the river, and all the wash of this mountain from the very summit was precipitated into the river. There were large boulders half way down that looked ready to start any moment. I was sitting in the bow, with my legs over the sides, eating my cold lunch of pancakes and fried bacon, when I saw something glittering in the water, and reaching down I pulled out a pebble with the mark of gold across it. Yes, it was gold; and I found another which looked as though it had been forced over a lump of gold by the current, and having been pressed hard on to it by the weight of the other pebbles had got this mark—a quarter of an inch wide and an inch and a half long.

I showed it to the boys. They saw it was gold but wanted to go on, now we were so near Arctic City. This was Red-Mountain and the vicinity was called the Red

Lands. We went on until we met the steam launch Mitchell, whose crew was tenting, and we joined them. There was an island in the centre of the river and the main channel was on the other side of this island.

The Mitchell crew claimed we were about ten miles from Arctic City, which was good news to us. They were surprised when we told them we came all of the way up in our boat, unaided by anyone; for we considered the Florence had only towed us fifty miles in summing up the time we were with her. The Mitchell saw the Florence upon the bar, high and dry, and they were putting a stern wheel on their launch. I did not wonder at their mishaps, for they were a very profane set of men and I didn't believe that they would ever get up the river.

There was another steamboat anchored below us, which proved to be the Luella. She probably had been aground since we saw her last and had passed her. Some of these boats were handled queer—orders were given but none heeded them. I saw an Indian for a pilot who could not talk English, and as he could not understand what was said by the crowd he had his own way. He could not steer, but pointed out the channel like an old-fashioned compass, pointing from one side to the other and finally got on a sand bank which he claimed wasn't there the year before. That explanation saved him from an exasperated set of men who wanted to put him and his dogs overboard while they turned their attention to the work of getting their boat afloat.

It was believed by the new comers that the sand bars would change in a year, but such was not the case—the pilot making use of that loophole to save his reputation. There is no doubt but that the bars change in time—always doing so as the current washes away the side of the channel, but not to the extent of shutting you out from the same channel you navigated the year before.

The Mitchell got off ahead of us and crossed to the other side. We heard them pounding on some iron, but what the trouble was we did not know. As we were packing our tent in the boat the Luella came in sight and got to the point of the island. I heard a great smash on board of her, like a ton of iron crashing through her timbers. Everybody seemed to turn out and they were trying to clear their anchor, but did not get it over; so they went drifting down the river, blowing their signals of distress. I could do nothing to help them with a row boat, and the Mitchell did not attempt to, so we went on up the river, passing the Mitchell, which had sent a boat out prospecting and to find a place where they could get wood.

CHAPTER XI.

A WINTER IN BEAVER CITY.—UP THE ALLENKAKAT TO "HELP ME JACK."—STAKE A CLAIM ON MCALPINE CREEK.—BUILD OUR SHACK.—AN ATTACK OF THE SCURVY AND A STRUGGLE WITH DEATH.—MANY TALES OF WOE.

I expected to arrive in Arctic City the next day, and so the next morning we started out with light hearts. Noon came and no Arctic City. Had we been deceived? But no; there came the sound of a steam saw-mill on the wind, and we trudged along brisker. We heard no more of the mill and I began to think it was some steamer up some slough sawing wood, when I looked up and saw on two high poles, "Arctic City." "Here we are, boys!" I cried, and we hauled our boats up among the others that lined the banks.

The Serenes came to meet us and took us into their tent, and a hot cup of beef tea, with granulated potatoes, bread, butter and coffee were very refreshing. They were moving their goods up to the new shack they had built, having arrived three weeks in advance of us. They had their launch hauled up in winter quarters and had built a shack. We were to go up the Allenkakat one hundred and twenty miles, and after that thirty miles up the "Help Me Jack" if there was water enough.

Mr. Cox, president of the Kyle party, had men up there prospecting, and from them we could get all the information that we wanted. This party numbered twenty-six and

was a very busy lot. They founded New Arctic City, had a saw mill and were all fitted out to supply any party that came there. They had men in different sections prospecting and were willing to give us the tip up the "Help Me Jack." I had intended to rest a week here, but was told that the sooner we started up the river the better, as the Allenkakat was very low. They advised us to lighten our boat; we could store our goods in with the Serenes', and two days were all I could have for rest. In that time we lightened our boat to about ten inches draught, and the Serenes had loaded two little sheet iron boats that they had.

As we were all ready we struck tents and started for the Allenkakat—eighteen miles above Arctic City. The Serenes went along with their boats like a lot of young colts. We were like old army horses—not fresh, but knew our business when we came to it. We made the mouth of the Allenkakat and turned up that stream, seeing on the way the steamer Eclipse hauled up in winter quarters. This brought the Blackburn party from Gloucester. They had gone up the river in dories before we left Arctic City. I was chosen captain of the party and I blew my whistle on starting in the morning, on stopping and starting up again at noon, and on stopping at night. So I kept them going, just the same as I did when I was alone with our own boat.

In the party was a young Swede—a smart young man with all the knowledge of rivers and farms and ships. He thought that I worked them a little hard. I said nothing but went ahead. We soon heard a great roaring, as if Niagara had broken loose. This was a warning of what there was ahead for us to battle with. They were the first rapids on this river, and they were a fierce-looking sight when we came in view of them. I looked for a way to get clear of them and found water enough to draw our

boats over where it was not so rocky. We entered smooth water again after crossing these rapids.

I saw that this river required a different method of navigating and made new plans from the first rapids. It was always worse on the side where the channel run, but we could find a hole through on the other side. I liked this river, for all of us were walking right on the river bottom, and when we got over the rapids we had deep water and smooth sailing. The bottom was of small white pebbles—some of them very beautiful. One day I picked up two moss agates larger than my thumb. One was a beauty. If I had had time to look I might have found many more, but in towing one couldn't see what was under his feet.

Lepage began to disobey my orders and wanted to show what he knew, but the Serenes took no notice of him, for he was not generally liked among the men. I had but one row with him, and that was when he tried to get the men to take his way, which would have swung the boat across the rapids and probably have capsized her, with the incidental result of hurting two or three of the men. After letting them know that she should go ahead further, they did as I bade them, and we got through all right. Then I explained to them, that although I was a little rough on them because they got over their boot-tops, I was standing in the stern and could see the trouble. We had their boats in tow and hadn't got through the pass yet. Had Lepage attempted to swing the head of our boat across the stream, it would have thrown us down across the rapids, for as soon as the current caught the other bow nothing could have held her.

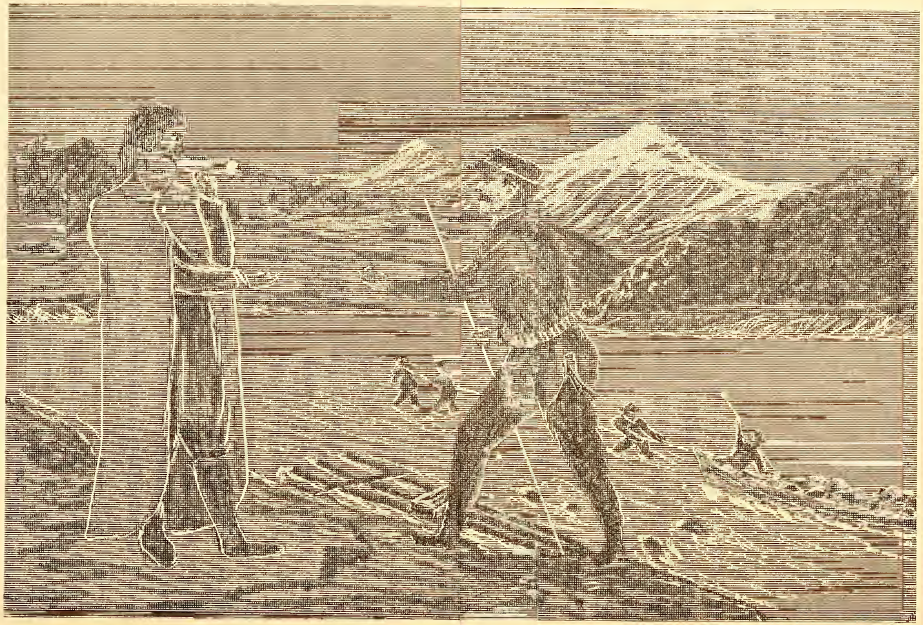
After this I heard no more from Lepage, but he was jealous to hear another praised. He was a good man in a boat, so long as the boat was going all right, but would get excited and throw up everything if there was danger. This is what I did not like in him. I saw a little of this

on the river when he was steering and the waves washed in as we entered a rip. He dropped the steering and ran forward, as that part was nearest the shore, ready to jump as the boat broached to. I seized the helm and steered her out of the rip, and could but feel a little disgusted with this act, yet he was trying to make people believe he was a great boatman.

There was no more trouble after that and we went up the river in great shape. These rapids that we ascended had a fall of as much as six feet, and some were very difficult to climb. There were many Indian villages along the Allenkakat, for there was good fishing. We saw two canoes with squaws setting a net, and in five or ten minutes it was taken up and landed full of fish. They had a heap of fish on shore which froze as soon as landed and were sorted out—some for the dogs and others put in the cache. An old Indian sat on the shore smoking his pipe and watching the squaws catch the fish.

Ice was making fast along the shore and was quite thick in dead water. The river was getting lower and some of the rapids we had to launch our boat over. We passed many boats in their winter quarters. The Jenny M., which was on a sand bar, was considered sixty miles below the "Help Me Jack." We passed by her, and next we met a tall Indian standing on a rock with a long yellow blanket over his shoulders and a pipe made of a brass cartridge in his mouth—a noble specimen of the Red Man. His hand was extended for toll and one of the Serenes presented him with a hand of tobacco which seemed to please him very much.

Aground on the bar were his three logs, pinned together by pieces running across them. One end of the logs was close together, while the other end was spread apart, forming a wedge, and across the center was his seat. He smiled on us as we passed him. We got over these rapids



PAYING TOLL.

and passed on up the river. The mornings were now quite cold and the ice was so thick in places that our boat was almost cut through and was leaking.

How beautiful the mountains looked in the slanting rays of the low sun, for it was getting towards the end of September and we had quite long nights now. These mountains I thought would have made a most beautiful picture —so many shades and rich colors. We fell in company with another boat going up to Beaver City—a name I had never heard mentioned until we were on the Allenkakat. It was at the mouth of the "Help Me Jack" and was founded by a company of beavers from whom it took its name. We were told that in another day we would see Beaver City; and sure enough as another day dawned we could see the smoke of the city and hear the Roaring Bull rapids—the last rapids we had to tackle.

As it was night we thought we would camp and go in next morning; so next morning we were on our way toward the Roaring Bull, which roared the louder the nearer we came, and frothed and foamed. But I saw how to get through and did so with very little trouble. We passed right on to the "Help Me Jack," and as we went around the bend we saw the starry banner flying from a high pole. This was Beaver City. We had more rapids to climb, but there was shoal water and we had hard squeezing to get the boats over, taking them one at a time.

The salmon were so plenty going up this river that we kicked them from under our feet. They were considered no good to eat after spawning, but they keep on going up the river until they sicken and die, never turning back. We landed and pitched our tent, and I was glad to get those rubber boots off my feet and lie down to rest. It was the second day of October, and the river was beginning to freeze over. We must build a shack for winter quarters.

The McAlpine brothers met us and took some of our numbers off to stake on a creek called by their name. There were the best signs of gold there that they had yet seen, so we had claims staked on the best creek in the vicinity. Everybody was trying to get a claim there; while some of the boys were staking, we went to look for a place to build our shack, which we located on the Allenkakat, where the "Jenny M." people were building. The Serenes chose a site there likewise, so we had to pull up stakes and move back around the point where we set our tent, and commenced putting up the Serenes' shack first.

As I was not very well I cooked for the boys and kept house. Before the ice made they crossed the river and got two or three boat loads of moss, which they cut out in squares like stone paving. After they considered they had moss enough we hauled our boat up to the bank and turned her over for the winter; yes, the winter. Little did I know what that word meant to me. The shack's sills were laid on four corner posts and the logs notched at the corners to let them down on one another. They were then caulked with moss. The roof was made of smaller poles, covered with a thick laying of moss and about six inches of dirt spread over it, making a good warm roof. If the shack had been built on the ground it would have been a great deal warmer. When all caulked up with moss and heated with a good stove, one can keep warm in any weather.

We commenced to build ours as soon as the Serenes' was finished. It was ten by twelve, with three berths and a table, which left good floor room. We made two long benches and three stools. Lepage and Ryan got a log and horsed it up on some cross pieces for the purpose and whipped out some boards—this job made fun for every one that came around where they were at work. Neither had ever whip-sawed before, and as Lepage bossed the job, he

kept Ryan in hot water all the time. I don't know how many times he came down from his top perch to whip Lepage. You could hear them swearing all over the lot.

They sawed ten boards and then quit. These were taken to make the door and shelves. Lepage put his door together with green stock for a finish, and soon one could put his fingers through the cracks. This I had to patch over. He never bragged any about that door, which let in lots of cold through the winter. We had no glass for a window, so we cut a hole in the door and covered it with a thin piece of cotton cloth.

We moved into our new house and set our stove one foot above the floor on account of short funnel; and as everything was green and frosty the place was rather cold, more especially the floor. However, we could make a good hot fire and keep warm from our knees up. When we sat down we placed our feet upon a stool but we soon found that we must lower our stove to make it warmer.

There was trouble brewing between Ryan and me. I don't deny that I was a little irritable, being sick, but what his motive was I could not exactly define, for he generally started the quarrel. As he was right at home with a tongue lashing, he roasted me pretty badly sometimes. I believe he was put up to it by May, one of the Serenes, for he had, as near as I could find out, joined the Kyles through the influence of May, and of course had told his tale of woe. Whether or not he had some grudge against me and wanted to give me a thrashing, I could not tell, for there was nothing I could remember. I had always stood for him against Lepage, but one night as I was cooking supper I had the door partly open for light to do my work, when he came in and wanted to close it as he was cold.

I told him I could not see with the door closed; if he was cold he could put on his coat. He gave me a great abusing and afterwards I began to think the only way to

stop it was to fight it out. But, as it happened, there was no more quarreling between us.

I was over at the Serenes one night and received a vote of thanks for my services as leader on the Allenkakat. We had beaten the record for a loaded boat, making the trip in eight days. They realized that my hurry along had got us up just before the ice closed in, and felt grateful. The boys were after wood and found plenty of dry trees standing which made excellent firewood.

We were called up to Beaver proper to organize the city. The meeting was held in a large double shack, and there we made the miners' laws for the city and for staking out claims. A claim was to cover five hundred square feet, and a man could take only one claim on a creek. Staking by power of attorney was prohibited. May got up and said that power of attorney was not right, yet he had staked by power of attorney on the best creek. I know that the recorder could not help knowing this, but he was allowed to pass on ; so we had one sinner in the crowd. The town was to be laid out in house lots, and each man that was located at the present time would share in an equal division of these lots. I believe there were about forty lots apiece. Dr. Cunningham was elected marshal, and had the power of choosing his aids. There was also a president, secretary and treasurer—and there we had our city.

The boys went out with the rest prospecting, and we at last had about six claims apiece. The snow had fallen some, and the river could be crossed in places. Everybody was talking about going down the river over the ice to bring up provisions, nearly everybody having more or less stores to bring up from their steamboats. Ours was in Arctic City, and Lepage and Ryan were making sleighs to go down with the Serenes after stores. I was also making a sleigh whenever I got a chance to work at

BREAKING THE TRAIL.

it. Ryan had got out a few pieces, when the time come for them to start. Lepage had his done and I had mine, so I gave it to Ryan, and they packed up for the trail. Bacon, beans and hard tack was their fare, with a good tent and stove.

I was left behind this turn, as we expected to make another turn when they came back. I attended a meeting one night in Beaver, when it was reported that one of the Eclipse party was lost. He was up the "Help Me Jack," with his partners, and was on the trail home when he walked away from his companion. That was the last they saw of him. The weather was cold—fifteen and twenty degrees below zero—and they were afraid he would freeze. He had his pack of eatables with him, but his disappearance was so strange that they began to fear the worst. They wanted volunteers to go and hunt for him, and quite a number volunteered. I had frozen one of my toes and was unable to join this party, which was to start next morning.

They had for a guide an old hunter and Klondiker by the name of Sly—a man of good judgment in such cases. The place where they were to separate was thirty miles above. The river was shallow and wide, with many little islands and sloughs. Dead Man's slough was where they expected to find him,—for it was easy to branch off on this slough, mistaking it for the main river, with which it ran parallel.

The second day on the hunt they found him away up a ravine, at the beginning of the ascent of a mountain. He had travelled out beyond the timber line, and as he began his ascent he fell, and was found there dead. He had been tracked close by the Kyle shacks, where he had passed back and forward over their claim. There was no place on his trail that showed he had ever stopped to rest or cook anything to eat, although he carried provisions with him. He

had thrown away his blanket and all of his pack but an old frying-pan and bottle of matches. Evidently he had chilled while walking up this ravine, then frozen and fell. It was a sad affair. He was a Gloucester skipper, and belonged to the Knights of Pythias in that city.

This affair seemed to cast a gloom over the inhabitants of Beaver. The deceased was brought down the river and buried in an icy tomb one hundred miles north of the Arctic circle.

Dr. Chambers stayed with me, as his men had gone down to their boat, the "Jenny M.," for stores. He sat up to have a smoke with me, and later turned in with his boots and all his clothes on. He was a very odd man, good-hearted and generous, but I never thought he cared much for his profession. He belonged in Philadelphia, and had considerable wealth. I kept a hot fire going all night, and as he never complained I thought it was all right. I was busy making a sleigh and worked very late nights. I was not very well, and my legs began to give out, but I kept upon my feet, thinking it would help my legs.

One morning, after the doctor had left, the shack caught fire around the stove-pipe. I threw water on, as I had six pails full, but found that I would have to get upon the roof. I thereupon took an old line I had and fastened it to the pail which contained all the water there was left. I took the end in my hand and climbed up on the roof. When the pail was half way up the line broke. You may guess the rest. Just then one of the Serene party came along and gave me his assistance. The fire would get in the moss, and it was almost impossible to put it out, but we got things under control after having quite a little fight in the cold—fifteen degrees below zero. I was glad to build a fire and get my breakfast.

The doctor remarked that I would burn it all down

SAM MALLIMOOT TRADING.

some day by the hot fires that I kept. He stayed no longer with me after that, and I was alone and getting worse. Every day the cords of my legs were getting more and more stiff; still I went out and cut my day's wood and carried it in, but I knew it would not be for long.

Indian Sam Mallimoot, as he was called, came along one morning when I was cutting wood. He was the chief of a small tribe of Indians down the river called the Mallimoots. He stopped to talk, and I asked him about the winter time. He said, "Plenty cold bime by, too cold," and that was all he would tell, for you must take these Indians in and feed them if you want to get any information from them. They "plenty eat, plenty talk; no eat, no talk." Sam was a crafty Indian, and was well versed in all the crooked ways of the white man, but he could not be depended on.

Everybody now was up in the creeks putting up shacks and getting ready to work their claims, which could not be done until the ground froze down to bed rock, so that when they came to dig, the hole would not fill up with water. In order to sink a shaft it was necessary to build a fire and thaw the ground. Then there would be about three inches to work over after every thawing. This process was continued until bed rock was found, and there the gold was supposed to lie. The boys had left for Arctic City on the tenth of November, and had been gone a week, when I attempted to arise one morning and found I was hard and fast. I lay there and thought what I had best do.

I decided I would crawl over to the Serenes and ask them to get my wood for me, and probably I could get others to help. So I put on all of my warm clothes and got a long staff. With this I hobbled over to the Serenes. I was passing the "Jenny M." shack when they asked me where I was going. I told them, and they told me that

the Serenes had gone up on the creek that morning. They invited me in to warm myself, and I informed them how I was situated. I asked little Frank, as we called him, to cut me some wood. He came over with me and went into the wood-pile, and soon had a lot of wood cut.

I asked him if he knew of any Knights of Pythias, as I belonged to that order myself. He replied in the affirmative, and I requested him to notify them at once, which he did and brought three or four to see me. I had moved the benches together by the stove to make me a bed, and I could put wood in the stove and cook from these benches. I had plenty of bread baked, which I soaked and ate with condensed milk. My legs were so bad that it was impossible to straighten them out, and I moved about on the stools. My teeth were loose and gums sore.

The doctor made a friendly call and I asked him what he thought of the case. He called it inflammatory rheumatism. I had a high fever and was drinking water a quart at a time. He advised me to take a drink of citric acid once in a while. This was something we had plenty of, it being called a scurvy preventative. I had used but little of it, and I liked the drink, but I thought acid was not good for rheumatism.

I was alone night and day. In the morning some one came and cut my wood, brought it in and left me alone until next morning, although I told them I knew that I ought not to be left alone nights. Still no one offered to stay, and finally the Swede who cooked for me told me that he would have to go upon the creek, so, of course, I was left alone. After rising to wood the stove my head would swim, a blindness come over me and I would almost fall to the floor. But I would crawl back to the hard benches and turn from one side to the other to rest until morning.

The sun had set for the winter, the last rays shining on

the twenty-sixth of November. We used candles day and night. I never knew when it was day, except by my watch, and we were having it forty-five and fifty degrees below zero. The white frost glistened on our walls in defiance of my heating the stove as hot as I could make it. From the bottom of our stove down to the floor was an atmosphere that chilled my legs and froze my toes, and I had to hold my feet high to save them. The cold Arctic winter had set in.

As long as there was a spark of life in me I managed to keep my fire in the stove going, as they had left me considerable wood. I think that they were afraid of some scourge for they had fled and left me in a living tomb. I kept my candle burning and the time went slow. I was getting in a state where I did not care whether I lived or died. I had given up all hopes of recovery and was waiting patiently for the end. I had become reconciled to my fate and felt ready to meet my maker.

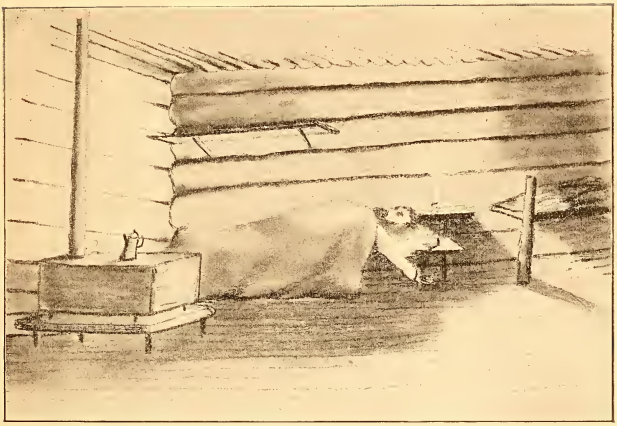
Some times I could hear a stranger passing. Would he step in? No, their hearts were filled with the greed of gold and what was a dying man compared to that? His cries, his groans could not reach their ears, for their hearts were cold; every tender feeling warmed in their breasts by the charitable fires of humanity, had disappeared and gold, gold, gold, had taken its place. How much like the brute the human family can be! Can they think to escape punishment?

I lay on the benches and ate but little. I did not care for it. There was nothing left,—the honey the Sunflower had sent me, and bread from the Eclipse, were gone; the wood was all gone, and I felt unless relief soon came I, too, would not last long. That night I dragged my blankets to my berth and with my knife ripped down the side of my sleeping bag so I could get in, and with all the fixings I had piled on me to keep out the cold, I lay down to die, for I felt that it was my last night on earth.

Sometime in the night, with the candle burning dimly, enshrouded in an atmosphere of frost, I heard footsteps outside of the door, and as it opened, Ryan entered, covered with frost. He said, "Captain, how are you?" His voice revived me and I answered, "I am pretty sick." "Haven't you got any wood, no fire?" "No," I said, "I just burned the last." Lepage said but little, said that he had met the president of the Jenny M. who told him I only had a little rheumatism and if I would get up and walk around, I would be all right. I knew in a moment why he told this story—he was ashamed for never calling on me. He let himself down easy.

Ryan soon had a good fire burning and supper cooking. Lepage cut the wood, a job he always claimed, and I began to feel brighter. He cooked prunes that I craved and they did me good. I was not alone now, I might die but not freeze to death. I was better for a day or so and then grew worse. My mouth was swollen and sore and I could not eat, for my teeth were loose. Ryan asked me if I would have a doctor and I told him to do as he thought best, so he sent for Dr. Cunningham of the Beaver, who came and looked into my mouth and said I had scurvy. "Well, doctor, what can you do for it?" I asked. "I can help you," he replied, "but can't cure unless you can get about twenty-eight pounds of potatoes. You can get them at Burghmont, one hundred miles from here, and they will cost twenty-five cents a pound." How was I to get them without money? Ryan called on the neighbors and got vegetable soup prepared in cans and I began to feel as though I had taken a new lease of life.

In the meanwhile Lepage had gone down the river again as I had chosen Ryan to stay with me. I began to feel better spirited and could sit up a little while at a time. We sold some of our candles and sent the money down the river to buy potatoes by the Kyle which ran a dog express between Beaver and Arctic City.



I LAY ALONE STRUGGLING WITH DEATH.

Ryan told me that the Serene parties who were upon the creek building a shack came down the trail to meet them and to help them with their load. May and Dane saw them coming and May said, "Those fellows have been doing nothing and we have been tugging it on the trail," and he kept it going until Hinckley slapped his face, then he got a club and there was a hot time in general, but the rest of the men parted them and they came home two very bitter enemies. May came over to see me and it was all he could talk about. He wanted to fight a duel with revolvers, he was too warm blooded to take an insult and not resent it, he would not let it pass. I laughed and said, "What a beautiful sight it will be for two intelligent men in their right minds to stand up and pop at each other with revolvers. Now, don't you think yourself that it would be a ridiculous sight?" He admitted that it would and I heard no more about duels.

Three more new men came to us, two belonging to a New York company and one of the same state went with the steamer Niagara. One day Brady of the New York came crawling into my shack; his legs had given out and he could not walk. I told him he had the scurvy. He thought it was rheumatism, but I knew he was wrong. He laid in until Ryan came and carried him over to the Serenes', where they were stopping, as Hinckley and the Swede had gone down to Arctic City. When I was taken sick, they said nobody but lazy men got the scurvy, but here was a smart young man who had been working hard on the trail and had given in near my shack. Tom McArthur, his mate, began to get needful eatables for him and citric acid for him to drink. The Doctor ordered me to drink no water without it, and I was getting along nicely.

The captain of the North Star, who was working down on Charles Creek, called. They had been down sixty feet,

down to bed rock, and had not seen a particle of gold. He had started in again, for exercise this time, he said. We did not believe there was any gold there, and he felt rather gloomy over the prospects. He had laid out a good deal of money, owning the steamer, which would not sell in St. Michaels for old junk. This was a sample of the bitter complaints that I heard from some one every day.

Mr. Donohue, of the steamer Sunflower, and president of the company, called and told me his tale of woe. He was an engineer, had high wages and a steady job on the Cannon ball railroad, and had sacrificed everything to come to Alaska, and now it was a dead loss. J. McAlpine's brother was stricken down with the scurvy. He believed it to be rheumatism, and called Dr. Chambers, who extracted two of his teeth, and the case went on under that name, until Dr. Cunningham was sent for, and told him he had a bad case of the scurvy. His mouth was terrible from the teeth he had had extracted. I was surprised at Dr. Chambers, who never gave in but what it was rheumatism that we all had. It was getting to be a serious thing around through Beaver, and many were stricken. They had been up on the creeks and worked their claims, but would have to give up and come home.

Tom McArthur was working J. McAlpine's claim on some kind of a lay, for McAlpine had to attend to his sick brother, and the "Jenny M.'s" were doing considerable work. Ryan brought me the news every day of what was going on up the creeks. Some could not be worked on account of water, and there were all kinds of flying rumors. Some days our courage would go way up, and the next day drop down to zero. May and Dane, of the Serenes, went up to try their claims on McAlpine creek, which was looked upon as the Eldorado of Alaska. Those who did not hold a stake there were trying hard to get one, and it was the boom of Beaver City. People were

coming over from Kotzebue Sound, over a rough trail, leaving most of their outfits behind, or throwing them away, to rush to the boom of Beaver.

What won't men do for gold! Here they were exposed to weather sixty and seventy degrees below zero, living in tents, and relaying their packs,—for they must have all the provisions they needed, it being too far to go back and get what they had left behind. There were miners coming over from the Yukon who had a trail through the mountains eighty miles long;—this trail was rough and the marks uncertain so that some got lost by wandering away from it and never finding it again. I knew one of a party who got lost—Jack, the first steward of the Haydn Brown,—and had to eat their dogs and the rawhide lacings on their moccasins. When found they were in a dying condition, and were brought out by the Kyle. Jack afterward called to see me at my shack, and his experience, as he told it, was something awful.

The Eclipse had a man die, the one who took Blackburn's place. He belonged in San Francisco, but we knew nothing of his friends, so he was buried in a prospector's hole, this being the most convenient grave we could give him.

People began to fear the scourge, and many left Beaver, only to find it prevailing in other places, confronting them wherever they went, until stricken down themselves. They wandered from place to place. South Forks was worse than Beaver. There were no raw potatoes there, and they did not know that they were the only remedy, so the people died and were put under the snow. The engineer of the Anawando, Tom McArthur's friend, both of them New York firemen, died with the scurvy, unattended, and poor Tom was overcome with grief, thinking if he had been there he could have saved him, but he was one hundred miles away and could not leave Brady, who was also a

very sick man, dying with scurvy. It was something that the people were unacquainted with, and a great many doctors were puzzled, for with the scurvy a man appears very dull and stupid, and sleeps a great deal. He is dying, and nobody knows it. His heart beats slow and his blood ceases to circulate, and he drops dead, when, perhaps, five minutes before, he has walked from his chair to his bed. Then they are surprised. Why, I did not know that he was as sick as that; but he is dead, and who is to blame for the neglect for not watching him closer?

The doctor told Ryan that I had been the sickest man of the lot, for he was not certain that he could fetch me out of it, but I helped him with my will and was now getting well fast. Poor McAlpine got on his feet and went to see the neighbors too soon; he had a relapse, and was now sicker than before, with inflammation of the kidneys, and could not move out of his bed, suffering terrible pain.

One night the doctor paid me a visit in company with Mrs. Brewster and Josie Campbell, as we called her, it being her married sister's name. Mrs. Campbell and Josie have the record of putting on male attire and helping Mr. Campbell draw his boat up the Allenkakat river. These women were medium size and of robust health. Josie shouldered her axe and drove her stakes on three or four creeks, yet she was a refined woman, and something of a mandolin player. This is the style of our western woman, with the strength of a man and his endurance, while she possesses the modest refinement of a lady. Mrs. Brewster was a great conversationalist, and talked me almost well again. They did not stop long, and that was the last time I saw Mrs. Brewster, but Mr. and Mrs. Campbell called once or twice during the day.

These people belonged in Minneapolis, as near as I could find out, and the steamer they came up on was of

the same name. Josie had a lover by the name of Lane, who brought me some vegetables out of their cache. He said his partners were very snug in that line, and held a meeting to see what they could give, but he went out to the cache, took these cans of vegetables, and brought them to me. He felt disgusted. Josie afterwards found that he had a wife, so she gave him the sack, and he packed down the river.

As she helped Campbell saw the fire-wood, she always managed to have her end of the saw when a new lover appeared. Of course he took her place, and she went into the house; if she wanted the wood all carried in, she would go out to get an armload, when there would be a rush of three or four aspirants, and they would manage to bring it in. They were standing around the gate day and night. One they called Brush had so much hair on his head he could not wear a hat. I have seen him in the coldest weather without one. Another man played the harmonica, and was always tooting on that, but Harry Bounce, an Alabama chap, played a guitar, so he had the inside track, as he often got an invitation to come in. Poor Harry was quite smitten. The other lovers packed down the river, one after another, and left him amusing Josie with his guitar, and helping saw wood. As Josie had a party of four who played on different pieces, Harry was not without a rival, and the boys would say, as she discarded one and accepted another, "Campbell has got a new wood-chopper, where is the other?" "Oh, gone down the river," or, "She has sent so and so down the river." Josie was the only attraction, for there was no gold up in the creeks, and there must be some excitement.

My potatoes had come. I got but seventeen pounds and three pounds of onions, and I felt that these were doing me good, but I did not have enough. These potatoes were frozen and so were the onions, but they were deli-

cious. I could only have four a day. The doctor made his last visit, saying there was nothing more that he could do, I was getting along all right. "Eat plenty of vegetables," was his order, and I paid strict attention to it.

May and Dane had split. May wanted to thrash Dane. He was dancing around the shaft upon McAlpine creek in his anger and fell into a fire which they had to thaw and got scorched, for which he blamed Dane, and swore he would shoot him.

I believe May was a little affected in the head by his actions for he got furious with Ryan, because he claimed that Ryan had told Kyle about this claim he was holding illegally, and Kyle went to the recorder and found it and traded it with May for one on another creek. Kyle would not tell who told him, so May blamed it on Ryan, as he was the only one that knew, and came over one morning to give him a thrashing. Ryan swore he had never mentioned it to any one, so May cooled down and Ryan did not get the thrashing. It was learned afterward that the recorder had told him as Kyle wanted a claim on McAlpine creek. The scurvyites were all doing well, for they had sent for the potatoes and were getting along all right, except McAlpine, who was very sick. There was a shooting accident down at Red Mountain, where a number of little steamers had met the ice and become frozen in for the winter. The crew had staked on the Red Lands. One man's feet were frozen, so that it was necessary to send to Arctic City for a doctor—a distance of sixty miles—to have his feet amputated. There were quite a number of deaths in an English camp down at Hughes bar, where the Argonauts were located. This was the secret they had on the Haydn Brown, so there they drove their stakes.

The sun had not risen and it was Christmas day. I had not seen outside of the shack as yet. There was to be a feast over to the Jenny M.'s that night. I could not

go, so they sent over my part and it was not to be laughed at. I enjoyed it but there was no roast goose. On New Year's Eve, about midnight, I heard a firing of guns all around Beaver. Ryan was asleep and I thought him lazy for a young man, so I reached up over my berth and took down my rifle. Ryan saw this and stared at me as I filled the magazine full of cartridges. He jumped out on the floor with just his pants and stockings on, and wanted to know if I was going to fire that gun. "Get out of the way," said I, as he made for the door. I jumped out of my berth and never shall forget how my legs hurt me as I struggled to stand on them, but I was mad. Ryan got out of that door. I opened it and commenced firing as I heard the Jenny M.'s saluting. Ryan came back and after emptying my rifle he came in.

That was my first attempt to stand on my feet and it was what frightened Ryan. It was my first look out of doors. Josie and her band were giving entertainments in the different shacks and were making quite a lively time for Beaver.

There was trouble in the Brewster family. It seems some evil-tongued man had said bad things about Mrs. Brewster; and for fear Mr. Brewster would hear of it she thought it best to tell him first, so the explosion came and Brewster was soon packing down the river. His wife said she was innocent of this scandal and called for a miners' meeting to get their decision, as Brewster had brought the man who reported these stories back to Beaver with him. Accordingly they stood before the great tribunal of Beaver City, charged with making false reports to blemish a woman's character. The man admitted none of the charges, and no testimony was given that proved them. So the case was thrown out and the Brewsters lived happier ever after.

Ryan brought me all the news of the town; he was now complaining of lame legs and thought he had the black leg,

as scurvy was called. I always thought that Ryan didn't care much if he did get it, so that he might share in the sympathy that scurvyites got from those that were all right. I could not help believing that Ryan was playing a bluff. He claimed that every day his legs were getting worse and he could hardly get in and out of bed.

One night he went to bed and left the candle burning in a wooden candlestick that had a piece of tin to set the candle in, the hole going down through the bottom, so that when the candle burned down it would drop out in a dish underneath, put there for that purpose. Ryan had never kept this candlestick cleaned out as he should, so when the candle burned down it would not pass through, and set the candlestick on fire. It was on the wall over the table at the time and the wall caught fire. I was awakened by the snapping and cracking and looking out from under my blanket, saw the flame going up to the ceiling. I called to Ryan that the house was on fire. He made a spring from his top bunk, and landing on the floor among the stools, went dancing up and down in front of the fire like an Indian brave at a war dance. I told him to take the candlestick down and throw it out of doors, which he did. That stopped the blaze but we had to dig out the moss that was on fire.

Ryan did not show any signs of lameness all through the fire and afterwards went to bed as spry as a kitten. This caused me to doubt his illness. He was quite a foxy chap and no doubt had a motive. Next morning he was lame and went on his usual trip with Tom for firewood. He stayed in the other shacks and left me alone about all the time. One day he said he had it for certain, as there was a black spot on the back of his leg above his knee. He showed it to me and I saw where some one had painted him with black ink, three finger marks as plain as a picture. I think it was done by some of the boys for a joke. Ryan

not suspecting, I never let him know what I had discovered but allowed him to think as he pleased about it. I told him I thought that he ought to have a good warm pair of moccasins. He had previously bought a pair of Sam Mallimoot, giving him a hunting knife for them, and wore a hole through them the first day. I admit that his feet were very poorly protected.

One day two or three Indians stopped at the shack and I traded some slabs of pork for a nice pair of mutlocks. This was the name of a moccasin with a long leg to it. Ryan was proud of his present, and soon asserted that his legs felt better. Some one must have reminded him that he was neglecting me, for he stayed at home evenings now and read to me from the books he could get out of the Beaver library. Thus the time passed pleasantly with us. I often got a piece of pumpkin pie or some doughnuts from Dane of the Serenes, who was a very good cook.

CHAPTER XII.

LIGHT BEGINS TO DAWN.—A GENERAL EXODUS AND LEPAGE AND I ARE LEFT ALONE.—VISITS FROM THE INDIANS.—GILDED DELUSIONS.—THE ICE IN THE RIVER BREAKS UP AND WE, TOO, GET READY TO START.

The sun was now beginning to rise, and as we had picked up some broken pieces of glass we managed to make a window for the door of our shack, which vastly improved the interior. The first streak of sunshine that shone in our cabin was glorious to me. The sun rose higher and higher, the dark gloom of night was dispelled and we began to feel like human beings again. All of the creeks were given up but McAlpine's. They had not got down to bed rock yet. Little Frank of the Jenny M. was the main operator on their claim and felt confident, as he had found some gold part way down. When Frank got down to bed rock and found nothing there, they would all pack down the river to their boat. This was in response to the order from their president, Mr. Hill. I could not hope for any, for my claims were among those that were being worked.

The Eclipse men were to come in the twenty-fifth of February and dissolve partnership, giving each man a chance to look out for himself. Mr. Grant, their leader, had gone prospecting when they were building their boat in St. Michaels, and they had never heard from him since. They were unlucky in losing men in this way, though they

never had but the one man sick. They had a good cook and range and lived as well as they could at home.

Lepage had not returned and I was not expecting him as the trail was rather uncertain and the water was over the ice in some places, making a slush that was sometimes hip deep. May bade us good-bye and went down the river with a number of others. Little Frank found no gold and the Jenny M.'s packed down the river to their boat—sixty miles below. The New York party, with Dane, moved in the Jenny M.'s cabin, as it was larger than their own, and intended to enjoy themselves until they were ready to go down the river,—a new party taking the shack they had deserted.

Dr. Dyer had been all of the summer and winter getting up to Beaver. The doctor was slow but sure. He never rushed headlong into a venture, but took his time and looked the ground over, moving very carefully when he went ahead. He had been all this time in getting to Beaver, so now he intended to look over the ground that was just deserted by the rest of Beaver. He had a cunning little device of his own he called a mineral rod, which would turn in his hands and point the place where the gold was to be found. He would linger some time in Beaver City before going up to the creeks and wanted to figure just how to proceed. He believed that he could find the natural source of all the gold that was lying in those creeks without having to dig for it. Dr. Dyer would never dig for it—it was too much work; but he could find it on the surface or close to it, so he played cards and smoked for a month and was no nearer starting than on the first day he came. However Dr. Dyer remained with us as long as everything was pleasant and agreeable, then went up to the deserted claims.

One day we were surprised by the Indians, who were going up the river to hunt the caribou, with their squaws

and families. They camped near and came visiting us. The oftener we fed them the oftener they came. I laughed at one Indian who seemed pretty hungry. I gave him a good plate of beans and he covered them with condensed milk, vinegar, pepper and a little sugar. The most interesting squaw was old Tom's wife, who reminded me very much of some of the white women. She could talk very good English and she did love to talk. I gave her, as well as the others, considerable to eat. She said she would bring me a piece of caribou when they came back from their hunt. We were overrun with Indians and dogs and the like during their stay. When we stopped feeding them they pulled up stakes and went on up the river. With the hallooing of Indians and yelping of dogs they passed our shack out of sight and hearing. I was now getting so I could walk over to our next neighbor's to spend the evening, hear them sing and otherwise enjoy themselves, with a glass of lemonade and piece of pie to end the evening's entertainment. I was gaining strength rapidly, and as the boys were talking of going down the river soon I was in hopes to be well enough to go with them.

One night we had Josie and her band to entertain us and quite a delegation of followers. They played well and Harry sang some of his southern pieces with guitar for accompaniment. He sang some love songs in a very melancholy tone of voice, giving a great deal of feeling to the piece. To please the crowd he had to sing it twice. I suppose it was because he was so near his departure down the river and because Josie was favoring another young man that his sadness gave feeling to the song. The crowd seemed to think so too, for they cheered him on until Harry began to take a hint and declined to sing any more.

There was a good piece of pumpkin pie and a glass of lemonade for all when the company broke up and sepa-

rated for the night. Some of the party I never saw again. Poor Harry alone with his sleigh went down the river,— Harry, who was quite an amateur acrobat and claimed that he could stretch his spine six inches. He thought little Frank wanted to fight because he danced alone one night up at their sociable; but now, poor Harry, with a sad heart, was thinking of the wood he had sawed for Josie while he was plodding his way over the trail toward Red Mountain, only to be missed in Beaver when it came wood sawing time at Campbell's cabin. He could remember how many times the boys got around and gave him the horse laugh now it was all over. He was a sadder and, it is to be hoped, a wiser man after this.

There was great preparation made for the general exo dus before the ice broke up. Our neighbors, the Serenes, were getting ready and Ryan and I had made up our minds if Lepage came back, to join the crowd and go down to Arctic City. We also felt like moving. I thought the change of scene would help me.

We had not heard from the States, and I had received no letters from home since I left San Francisco; neither had they received any from me. There were no mails from Beaver, although we tried unsuccessfully to have a mail carrying letters at fifty cents apiece. If letters had been mailed to me they were strewn all over Alaska. We waited until the first of April for Lepage, and then, as he had not come, I made up my mind to stay behind and bring the boat down the river. Ryan said he would stay with me. I urged him not to, because I knew he wanted to go with the rest. But he was firm, so we settled down to stay, when one fine day Lepage came. He had no load with him, only enough to live on while he came up the river. I was surprised and disappointed, for there were not enough provisions for three of us, and he brought none with him. He got a cool reception for using such poor

judgment. He felt it, too; so Ryan said he would go down with the Serenes, and I was to go with him.

We called for a division of all our provisions and camping outfit. This, of course, took some little time, and I was glad when it was finished. When the time came for us to leave Beaver City, Ryan tried to pile both our outfits on one sleigh, and he started with me behind holding the gee-pole. The snow was soft on each side of the trail, and when the sleigh slewed off over it would go. We took off some heavy clothes bags, and leaving them on the side of the trail, went on. We had tipped over so many times that the rest of the sleighs were mostly out of sight. I was tired out, and had to give up and turn back.

Ryan left what belonged to me on the side of the trail and went on. I got back to the old shack again, and Lepage went after my baggage and soon returned with it. I was lying on my back, a pretty sick man. Lepage was very kind and tidy. He cleaned our shack and set things in order. How disappointed I was in not getting down the river! I found that it would not do to lie there sick, so I got up and did the cooking, Lepage doing all the rest of the work.

I felt lonely, for all of my kind friends were gone, and strangers had moved into their shacks, who were not sociable, but kept to themselves. Dr. Dyer had gone up on McAlpine creek, and with his rod expected to do some pretty good work. Two of his former party, having moved into the Jenny M. cabin, intended to build a boat to go down to St. Michaels when the river broke up, which would happen about the 20th of May.

The Beavers had moved down to their boats. The Eclipse and Sunflower had gone, as had also the North Star people and Minneapolis. This latter was the boat that Josie and Campbell were in and no one was left be-

THE DESERTION.

hind but a few men to bring down the small boats; so we had no company and nothing to do but lie and wait for the river to break up.

A party of the Kyle that had been working up the "Help Me Jack" came down and took up their quarters in the Serenes' cabin. They had boats to take down to Arctic City, so they joined the waiting party. They had sunk shafts sixty feet and found nothing, so now they were waiting with the rest of us.

Dorcross, the boomer of the Koyukuk, was a squaw man. He made his living by going down to the mouth of the Koyukuk, and inducing the people he met there going up the Yukon to go up the Koyukuk instead, by telling them stories of the fabulous wealth that lay within the gold belt of the Koyukuk. He himself had a claim that he would not take twenty thousand for. The Kyle party had fallen into his trap. They engaged him to run their steamboat up and down the river, besides giving him a year's grub stake for himself and family, and paying him for his services on the boat. They had worked according to his dictation, and here they were, ready to go down the river without an ounce of gold. Dorcross hinted to the Lowell's people that he could tell them something that they would like to know, but they must trade for it, so they built him a fine shack and dance hall and gave him a grub stake. Then they got the secret and worked upon that creek with all confidence, but found nothing.

Other men were operating on the different tributaries, the same as Dorcross. I wondered if some were not in the employ of the steamboat companies, who were carrying on a nefarious business by inducing men to leave their families, and mortgaging their little belongings to pay their passage up to Dawson. Many families were left destitute, for the craze of gold had seized their natural protectors, and they rushed off to Klondike.

I have seen the young man who stood high among the elite of his town, now a tramp, depending on a few scanty means for what he got to eat. Who is to blame for all this? The steamboat companies are. They capture the papers that advertise for them; they pay some unscrupulous scamp to come to the States and report whatever they dictate. I saw these men when I came out and when we sifted them found there was no truth in them. One man I was acquainted with was blowing how he had struck it rich, his pockets were filled with gold, but he borrowed money of a few, forgetting to pay it back. The Seattle papers gave him and his gold a great puff, and he could borrow a few dollars on the strength of it. These are the props that hold up this great delusion before the world. It is strange that men can degrade themselves so, but there are plenty that will. Through Dorcross, hundreds of men came up the Koyukuk.

It was whispered to us that the Allenkakat was where we ought to go, and we would be told where to stake, so we went. This whispering made one feel that he was really going where gold was to be found in plenty, and having a secret gave one confidence. "Hurrah, boys! we're in it, don't give it away!"

The boom from Beaver City was made by Dorcross. It brought men at the risk of their lives from all parts of Alaska, only to find everything staked. Money would buy it, but these men were not going to buy, instead, talked loud of enforcing United States law and jumping claims. So it was, "Have your guns ready, boys for they can't come here and break through our laws." We were prepared to fight for our claims, if need be, for we were right and they were wrong. There was a boundary line that took in the coast of Alaska, going into the interior but a little ways, that comes under the law of the United States, and the militia are there to enforce it, but away in the inte-

rior the miners make their own laws so long as it does not conflict with that of the United States. At the time I was there all communities were ruled in this way with the United States at their back. The miners I saw were not the crowd of roughs that the newspapers speak of, but rather a refined lot of men, as good anyhow as the average in the States. We had men who, when at home lived at their ease on their incomes, and men who did a good business when in the States. There was a bank cashier, backed by millions,—little Frank of the Jenny M., who has been mentioned before,—and quite a number of doctors. There were but few hoboes, for it was too far for that element to come, and the climate did not suit them.

It was getting along about the middle of April and we had a month to wait yet. I went down one night to the river for a pail of water, which we got through a hole in the ice. The moon was shining bright and the night was transformed into day. As I looked along down the great white river, now with five feet thickness of ice, our only retreat out of these wilds, I shuddered as I thought of the time we had to wait. I dreaded the passage down, yet I longed for the time to come.

What beautiful scenes in these surroundings! The dark shadows of the trees on the snow, and it is so quiet, —nothing but the yelp of a Mallimoot dog can be heard, as he sits alone in some open spot where the moon can shine on him. He raises his head towards the moon and utters those terrible cries that we hear, so human that it reminds one of the ancient worshippers of that planet, but the dog is calling the rest of the pack around him, and they are all soon imitating him with their chorus of yelps. This is kept up for half an hour, when suddenly, I don't know what causes it, whether one dog can yelp better than the others,—but there is one of the greatest uproars imaginable—they are having a general fight. That whacking

noise we hear is made by the owner of the dog with his club, breaking them up. Many good dogs are ruined in these fights, for they bite one another with savage ferocity, though they are not considered cross to men.

The Alaska sky is something beautiful and wonderful, it seems so clear, this winter sky I speak of, each star trying to outshine every other, and the Aurora Borealis—who can tell what causes this wonderful vision? It is in the southern part of the sky, and the North Star is over our heads, but the Aurora, flashing and flaming across the sky, darting hither and thither, reminds one of the reflection of some great fire that is not on this earth, but amidst the snow and frost of a frozen atmosphere.

I went home with my pail of water, and thought how wonderful Nature was, showing her works even here. There is a hot spring or geyser up between the head waters of the Kowak and Koyukuk. The Kowak enters into Kotzebue Sound, and has its gold belt on a trail near Dawson. I was told by one who saw it that there was a sand spring. He could see it bubbling up like a boiling spring of water, and when some wood was thrown on it, it instantly caught fire. There were springs of water where we were that never froze, even on the coldest days, but kept running down the mountain and freezing on the run, making a beautiful view for photographers. We had a few of these individuals with us, and they were very busy getting these views.

The mountains that could be seen north of us were barren rock, crumbling away and washing down into the valleys, forming the land we lived on, washed there by the rivers. Nature was doing her work of destruction among these mountains; great crevices and gullies were all washed out by the running rivers in the spring, and hard frosts in winter. We felt secure with a frozen foundation of ice and snow under us, but in the summer it

seemed to me that I was standing on an uncertainty, something that was liable to leave any moment.

When Lepage came in that night he told me that the two men of the Dyer party were making ready to build a boat, eighteen feet and four feet beam. This was to be one of our amusements until done, for we predicted disaster to that boat, while they said it was all right, they knew what they were doing.

The ducks and wild geese were quite plenty, but there was only one gun in Beaver, and that was getting them. One fine day an Indian came to our shack,—a tall, lithe fellow, with the frame of an athlete, but he was black, although he had good features and talked very pleasantly. I wanted to learn who he was and where he came from, so I brought out a new pot of beans, all cooked, and let him go at them. He laughed and ate, ate and laughed, until I saw the bottom of the pot, then he quit, and facing us, said, "Good!" "Where have you been?" I asked. "Way up river; me hunt caribou." "Did you get any?" "No, me no catch 'em,—no snow, no caribou. Me come two days, two nights, no eat, no sleep, plenty water," and he measured on his legs how deep the water was over the ice. He said that he was a hunter for the tribe, and he was going over the divide,—a range of mountains that divided the Allenkakat from the Kowak river. He would get woodchuck and mink, deer and mountain sheep.

These sheep have a fleece more like the goat, but it resembles wool to some degree. They take to the mountains when mosquitoes are plenty, like the deer, and get above the frost line. When they see a smoke they come down to feed, and the crafty Indian is there and gets his game. He told how many moons before the river would break up, and after looking over my rifle and wishing it was his, left us to have a long sleep, so he said.

Next day Tom's wife came in with a piece of caribou

meat in her hand and offered it to me. I asked how much, and she said, "Me no sell, me give." I cooked some of this steak and called it excellent,—it was tender, and had not the wild taste that I was expecting to find. She came next day with three children, and I introduced them to the never failing bean pot and a good cup of tea, which, after drinking, she scraped out the sugar with the knuckle of her forefinger and lapped it with her tongue. This, I noticed, was Indian etiquette, they all had the same trick. She wanted to appear very nice, and talked all the English that she knew, and some that she didn't. Her children kept staring at me with their little, bead-like eyes, like kittens. I offered them a piece of bread covered with beans, which they would grab out of my hand, and when they had it up to their mouths would look at me defiantly, as much as to say, "You can't get it from us now." She said she had a hard time coming down the river and bad luck on the hunt, no snow. There was about three feet of snow that winter, and it takes five feet to make a successful hunt for caribou.

The snow is light, not like the snow in our climate, damp and heavy, but like granulated sugar, only not as heavy. It does not pack under the feet, but will let one through on to the ground. I have seen it snow when the sky was clear, not a cloud to be seen, and I think it was the frozen atmosphere, not many feet above the ground, falling like little grains of sugar, but so cold! I have seen the snow squalls covering the face of the mountains, while above it all was clear. "Too cold to snow," I have often heard said by the old folks, "it must moderate first;" but with us it was so cold that it passed the limit and snowed. The cold, dry atmosphere was what caused the scurvy, which was a distemper of the cold, and the body suffered for the want of that moisture we were used to, like fish out of water. The flying fish must keep its

wings damp to fly, and man, out of his natural element, must suffer without moisture. The doctor told me that in some of the middle states scurvy was prevalent, and he had attended plenty of cases. Potatoes were always used to cure it, and always proved a success.

But I must return to Mrs. Tom, who came in and brought her husband. After a feed of beans and pancakes they related to us how to catch caribou, when they had plenty of snow. Why they went in the spring was because the sun had melted the snow and it packed enough to bear them up with snow shoes.

When they found a group of these animals they attacked them with spears and they could not run away in the deep snow, so a great many were generally slaughtered. A feast was made of the first one killed and they had plenty good time, but they had no good time this hunt and they were most starved, they and their dogs. As Mrs. Tom said, she was so tired, dog go little way, lay down. It is the squaw's duty to hold the gee-pole and steer the sleigh and whip the dogs along, while the Indian marches ahead, picking the trail with his gun in his hand; Mrs. Squaw, with a host of little pappooses trying to keep up, all on snow shoes following close to their ma, does have a pretty lively time on the trail. Between the dogs and pappooses she was tired, and now they were taking a rest in Beaver before going home, which was only sixty miles away.

When they go on the hunt, every member of their family, sick or well, must go too. An old Indian woman, a widow, who was very sick, had two sons with her, and she like the rest, was wrapped up in her robe of bear skin and was lying without shelter on the ice of the river. Some of the men living handy by erected a tent over her and putting a stove in it, built a fire and said to her sons, "Now, you cut wood and keep a fire." They replied, "No, me no cut wood." This was not hard-heartedness but a

duty, through a supernatural belief that there was a bad spirit in possession of her, and if they built a fire they would be keeping him warm, which he liked very much, and the only way was to freeze him out by keeping the old lady on ice.

These Indians stayed with us as long as they got fed. Lepage took account of stock one day, and figured that we had only enough provisions to carry us through and none to give away, so when the Indians came in to see us again we did not ask them to eat. There was a plate of Yukon pancakes on the table, from which they never took their eyes for as much as five hours, then they began to leave us and the last one said as he passed out of the door, "Me so hungry!" It seemed wicked to do this, but we had to have over two months' provisions to take us down to St. Michaels. We could not make the Indians understand this so they went away with hard thoughts of us.

Shortly afterwards on a bright morning I heard them calling in their dogs, which had been roaming all over Beaver, and like their masters picked up whatever they could find to eat. One day I caught one stealing a side of bacon out of a box we had on the cache; it was too heavy for him so I took it away. His master would not have dared do this, for stealing was an unpardonable offence, in fact, a crime up in the mining districts of Alaska. It came about in this way. When the first rush for Dawson was made, the people were glad to meet these Indians to get information, and, of course, fed them. They soon found, however, that the Indians knew but little about gold, so they had no further use for them and tried to freeze them out, but some of the lazy ones hung around and picked up a meal here and there among the miners. Finally they began to miss provisions from their cache and set watch. One man who had a Kodak saw the Indian breaking into the cache, and when he got his load, the

Kodak man pulled the string, and the Indian had a fine photograph taken right in the act of stealing. He was arrested and tried by the miners' tribunal, found guilty and sentenced to be hung. When the hanging came off he was photographed again, dangling from the end of the rope. Some days after this the old chief of the tribe came into camp, making inquiries and was shown the photo of the man with his load from the cache. The old chief laughed but when he saw the other side, where the Indian was hanging, his countenance changed and he became sulky and defiant. They told him that was what they did to any man who took what did not belong to him, white man as well as Indian, and he went away satisfied. The Indians had never stolen from the whites since. I have seen provisions cached along the river bank, miles away from any protection, yet they were never disturbed by the Indians, let them be ever so hungry.

They called in their dogs preparatory to breaking camp and soon I heard their shouts and hoots, and the yelps of the dogs, as they left Beaver for the next mining camp, and all Beaver was thankful for their exodus.

The boat building was going on briskly, and I saw that our neighbors had one or two wild geese picked and cleaned, hanging to the poles. My vegetables were all gone, in fact, they had been for some weeks. I had reached the point where I could just get around and we were repairing on the old Mary Ann. The snow was melting fast under the rays of a hot sun, and where there had been three feet of snow, was now bare ground, dry and sandy, leaving no mud. We were expecting Dr. Dyer down, before the river broke up, to go to Arctic City with us. The water was running over the ice and things looked fierce along the river bank.

We got our boat turned over and afloat, waiting for the general break up which came with a rush, and the jam oc-

curred just on the point. There was a great grinding and crashing of ice, and down by the Roaring Bull was a complete dam, from one side of the river to the other, the water rising even with the top of the bank, and in some places running over and filling the hollow and dry sloughs. When it finally gave way there was a great rush of water and ice, crushing and scouring the banks, carrying everything before it within its reach, finally ebbing away, leaving great masses of ice on the sand bars and on the shoal places along the bank.

Next day there was another jam that raised the water higher. We got our boat over the bank, in among the trees where she was safe, and I went up to the point to see the ice come down the river, which was blocked from the Roaring Bull up to this point. Here were whirlpools that would take in an ice cake and it would disappear beneath the surface, to appear again down among the ice near the Roaring Bull. The river looked wild and would jam away above us; when it broke down it came on the Roaring Bull rapids and ground in some places. Wherever this jam happened, it would flow over the bank away into the low lands, and the trees were killed,—died and rotted on the root. What desolation I have seen in these places!

We were all ready packed to start when the ice got out of the river. We thought of the Jenny M., which lay frozen in near the center of the river,—how did they manage when this tidal wave came down on to them? Perhaps it was worse farther down the river than we had it, for old Arctic City was swept away from a twelve foot bank and they said that the water was fourteen feet above that bank,—it was measured on the trees after the flood.

The new boat was launched but would not stand up on her bottom, so the builder was afraid to go down the river in it. The Kyles had an extra boat they let them have to

carry their baggage down and the day came for the crowd to leave, as they now considered the river safe from ice flows. The water was falling fast and we wanted to get down before it was too low, on account of the rapids. We could hear nothing of the Roaring Bull now, the water covered it too deep, and we could float anywhere over the bars and rocks. I was not ready to go with the rest. I wanted to do cooking enough to stand us down to Arctic City, for I realized that I was to leave a good warm shack to go out on the cold river, and as I was not fully over my sickness I expected to suffer a little. I did dread leaving the shack.

We were now the only ones left in Beaver City. Dr. Dyer had not come and we could not wait longer for him. He had no boat but we knew he would get down the river by some means, for the doctor seemed to like strategy, and no doubt would enjoy the situation when he came to know he was left to figure out some way to get down without a boat. Perhaps he could find something with his mineral rod that would serve the purpose. We did not feel much concerned about the doctor, and when the day came, Lepage loaded our baggage into the Mary Ann, and we were ready for our long journey of sixteen hundred miles to St. Michaels.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE EMBARK ON OUR LONG JOURNEY.—I PART WITH LEPAGE AT ST. MICHAELS.—TAKE PASSAGE ON THE ROANOKE.—A BURIAL AT SEA.—ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.—ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—HOME AGAIN.

After I left the old shack I never turned back to take a last look, for there was nothing to see or remember about it but suffering. I got on the boat and we pushed away from the bank and were soon shooting down the river at great speed. Lepage rowed while I steered. I found it quite difficult to keep clear of the heavy ice that was caught on the sand bars; with a mad current dashing, whirling and foaming around them, it was hard work to keep our boat from being drawn under this ice. We kept going all that day and I was cramped and cold, so we landed and pitched our tent. I cooked supper and we turned in to rest, but the squawking of the wild geese and ducks that seemed to be in some of the lakes or ponds kept me from sleeping and I was glad to get up early next morning and start down the river.

That day we came out on the Koyukuk, making the passage in seventeen running hours. We had no trouble coming down as the river was high enough to carry us over the rapids without danger, and we camped that night on the site of old Arctic City. Everything looked different from what it did when we went up. The Koyukuk was clear of ice and we broke camp and proceeded down

the river to New Arctic City. We passed Bergman and saw a few of the steamers still laying there, but going through a course of repairs. I forgot to mention that we saw the Jenny M. steaming up the river, the Eclipse was thrown upon the bank a total wreck, and along the river bank in different localities were the Kotzebue men building boats to go down to St. Michaels.

As we neared New Arctic City we could see the beach lined with boats getting ready to go down the river. My two days in the boat had weakened me considerably and when I got on the shore I could not stand. Henry of the Serene's, a partner of Pinckley, came to my assistance, and with Lepage helped me up to the Serene's shack, where I could sit down and have a quiet rest.

Arctic City had grown to quite a town since I saw it last. They even had electric lights. The Kyles owned the plant and the town folks kept it in firewood to pay for the light. Dorcross had a dance hall here and ran dances and sold houche, a sort of Indian rum. The women who attended the dance were three squaws and a white woman who was washing for the men to get money to pay her way out, while her husband would come along as soon as he could and the best way that he could. These dancers made a grotesque appearance in their Klondike attire, with long, bushy hair and beards, waltzing the squaws around over a rough and uneven floor. Men who would be insulted at the offer of such a drink at home, turned the houche down with a relish, after treating the squaw, as though it was the best.

How custom will change people in thought and action. Some of these men were used to the glassy waxed floor of the up-town ballroom, and with some gay belle on his arm, dressed in her flounces and furbelows, tripped the light fantastic to some of Mozart's sweet strains. Now he was content with a squaw dressed with her loose blouse made

of flour sacks, with deerskin leggins and moccasins, tripping over the knots of a rough floor up to the deal bar where they sold houche and paid their score. I believe it cost fifty cents to dance and the same for a drink or cigar.

Some of those who could not dance stood up by the bar and drank this Indian rum until they became crazed, and were ready to pick up a word or act that they counted as an insult to themselves or somebody else and fight. This was Dorcross's dance hall. There was plenty of whiskey up there all through the winter, about every boat having a barrel or so. A custom house officer was there likewise, and when he spotted one of these boats they generally filled him up and sent him rolling home over the ice; no seizures were made that I ever heard of. I don't know what they did with all of the whiskey that they had up there for but few men got intoxicated.

The Anawanda men were in the city getting their boat ready for St. Michaels. I saw Tom McArthur and Brady whose legs were quite weak, but otherwise he was all right, and Ryan was with them. They had a net and fished nights, catching quite a lot of nice fish,—I don't know what kind, but there were a few greylings among them,—some of which they brought over to the Serene shack. Dane of the Serene's was staying with two of the Jenny M. men who were going home, one of whom was an assayer and belonged in Philadelphia. His grievance was President Hill had ignored him and his office and as the Jenny M. was to stay in another year he left and built a scow about fifteen feet long and nine feet beam, putting a cover over her like a milk wagon, and was going to take comfort drifting down the river to St. Michaels. May stayed at the Serene shack and was going down with another party in a row boat. Pinckley and Harry and two others, one being a doctor, had bought a ship's life-boat from some of the little steamers up there, fitted her out with a sail and were going down in her.

I was very sick at Arctic City and among all of the steamers of my acquaintance none offered to tow us down or give me a passage, but Lepage stood by me and was willing to take me down in the boat. We ought to have had another man to help, but there didn't seem to be any one to join us and I made up my mind that I must go to St. Michaels in my own boat, with but one man to take her there. Here was a stretch of about eight hundred miles, ninety of which were sea coast. I dreaded the passage but it had to be done. If I had been in good health it would have been quite an undertaking, but now I was uncertain whether I should live to get there or not. The Swede who was with the Serenes was preparing to stay another year. He was to occupy the same shack and had built himself a nice boat for prospecting the creeks They said he was "gone" on Dorcross's wife's sister, a thrifty young squaw, and he would probably go into business with Dorcross. The Lowell party were trying to boom some place up the Koyukuk, claiming that they were panning six cents a pan, but as the river was too low for steamers to get over the bar, there was no way of ascertaining the truth of this statement. This was for the new comer, however, not for us, for we knew too much about such things.

It was like the case of the Jenny M.,—the rich company at home that was backing that outfit was keeping her in there to sell stock on,—some of the worthless claims they owned up the Allenkakat and Hogatiakakat rivers,—and would not be pleased at the return home of their assayer. This was why they did not like a man to return and tell the truth, but would stop him if they could by setting the newspapers on him. The poor, deluded wretch who had faced the hardships of the Arctic winter, would get a great roasting, and, of course, people in general would believe what the papers said, and so he

was ridiculed as a hobo. Thus was the rascally deception practised by these steamboat companies, which should not be allowed to entice people with their gilded delusions to pay them a big price for a passage in, a big price at their warehouses for provisions, and the United States government pay that same company a big price to take them back to the States, broken in health as well as pocket.

Well, we were about through with Arctic City, a place soon to be deserted. We embarked on the Mary Ann one fine morning, and started on our long journey. I saw that Ryan had put a few fresh fish in our boat that night, which I was thankful to get. It was about the first of June, and the weather was quite fair, so we made a good long stretch the first day, and camped for the night. The work of putting up the tent and carrying the cooking utensils upon the bank was work Lepage had to do, as I was unable to do anything but cook. It was a good deal of work for him, and I began to think up a scheme for fixing up our stove in the boat and sleeping in her. One night, after setting up the tent, we found that the mosquitoes were as thick as ever; we tried to sleep, but could not—it was a repetition of the last summer, and I asked Lepage if it wouldn't be better to sleep in the boat out on the river. He thought it would, so we struck our tent and got out in the stream, where we found it a little better. We drifted and rowed all night, and thought it a good plan to keep going, night and day.

It did not look like the same river that we came up on, the water was higher, and the shores were covered part way down. We had a strong breeze against us, and had to tent on a sand beach, where we stayed two days, windbound. Here we were joined by a man who came down from Kotzebue Sound and the Kowak river, and he gave the country up there a terrible name. He came from Tennes-

see, and was an old miner, and said there was no gold on the Kowak, there never had been, and never would be; that the formation was not there for it; that the Koyukuk was a better looking country. He was going down on the Tanana river before he went to the States.

There were plenty of mosquitoes to keep us awake, and I undertook to smoke them out of the tent. I set a fire of spruce boughs, and soon had the tent so full of smoke that I came near suffocating myself. I started to go to my bed after making the smoke, and strangled and fell to the ground, where I could get a breath; after the smoke cleared away I came to, but said nothing about it. I asked our Tennessee friend what he thought of the experience. He said he thought of the two pests he would rather have mosquitoes. They came in again worse than ever, and next morning we embarked for down stream.

We saw plenty of ducks, which Lepage shot at, but did not get any, although he wounded a few, for we had nothing but rifles to shoot with. We chased the wounded ducks down stream, but found that they could swim faster than we could row, and when they got out of our sight they would swim in to the bank and hide among the brush, and we could not find them.

I could remember some of the landmarks. There were quite a number of boats on the river going out, many of which passed us. We were overhauled by Pinckley in his lifeboat going down to Nulato, where he was interested in a store. We saw the steamer Aurora dredging for gold on a sand bar. Twelve men had worked there a week and found ten dollars worth of gold, so they were going to quit. I heard that the Minneapolis was aground on a bar up the river. We boarded the Jenny M. and got a gallon of syrup, and in a few days we drifted out on the Yukon and headed down for Nulato, where we arrived the next morning, passing two large river steamers bound up to Dawson loaded with freight for the warehouses.

We landed at Nulato and found the banks lined with boats of all kinds, quite a number of small river steamers, and Pinckley's lifeboat. Dane was there selling bear meat, one they had shot coming down. There was a post-office at Nulato and a few shacks, with a large number of Indian tents, where the Indians, who were pilots on the Yukon, kept their squaws and pappooses. We found that the Jenny M. had been there and got letters that sent her back up the Koyukuk. Pinckley was to stay, and so was Henry, their business concerning a store. I never saw the lifeboat afterward, so I think she must have stopped there.

We left Nulato the same day we arrived. The winds we were getting on the river were not good for our square sail, so one day we landed and transformed it into a sprit sail, and after that we could do considerable sailing. One day we met an Indian with whom we traded an iron bucket for a large salmon. It was rather difficult to keep the regular channel, the river was so wide, with many islands and sloughs. One day we got on the sand where the water was so low that our boat would not float; there were miles of this shoal water, and we did not know how to find our way out of it, but we finally got out of the scrape with our usual good luck.

I sat up and steered when I could, but I was getting very weak and had to lie down most of the time. We were passing Holy Cross, and the sun was so hot it burned my hands to the bone, and I thought my head would split from the heat; with no protection over our heads, the heat was almost unbearable. We had this for two days, and then we drifted into the coast weather,—overcast sky and rain, with considerable wind. On the lower part of the Yukon everything was changed; the banks looked marshy, and the land in general was boggy. Willows and alders covered the banks and we depended on drift-

wood to cook with. The singing of birds had ceased. The mountains touched the river on certain points, otherwise they were to be seen over this boggy level miles inland. The Indians here used boats made of the sealskin. His shack was built of the logs he picked up along the shore. The weather was colder, and I suffered a great deal.

We saw the Beaver steamer pass us one day. It rained so hard that we hauled in a slough and stopped two days. We got down by Andreafski and had to put into the mouth of a slough, where there was an Indian village. This I tried to avoid, for the Indians were regular pests,—they wanted everything that they saw, and they saw everything you had,—so I ran pretty well up the slough, but they came after us in their canoes and hung on to our boat, laughing at everything. They handled everything we had and looked into everything. I did not like this familiarity very much. I had my shaving outfit in a large tobacco can, with a blue label, and as they had asked for tobacco and we said we had none, they did not believe us, for they recognized this can as a tobacco can. They were determined to look into it, but I forbade them, and had to take it from them. This they did not like and grew sulky, and tried to annoy us in different ways.

A white man came in there alone in his boat, and it always seemed to me that he had stolen it and run away from some place. He had nothing to eat but some salmon, yet he would not acknowledge it. He took our scraps of bacon and I gave him some pancakes. He claimed to have come from Dawson. One morning he rowed out and did not return, so we came to the conclusion that the weather was better outside, and we cast off and rowed out, and, although the wind blew pretty hard, we found better weather after getting around a headland. We went on for some days, until we found that we did not have so much current. We were nearing the mouth

of the Yukon, and what troubled us was—were we in the right channel, for the mouth of the river is a delta.

We landed at an Indian camp, traded for a salmon, and were told that we were on the right track. So we soon found ourselves steering out by the beacons on Bering Sea. We had to keep in the channel until we were quite a way off from the shore, which was a high muddy bank, covered with a low growth of willows. We found that the current was running in the direction that we wanted to go and the wind favored us, so we sailed along the same as we had on the Yukon, watching for whatever might turn up that would direct us to St. Michaels. We sailed all of that tide and met the ebb, then putting in to the bank made fast.

I had no more idea of the way into St. Michaels, than a man that had never been there. There was an inland passage that all boats took, but our map gave us an idea that it was a wide channel, and this is what I looked for. After another day and night's sail, we sighted a long stretch of land protruding out into the sea, while a few miles away was another stretch of high land that I took for an island. We made up our minds that it must be St. Michaels, and decided to shape our course for it. As we had a fine day and fair wind we were soon on the shores of the island.

Lepage climbed to the top of a mountain and saw nothing of St. Michaels. He said that it was an island. He saw some tents and in one place some seals, so we talked the situation over. He said he thought we had passed the channel into St. Michaels when I was asleep. He thought it best to go back to this place, and as he saw some tents there we could inquire the way in. I agreed, and we again headed our boat for the coast that was some miles away. The sky looked dark and heavy and I felt that we might have a storm, for which our boat was not

STEWART ISLAND.

fit. We must, therefore, find a place to get in as soon as we could. We got pretty near the place where we expected to find shelter, when I noticed the land was getting away from us very rapidly.

Then I thought of the flood tide coming in, against which it was no use to try to sail, so we squared away up the coast, and as I lay down exhausted, I told Lepage to run in the first opening and tie up for the night. There was quite a choppy sea, that I did not like, and it was getting along into the night. I went to sleep, but was soon awakened by the boat pounding on rocks. I could hear the roar of the sea and knew by the wet covering over me that water was washing in, so I got up, and what a dismal place we were in! I asked Lepage why he put in there, and he replied that it was so dark he took it for the mouth of a slough.

I told him we must get out of it, but he did not believe that he could row out against the wind. "Then you will have no boat here in the morning," I said, "she can't stand this thumping much longer." This frightened him and he turned to, got the boat out and rowed and sailed up the coast. He told me to lie down again.

I took a look at that long blue point of land that we were nearing and feared to venture around—for we did not want to miss St. Michaels—and get away up in Norton Bay, for I began to realize more than ever that our boat was not fit for the open sea. She would duck under forward, and I knew that she would swamp in a very bad time; but I lay down to inspire Lepage with confidence. The next time I awoke he had turned a point, the sea was running high and the wind was blowing almost a gale. There was no slough here, as we expected, but a good sand beach. The point sheltered us from the wind but not from the sea, and it rained as hard as it could pour. I dressed in my oil skins and we anchored our boat, which

rode very well. We bailed out the water that she had taken in and sat down and waited.

Soon we saw another boat, with four men in her, come around the point and land. They pulled the boat up out of the reach of the surf. I felt so miserable I could not sit up any longer; my bed was wet through and it rained so I could not lie down. I told Lepage we had better land, for I couldn't stand this any longer; so he pulled up the anchor and dropped in. We found the boat would fill on the beach, so Lepage threw out the tent and stove and I jumped on the beach, going down in a heap. He pushed off to anchor again and the men that had landed before came along and set up my tent and stove. I soon had a hot fire going and laid down on the wet ground to rest.

These other men were of the wrecked steamer Elsie W., and like us had missed the inland passage and were caught in the storm. They said that we must go around that point, the one we feared so, to get to St. Michaels. However, the weather cleared up, Lepage got on shore, and we took our beds up around the stove and dried them out. This was the best camp ground that we ever had. There were but few mosquitoes and we could enjoy a good rest. Some Indians came along and told us that St. Michaels was nine miles over there—pointing across the isthmus.

We were well pleased now, and after two days' rest and fine weather, we embarked again, for we found that St. Michaels was thirty miles away. We had a good current with us, setting us around the dreaded Cape. We could hear the steamboat's whistle quite plainly, and the wind being fair, we soon came up on St. Michaels. We saw the ships laying off in the harbor, next a point of land and a little island on the end of it, and behind this point was St. Michaels.

I found that the island we had stopped on was Stewart

LANDING IN A STORM ON THE BERING SEA COAST.

Island. Before us was the gap between the point and little island, and for this gap we steered. We found a reef of rocks across it, barring our way, but there was a place where we could push through, and we were soon around the corner and in St. Michaels, where we pitched our tent on the sand beach. This was the fourth of July and I was as happy as a schoolboy, to know that my boating was over. There were plenty of Klondikers' boats on the beach with no owners—they having either got a passage or gone up to Cape Nome.

In fact, the first thing I heard was, "Go up to Cape Nome; they have struck it up there." The N. A. F. company was reaping a harvest, carrying more victims up there. All inducements were held out to excite people who had come down the river to get the last dollar they had to go up there. I knew better than to think of going, feeling sure it was only a boom. You could get ten dollars a day, we were told, and perhaps you could when you got a job; but what was there to do when you got there? Why, nothing. Men generally did their own work and could not afford to hire unless there was a mine panning out enough to pay to hire help; but that would not furnish help for one thousand men, so what chance was there to hire out? It was no good, although the papers had been blowing about it for two years; but papers work for money as well as the rest of us.

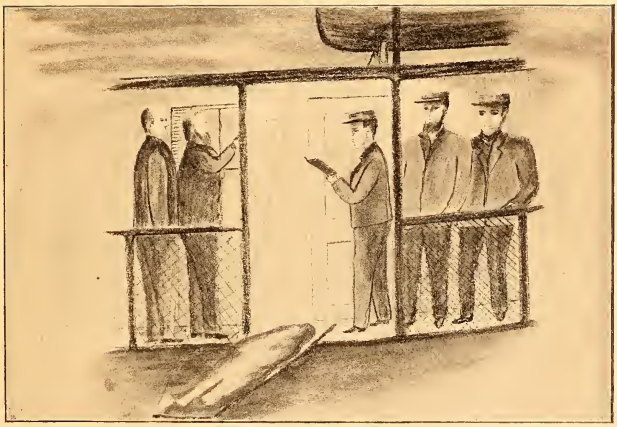
I learned that Ryan had been down and shipped on a Dawson steamer, but I never saw any of the boys of my acquaintance. St. Michaels had changed since I first saw it. There were great warehouses with steamers loading the freight. The pay for help was fifty cents an hour and find yourself. I told Lepage the second day after we landed to go and see what my chances were for getting to Seattle, for the longer it was put off the worse I was getting. He went to see the army surgeon, who told him to bring me

over. His quarters were in old St. Michaels,—a long distance from where we camped; so he came back and took me in the boat.

That was my last ride in the Mary Ann, for when the surgeon saw me he knew my trouble and took me before the captain, saying that I ought to be sent home and he, the captain, agreed with him. Lepage went after my baggage, and as the steamer Roanoke was about to sail he put me on board of her. They had quite a time getting me up over the high side of this boat. I shook hands with Lepage, who felt badly disappointed to think that he was left behind. He had been so kind and faithful to me, bringing me down sixteen hundred miles of river, that I felt sad to part with him. It was the last I saw of him.

I found myself in the steerage among a lot of sick miners—some from Cape Nome, and who had been up there all winter. One young fellow had a lame foot. He was very sick with it, suffering pain all of the time. Out of a party of fourteen but eight of them were left. There were no trees up there—only the driftwood to build the shacks and to keep warm with. Nothing but a low growth of willows grew on the marshy soil. Sickness and death were the outlook for the winter. "Is there any gold up there?" I asked. "No," he said, "there is none. I have a friend on this boat," he continued, "whom we found frozen nearly to death on the trail, but we worked on him and brought him around all right, without his losing leg or limb. There is no gold there."

This young man I felt sorry for. He feared that he would lose his foot. There was another man with his fingers gone from both hands. His name was Smith and he came from Dawson. Then there were a number of very sick men in the berths between decks—one of whom they had never expected to land in Seattle. The young man lent me one of his crutches and I could get around the boat to



THE BURIAL AT SEA.

look her over. She was a fine iron craft of modern build and fit-out and was lying here waiting for a steamer from up the river. When the latter boat came down we weighed anchor and left St. Michaels for Dutch Harbor, where we were to coal up. There was a thick fog and we moved along very slowly, feeling every inch of the way. The boat was crowded at meal time at the table, and it was necessary to set three tables. We had everything fresh and plenty of potatoes.

We had one dead man on board from away up the Koyukuk, and another poor fellow who was about breathing his last. We were out of port only three or four days when he died. They sewed him up in his canvas bag, and at twelve o'clock that night the steamer stopped while he lay on the plank. The burial services were read over him, the last "amen" was said, and he was launched into the deep. This was the most impressive burial that I had ever witnessed. The night was dark and gloomy as we lay in a fog bank that spread over us like a great pall. All was still and the purser's voice sounded weird and strange as he read the service for the dead. Now and then the wash of a wave against the dark iron sides of the vessel was all we could hear. "Amen." Then the splash as he sank beneath to the sailor's grave. The bell rang to go ahead and we soon felt the throb of the great engines as they spun the propeller around, speeding us away on our course again as though nothing of any note had taken place. Had he friends who would ever know where his body lay?

I saw a tall young man called Harry who always seemed to be pretty well filled up with the Roanoke's bad whiskey. He was booming Cape Nome for all he was worth, and it was reported that he had struck it up there and sold out for seven thousand dollars. I felt that I had seen this man before, but was unable to recall any circumstances or place where I had seen him. He was the man that the

young Cape Nome fellow had picked up so badly frozen, but he looked pretty healthy now and kept things lively wherever he appeared. He claimed that there was plenty of gold up to Cape Nome, while the young lame fellow said there was none. The latter told the truth—there was none.

The former man was evidently paid by the steamboat company to tell this story and he was telling it. I had no conversation with him for I did not believe in him. The fourth day from St. Michaels we came out of the fog and entered Dutch Harbor. Yes, this was the place where I had stopped on the Haydn Brown one year ago. It was not as lively now as then. There were no steamboats building now, and the place had the appearance of being very dull. We went into the wharf and began to take in coal. I did not land, for there was nothing there to interest me. We took in five hundred tons and left for Seattle.

We had four head of live beeves for the use of the passengers, and at intervals the butcher would bring out one of these steers and dress him for the table. We had boiled potatoes, fresh salmon, salt salmon and a dish they called Mulligan. I was under the care of the ship's surgeon and was getting along pretty well.

One fine morning as I was sitting on a coil of rope forward, smoking, Harry came up to me and asked—"Ain't you Capt. Winchester?" I said "Yes," and then it came to me who he was—the second cook on the Haydn Brown. He was grub staked by a man named Dixon, who was working in the interest of Humphrey at Gorofnin bay, near Cape Nome. He told me he left Dixon and started out for Cape Nome without any provisions and, with tears in his eyes, he said, "I know what it is to live on seal blubber, and would have frozen to death but for the timely arrival of a party of men that took me in and did for me. Now I am going home and hope never to go back to that God-forsaken place again."

I did not ask him about this strike he had made, for I was pleased to see the old cook, and did not want to mar this meeting with what I thought would cause embarassment, so the question remained unasked. He was sober now for he could not raise the money to get any more whiskey, as it cost pretty high on board of the Roanoke.

We had a passenger by the name of Bradford on board, who came from Michigan, and was always talking about the great resources of his state. I liked to listen to him. Every day we would get between decks, smoke, and listen to the tales of woe told by different sick passengers. We had Smith, who had lost both hands, and who had no money to get home with. Bradford got two or three others interested and took up a collection, raising enough to carry him home. The poor fellow had intended to walk to Minnesota. Bradford wanted to keep the money for Smith, but this caused a distrust among the others, and they made him give the money over. Bradford was mad clean through to think that his honesty was questioned. Poor Bradford was a little wrong in the head, for he would tell one story one day and contradict it the next.

We had another star appear in our midst, who, when I first saw him, was dancing a jig, and doing it well for an old man of over sixty years. He began to blow his horn about some place up Norton bay, where he had got twenty-five dollars' worth of gold out of two half pans. "Why didn't you pan out one or two more, Mr. Kelly?" was asked him. He replied, "It was too cold, and I was afraid that I should freeze my hands." "Why didn't you build a fire and keep them warm?" "I didn't have any provisions and I was most starved." Saying which, he pulled out his bag of gold and rattled it before the crowd. "I'll show ye after we get in that there is gold up there; I am going to fit out a schooner and go back. You fellows had better come with me,"

and so Kelly spouted. When he first came on board he said there was no gold in Alaska. Now he knew where there were fortunes, and this was kept up until we arrived at Seattle.

Harry was quiet after he met me and kept sober. We had a fine run down to Cape Flattery, and were all on deck when we entered the Straits of Juan DeFuca. We saw the Olympia mountains, covered with snow, and old Mount Rainer loom up in the distance, with its white cap above the clouds. It was a very pleasant sail up to Puget Sound, where we arrived in the first part of the evening. A floating dance hall, with a band on board, came to meet us. It was all lit up with Japanese lanterns, and the music sounded grand on the water, as they played "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

We went in to the pier, which was jammed and crowded with people. The whole city was there, some looking for absent friends, while others were looking for news from the gold regions. I stayed on board, as I was not able to go on shore. I felt that morning would be the time for me to venture forth and find a boarding-place. I tried to sleep, but could not, so as soon as it was light I went on shore. There were no restaurants open, but I saw a large building with "Miners' Hotel" in large letters, and as the location suited me, I went in and engaged my room, paying in advance.

The proprietor was a Minneapolis man. I got my baggage from the boat and ate a good breakfast, and lay down to rest. I was very weak, but with a crutch got around very well. I concluded to stay in Seattle until I was well enough to stand a ride across the continent. One of the men who came down on the boat with me was stopping at the hotel. He was a good, honest fellow, and came from Dawson. He generally kept company with me whenever I went down town.

There had been great improvements in the city, the wild rush on the water front had passed away, and Seattle was doing business now on the broken-down wretches who had returned. There were numerous robberies and not a few murders—all for Klondike gold. They said that the Roanoke had on board for the mint in Seattle three millions of gold, but I think it was like the seven millions reported in Arctic City, when the boom was on. There were railroad agents selling tickets at reduced rates, besides scalpers and scavengers—all taking you by the hand if they thought there was any money in it. Then there was the stock-broker with his mining stock, quoted at high rates, which he would exchange for your old claim, but could pay no money until it was sold. They would accost the stranger something like this: "Leave us the number of your claim and we will look it up. Who is the next?" "I believe I have got your number: yes, that will do." That would be the answer he would get for one hundred years, if he lived so long. There were sharpers and rascals in that business, as well as every other. Different ones tried me for a mark, but I trusted nobody, so I got in no scrapes. My crutch and myself were not to be worsted this time.

The troops were congregating at Seattle to crowd the transports that were making ready to take them and their horses. There was a great call for men to care for the horses, and some out of our house were joining the ranks. Things were pretty lively in this direction. There were the Garone, an English steamer chartered by our government, a large ocean liner, and another equally as large bound for Manila. Some of the men wanted me to sign, but I had no notion of doing so. I was enjoying the beautiful cool breeze of Puget Sound, and did not care to change to a warmer region.

I enjoyed the first thunder-storm that I had known for

a year, and it was delightful to me. They don't often happen in Seattle, where the climate is cool and quite dry through the summer months. The view of the harbor was beautiful, and the Olympia mountains were a grand sight. There were a great many fishing vessels in, unloading their catch of halibut, while further up the sound were ships lying at the coal piers loading with coal for different ports in the Pacific.

And then there was the last boom of Seattle for Alaska lying at the wharf—a schooner that had probably been built for a fisherman and chartered by Kelly for the gold regions. He had his sign in the rigging, and his colors flying every day, while he walked the streets with four thousand dollars in his pocket. How had he done it? The same as the rest. It was not the moneyed man that he was buncoing, but the poor man who listened to his brilliant lie, and in spite of all you would say to him of the place up there, he would go; he had the fever, and nothing would make him change his mind while old Kelly was shaking his bag of gold in his face. There is no doubt this Kelly scheme was hatched up on the Roanoke by men who had money and saw an easy way for making more.

The whole thing was a lie, but what was my word against these men of money? The papers called me and my advocates hoboes, because we said that there was no gold up there. To please the press and people we must say—yes, there is plenty of it. Then you are a good fellow.

I concluded to go home, and after vising the different offices, found that the Great Northern would suit me as well as any line. I was surrounded by agents and scalpers, but after a determined fight I came out of it, and bought my ticket on the Great Northern. So one fine morning I took my seat, bade my friend good-bye, and left Seattle for a long ride across the continent. That night

we ascended the Cascade Mountains in a thunder storm. It looked wild and dangerous down the steep sides of that mountain. I did not enjoy it at all, being sick and nervous.

I was dreading the Rocky Mountains, as we had some very dangerous passages along their sides. We were running over a wooded plain, that seemed to lie between the two ranges of mountains, and stopped at Spokane, a mining city, with a business of getting out lumber. It was called a smart little city, and there was a river running to the sea. We made a short stay there, as we did at all of our stopping places.

We ascended the Rockies, and were soon speeding along on the brink of a bluff hundreds of feet high. I saw a freight train lying wrecked below on the jagged rocks. Rivers, lakes, woodlands and plains filled in the landscape. I was glad when we got down on the level and the land opened out in one vast prairie. Along the road could be seen the little cot of the employees of the road, and in some out-of-the-way place were many "jump holes." These "jump holes" are places along the track where the train slows down for the employes of the road to jump off and go to their homes. That is how they get their names. The employes all live in tents at the jump holes. Then there were cattle ranches, where cow-boys could be seen rounding up the cattle to a fenced-in place.

When it came night it was a desolate looking locality. I would not live out there for a farm. There were Indians with their ponies feeding on the prairie, and they had some hay cut and stacked. We came to a burned bridge, and there we were transferred to another train. Across the gulch men were repairing the bridge.

One feature of this ride was the dining-room. I went there to get my meals, and was served most unsatisfactorily by impertinent waiters. As I would have two hours in Minneapolis, I concluded to fill a lunch-basket. We

saw the Yellowstone at intervals, as it wound its way to the Missouri. We entered the "bad lands" in Dakota, and I considered them well named. It was coming on night, and I could not see outside very well, as the lights in the cars were lit. We were three hours behind time on account of the burned bridge, but I saw a geyser, or hot spring, and it was quite a novel sight to me.

We came down into Minnesota and rode for days through fields of wheat. It was stupendous—almost incredible. As far as I could see, on each side of the train, were wheat fields. We steamed by the largest flour mills in the world and entered the depot. I was soon travelling the streets of Minneapolis, looking for a grocery store to put up a lunch to stand me the rest of the way home. I got my supper, filled my basket, went back to the depot, found my train, and was soon rolling away for Chicago, where I changed cars, and was off for Buffalo.

This time we went over the line into Canada, crossing Niagara bridge in the night for Buffalo, so I did not see this wonderful place. We were passing through New York state next, and its scenery reminded me of home. We were transferred to the Fitchburg, and then were on our way to Boston, stopping at Greenfield long enough to get our dinner.

I felt that I was in the land of the living once more when I got out at the new Union depot and found a train for Beverly. I was soon in the presence of my family, and rested that night at home, after my long journey from Lynn to San Francisco, followed by a winter in Alaska, and then a long ride home, having been absent a year and ten months.

APPENDIX.

Although according to my experience I described the acts of our men as they came under my observation, so I write this appendix to exonerate many of them from blame, as it was trying on new men to stand the privation and starvation of a long voyage, and I lay the blame on our leader, who was the cause of all their suffering. The reader may think Lepage a very demon in character, but take him in every day life he was gentle and kind. I admit he had a high, sensitive nature, that was tried to its utmost in the struggle we made to gain the Alaskan gold fields, but when I became sick and helpless, he proved himself a hero, and brought me out safe to St. Michaels, although I was warned, while up in Beaver, that he had designs on my life. I came down the river with him alone, and felt ashamed of those who had reported this falsehood, and to-day I feel under the deepest obligations to him, and he will always be remembered as one of my nearest friends, for such he proved himself.

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